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# CHAMBERS'S

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## THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

DURING the dark period of the Middle Ages, a family of eminence, enjoying the rank of nobility, flourished in Tuscany, whence its branches spread into other of the minor states of Italy. A Grecian origin has been ascribed by genealogists to this family, whose name, on settling in Italy, was changed from *Calomeros* into the synonyme *Bonaparte*, by which it was subsequently known. Such is the doubtful origin of the Bonaparte family; of whom it is only distinctly known that they occupied a respectable place among the lesser Italian nobility, until dispersed by that long and disastrous civil war which ensued on the struggle between secular powers, and which is typified in the ferocious antagonism of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. The Bonapartes, like many other families of greater name and eminence, were now scattered and extinguished in the homes of their birth or adoption; and whilst a remnant still lingered in the basin of the Apennines, the last relic of which survived at the close of the eighteenth century in the person of an old ecclesiastic, a wealthy canon of the Abbey of San-Miniato, the chief of the stock took refuge in the small island of Corsica, and settled at Ajaccio, among whose rude nobility his descendants were enrolled, and even admitted to all the privileges then accorded to that jealous distinction. At that period, Corsica was under the tutelary sovereignty of the republic of Genoa, but in 1768 it and its small dependencies passed under the dominion of the crown of France, despite the heroic efforts of the celebrated Paoli to preserve the independence of its sterile mountains.

After its final subjugation, Corsica was assimilated in its internal administration to the other provinces of France, and had provincial states, composed of the three orders of nobility, clergy, and commonalty or third estate. It

likewise preserved a supreme magistracy of twelve nobles, in whom the government of the country was vested; and to this high tribunal Charles Bonaparte was attached as assessor, a place preparatory to his elevation into the council. This Charles was the only son of Joseph Bonaparte, the eldest of three brothers, the two other of whom died without male issue. He inherited the family property, which was not very considerable, consisting of a house in Ajaccio, and a small estate on the shore of the island, where a dilapidated villa served as a summer residence. As is usual in southern climates, he married at the early age of nineteen, and won for his wife, from numerous competitors, the reigning beauty of the world of Corsica, the young Letitia Ramolino, who was remarkable, not only for her personal charms, but also for the courage and fortitude of her character. In 1779, the *noblesse* elected him the deputy of their order to the court of Versailles, and in this capacity he was obliged to make frequent journeys into France, which, notwithstanding the liberal grants he received from the government of Louis XVI., appear to have reduced his fortune within the narrowest limits; for upon his death at Montpellier, in 1785, whither he had repaired in the vain hope of being relieved from the malady which afflicted him—cancer in the stomach, a disease often hereditary in families—he left his widow in very straitened circumstances, and dependent in a great measure for the support and education of her children, on their uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien, who was head of the chapter of Ajaccio, and who cheerfully undertook to perform the part of father to the bereaved orphans.

These were no fewer than eight in number, the survivors of thirteen whom the fruitful Letitia had borne to her husband, although, at the time of his death, she had not completed her thirty-fifth year. Five were sons, and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Joseph, was seventeen years old, and the youngest, Jerome, only two months. The second son was Napoleon, the third Lucien, and the fourth Louis; the three daughters were Marianna Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline, also called Annonciada, who was nearly three years old at the death of her father. In his visits to France, Charles Bonaparte had taken with him his two eldest sons for the benefit of their education; Joseph being placed in a school at Autun, with the view of following the ecclesiastical profession under the patronage of Marbœuf, Archbishop of Lyons, brother of the governor of Corsica, who, as a friend of the family, was on his part instrumental in procuring the introduction of Napoleon into the military school of Brienne, whence he was afterwards removed to that of Paris. This second son was always a favourite with his father, who delighted to regard him as the future hero of his race; and the young Napoleon himself was fondly attached to an indulgent parent, whose loss he long deplored, regretting, above all, that the mournful consolation of attending his deathbed had been denied to him, which fell, on the contrary, to the lot of Joseph and the Abbé Fesch, a half-brother of their mother. In the succeeding years, Lucien likewise received his education at Brienne and at Aix in Provence; and when the mighty era of 1789 dawned, all the sons were assembled in Corsica, where the cause of the Revolution was from the first embraced by its inhabitants with the greatest ardour. The young Bonapartes were among its most eager partisans; and Lucien, in particular, who was only sixteen years of age, distinguished himself as an orator in the popular clubs of the island. Joseph had abjured the priestly calling, and, having entered into the civil service of the department, was enabled to assist his mother in the

management and maintenance of the family. Napoleon held a commission from the king of France as a lieutenant of artillery, and was remarkable chiefly for his love of solitude and the laborious studies in which he passed his time. Already he had ceased to look upon Corsica as his country; its incorporation with France opened to him a wider theatre for the play of his aspiring spirit, and he readily merged paternal patriotism in the greater call to partake the dangers and the glories of the new competition about to arise from the crash of feudalism.

It was very different with the old patriot of the island—Paoli. As a venerated champion of freedom, the National Assembly of France had invited him to return from his long exile in England; and in 1792 he reappeared among his countrymen, with all the lustre of a name endeared to them by his services and his sufferings. He was hailed with a boundless enthusiasm, especially by the mountaineers, who revered him as their tutelary chief; but even in Ajaccio he was received with triumph, and Lucien Bonaparte records with exultation that he pronounced a discourse before him which drew tears from the honoured veteran by its touching pathos. So lively, indeed, was the impression made upon him by this fervent orator, that Paoli took him to his residence of Rostino, and kept him near his person for many months, during which he sought to instil into the mind of his pupil, as the latter himself relates with grief, that England was the only land of real freedom, and the British constitution far superior to any the legislators of France were likely to invent. Notwithstanding this veneration for the patriotic sage, Lucien was too zealous for the credit of France and the virtue of republicanism to admit the force of this doctrine, and he began to entertain suspicions of the orthodoxy of Paoli in the precepts of the revolutionary code. This first alarm soon mounted into certainty when the execution of Louis XVI. aroused the indignation of the virtuous patriot, and stirred him to an open denunciation of the sanguinary monsters who were disgracing the sacred cause of liberty. Paoli declared he would no longer belong to France, neither he nor his brave mountaineers; and he called upon the sons of his old companion in the war of the independence, Charles Bonaparte, to join him in a fresh struggle against a more terrible tyranny than had ever yet oppressed the island. But to this appeal the Bonapartes were deaf, for their ambition lay in the very opposite direction; and Paoli, having summoned around him an army of mountaineers, prepared to march on Ajaccio, which was the only town that had refused, at his command, to lower the tricolour flag. His rage was principally directed against the Bonapartes, if we are to credit Lucien, and he ordered them to be taken *dead or alive*. Joseph and Napoleon were both absent at this critical moment; Lucien, too, had proceeded to France as the head of a deputation to crave succours from the Jacobins; but the heroic Letitia, who had in earlier days fought by the side of her husband, was fully equal to the task of providing for the safety of her numerous progeny. In the dead of night, she was aroused by intelligence of the approach of her exasperated enemy, who was intent, above all, to seize her person, as a hostage for the submission of her sons; and, escorted by a village chieftain named Costa, she hastened from the city, to seek refuge in the fastnesses of the hills and forests. Amidst a small band of faithful followers, she marched with her young children, under the shade of darkness, and, before daylight, reached a secluded spot on the seashore, whence from an elevation she could see her house in flames. Un-

daunted by the sad spectacle, she exclaimed, "Never mind, we will build it up again much better: *Vive la France!*" After a concealment of two days and nights in the recesses of the woods, the fugitives were at length gladdened by the sight of a French frigate, on board of which were Joseph and Napoleon, with the deputies of the Convention, on a mission to Corsica. In this vessel the whole party at once embarked, and as no hope remained of finding security in Corsica, it was straightway steered for France. Marseilles was its port of destination, and there it accordingly landed the family of exiles, destitute of every vestige of property, but unbroken, it would seem, in courage and health. Madame Bonaparte had occasion for the exercise of all her fortitude in these trying circumstances, for she was reduced to almost extreme poverty, and was fain to receive with thankfulness the rations of bread distributed by the municipality to refugee patriots. Joseph speedily received an appointment as a commissary of war; and he and Napoleon contributed to the support of the family from their scanty allowances; but, during the first years of their residence in France, these obscure exiles, who even spoke the language of their adopted country with difficulty, suffered all the inconveniences of a sordid penury.

It was in the early period of the Reign of Terror that Letitia Bonaparte and her children took up their abode in France, which was a prey to all the horrors of civil war, as well as to the dangers of a foreign invasion. The principal cities of the Republic had revolted against the central authority of Paris and the bloody domination of the Jacobins, and among the rest, Marseilles was distinguished in the great Federalist movement. But the reduction of Lyons, and the terrible vengeance inflicted on it, restored the supremacy of the redoubtable Committee of Public Safety, which consolidated its rule with relentless fury unparelleled in the annals of barbarism. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Marseilles fled in absolute terror on the approach of the Jacobin forces, and sought protection in Toulon, which had not only cast off the yoke of the convention, but called in the aid of the British and Spanish fleets to uphold the desperate cause of royalty. In this general flight, however, the Bonapartes did not participate, since they in truth belonged to the triumphant faction. This was a connection which may principally be ascribed to Lucien, who was by far the most hot-headed of the family, and who, by dint of inflammatory harangues, had recommended himself to an administrative appointment at St. Maximin, a small town a few leagues distant from Marseilles. Here he assumed the name of *Brutus*, and, in conjunction with a renegade monk, who styled himself *Epaminondas*, exercised a petty dictatorship, filling the prisons with unfortunate victims, as suspected royalists and aristocrats. But it is his boast that, with unlimited power in his hands, and at so youthful an age, he shed no blood, notwithstanding the influence of the examples around him. He even opposed the mandate of the commissioners, sent by the convention to restore its authority at Marseilles, for the removal of his prisoners to be tried or rather guillotined at Orange—an act of boldness which exposed him to the anger of the commissioners, who were Barras and Fréron, but which failed to save him from the fatal imputation of being a *Terrorist* when the day of reaction arrived. Yet, in this revolutionary career of his, Lucien was of advantage to the fortunes of the family, since Joseph, who continued to reside at Marseilles, with his mother, was of too mild and unobtrusive a character to gain credit with the powers of Jacobinism, whilst Napoleon was as yet an unknown subal-

tern, jostling among the crowd of rivals for preferment. In the person of the Abbé Fesch, indeed, who had accompanied his sister in her exile, the positive danger was incurred of harbouring a priest, then the most obnoxious of all delinquents to popular wrath. However, when the portents of the storm were gathering, the abbé prudently discarded his clerical robe, and sought a safer calling as a keeper of stores in the army of General Montesquieu, who, in the autumn of 1793, overran the country of Savoy. It was at a later period of the same year that an event occurred which laid the foundation of mighty changes, involving not only the Corsican refugees in their effects, but deranging the destinies of all the nations of Christendom.

Toulon alone, of all the revolted cities, still held out against the victorious banner of the Republic. The energies of the government were directed against it with greater virulence, that the flag of England, the most hated of the foes of France, floated on its traitorous ramparts. General Carteaux was despatched to undertake the siege, at the head of a large force, amounting to 30,000 men of all arms; but, carrying on the operations with less vigour than suited the impatience of the sovereign Committee, he was displaced, and succeeded by Dugommier, who had been provided by the celebrated Carnot with a detailed plan for his guidance in the reduction of the place. But during the temporary absence of the senior officer in command, and in a happy moment of inspiration, Dugommier confided the charge of the artillery to the young engineer of Ajaccio, who had been recently promoted to a colonelcy of brigade, and who recommended a plan of operations so much more feasible than the one dictated by the Committee, that it was at once adopted, with the preliminary sanction, nevertheless, of the Representatives on mission with the army. This plan consisted in carrying the more distant forts which commanded the harbour of Toulon, instead of pursuing the attack against the main body of the place, and which promised the advantage of either insuring the destruction of the hostile fleet, or of compelling it hastily to remove out of range of the guns. In either case, the reduction of Toulon was certain and immediate, without much waste of blood, since it would be no longer tenable by the foreign garrison, which constituted the chief means of its defence. Being finally determined upon, Napoleon applied himself to its execution with all the ardour which the hope of success could kindle in a spirit fired with genius and ambition; and such was his exercise of scientific skill, combined with a personal heroism remarkable even in those days of matchless daring, that on the eighteenth day from unmasking his batteries, he was enabled to carry by assault the fort called Little Gibraltar, the possession of which gave the republican arms that decisive predominance he had contemplated. Lord Hood immediately evacuated the harbour with his ships; the garrison prepared for a gradual abandonment of the defensive posts; the wretched inhabitants flocked to the quays, imploring protection from their fugitive allies; the galley-slaves burst from their chains, and commenced a general plunder; the arsenal was set on fire, and the huge vessels of war roared with the flames of devastation; the raging conquerors rushed into the devoted city, and then was consummated this scene of horror which all description must ever fail to portray.

Such was the achievement by which Napoleon Bonaparte first emerged in renown from among that swarm of youthful heroes who in this famous

era had flung themselves into the service of France. On this early stage of his career, he met two young soldiers, still struggling against the frowns of fortune, whom he attached to him by the notice he took of their cool intrepidity in the midst of danger. These were Junot and Duroc, who retained for him ever afterwards an affection and admiration which was wholly independent of his future grandeur. The Representatives of the Convention and Dugommier freely acknowledged the value of Napoleon's services; and the Committee of Public Safety, which rewarded and punished with equal promptitude, at once elevated him to the rank of general of brigade. He was henceforth attached to the army of the Alps under Dumorbion, who, being old, and diffident of himself, willingly relinquished to his more vigorous lieutenant the conduct of a campaign which was beset with unusual difficulties, from the rugged nature of the country and the absolute destitution of the soldiers. To this army were delegated the same commissioners who had superintended the siege of Toulon, all men of note and influence in the Republic at the time, and two of whom, at least, manifested a perfect appreciation of the merits of the new commandant of artillery. One of these was the younger Robespierre, brother of the chief dictator among the ruling decemvirs; and the other was Barras, who affected a military knowledge, and was fresh from the massacres of Marseilles: the third commissioner was Salicetti, himself a Corsican, but nurturing a bitter envy against his rising countryman. The first, indeed, formed with Napoleon an intimacy which had nearly led to momentous consequences. Although the atrocities of the Jacobins were extremely revolting to him—for his temperament was utterly averse to their horrible system of government—Napoleon was not insensible to the advantage of cultivating a friendship with the brother of their most potential leader, whose favour was the surest avenue to high distinction. Moreover, the younger Robespierre was really estimable for many virtues, and laboured to convince him that Maximilian was far from being the bloody tyrant his seeming actions would represent him. It is not singular, therefore, that Napoleon turned his eyes with some predilection towards one so capable of promoting his interests, and whom he might suppose an involuntary agent of bloodshed, or at least not so vulgar and complete a villain as some of his colleagues. Thus he became connected with Robespierre, who entertained the idea of conferring on him the command of the Parisian sans-culottes, in lieu of the miserable Henriot, whose blustering incompetence he had the sagacity to detect. The proposition was even made to him by the younger brother, who repeatedly urged him to accompany him to Paris, whither he was recalled by the perils beginning to threaten the continuance of the existing dominion. But Napoleon resolutely resisted all such solicitations; for however Robespierre might have imposed on him by those hypocritical professions of moderation which he essayed in the latter days of his hideous reign, he could not consent to wear the actual livery of such a master, whose character of sternness and implacability he was not anxious to encounter too closely. "There is no honourable place for me but the army at present: the time is not yet come, *but it will arrive, when I shall command at Paris,*" are the prophetic words which Lucien does not hesitate to put into his mouth on this occasion. Yet, notwithstanding his refusal to identify himself with Robesbierre, he was involved in the downfall of that malignant monster; and after the glorious 9th of Thermidor, (27th of July, 1794,) he was arrested as an adherent and

partisan of the fallen tyrant.* Being cast into prison with other more avowed Terrorists, he narrowly escaped the death which awaited them under the violence of reaction; but he was eventually set at liberty through the force of his own remonstrances and the plaintive pleadings of his humble friend Junot. Nevertheless, this release was purchased by the sacrifice of his rank in the army, and he lost all the fruits of the brilliant reputation he had won: at the age of twenty-five, he was thrown as an outcast upon the world, ignominiously expelled from the profession in which he had already begun to gather prospective laurels. His brothers shared in the terrible reverses of the moment: Joseph saved himself by a temporary retreat to Genoa, but Lucien incurred the horrors of the incarceration he had so liberally administered to others, albeit he protested against so ungrateful a return for the boon of life he had magnanimously secured to his unsympathizing victims.

This may be considered the second phase in the calamities of the illustrious House of Bonaparte. Whilst all France was ringing with the joy of its deliverance from the detestable thraldrom of murderers, the heaviest gloom hung upon the hopes of those forlorn strangers in the land. Proscription and degradation were now their lot, in addition to the poverty from which they had partially emerged, and in which they were again plunged with aggravated bitterness. But in this extremity of their fortunes, Joseph became the prop and support of the family, by his marriage with the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Marseilles, named Clary. By the dowry he got with his wife, Joseph was raised into almost affluent circumstances, and obtained a position which enabled him to be of essential benefit to his mother and the children still remaining under her charge. Lucien had been liberated from the prison of Aix after a detention of six weeks, during which he escaped almost miraculously the massacres then perpetrating by the Royalists on the imprisoned Jacobins in the southern departments of France, and he returned to Marseilles from his incarceration in very dismal plight. He, too, had contracted matrimony during his residence at St. Maximin, where the daughter of an innkeeper called Boyer had fixed his wayward affections. Unlike his eldest brother, however, he derived no fortune with her; and she proved rather an inopportune encumbrance in the existing condition of his finances. But he was fondly attached to her, portionless as she was, for she was very beautiful and very amiable, and in his sanguine temperament he found consolation for present indigence in visions of future prosperity.

After his discharge from the army and from captivity, Napoleon had proceeded to Paris, with the view of claiming from the new government reparation of the wrongs he had suffered. His former friend Barras was now in an influential station, from the important part he had borne in the overthrow of Robespierre, and he could materially aid him in the object of his suit. But, although he experienced from that personage a friendly reception, he derived no advantage through his advocacy, if it were ever sincerely exerted, which it probably was not, as Barras might fear to implicate himself by too earnest a recommendation of one involved in the odium of *terrorism*. Hence, all his applications being fruitless, he found himself in a situation at once most

*Napoleon accused Salicetti of provoking his arrest by his vile machinations against him, and he subsequently revenged the perfidious deed by facilitating that personage's escape from the vengeance of the Convention after the event of the 1st Prairial, (20th May, 1795.)

galling and deplorable; since, to his impetuous spirit, the want of employment at a time when active service offered so many chances of distinction must have been intolerable, whilst his destitution was such that he often lacked the means of procuring a dinner. Yet his ardent imagination was even then filled with reveries of the greatness he might achieve; and it was on an Oriential field his thoughts wandered in brilliant perspectives; for he deemed Europe tame and sterile in comparison with Asia, as a theatre of glorious enterprise. He cherished the idea of leaving France, and offering to the Turkish sultan the sword his country was unworthy to possess; but averse to go forth as a mere adventurer, he submitted a proposition to the government for heading a detachment of officers to improve the discipline of the Ottoman forces, and prepare them for a more equal encounter with the trained soldiers of Russia. This proposition, however, was not entertained; and the impatient hero was compelled to await a more propitious period to realize his scheme of revolution and conquest in the East. Big with these enthusiastic dreams, he loitered about the streets of Paris, scowling at the effeminate puppies who pranced in the promenades on caparisoned horses, and lisped the praises of singers and dancers at the Opera; for the metropolis of terror had been suddenly changed into one of exaggerated gayety: conversing with Junot, who clung to him in his adversity with an almost infatuated fidelity and resorted to gaming-houses with the view of increasing their slender stores of subsistence; frequenting coffee-houses, theatres, and other places of amusement, when Junot had been successful in his throws of the dice-box or his calculations at *Rouge et Noir;* strolling in deserted avenues or through the collections of the *Jardin des Plantes*, in the stillness of evenings, to indulge in pensive meditations, or to beguile the weary time; leading, in short, a life of pure vagabondism, which has its joys in the days of youth, when the spirits are buoyant and hope is elastic, but which is replete with moments of remorse and anguish. In such paroxysms of the conscience, despair is prone to seize upon the mind, and inspire its victims with lamentable impulses. So Napoleon fell under the dire temptation, and one night started along the quays to throw himself from one of the bridges over the Seine. On his way he encountered an old friend, whom he had not seen since they were comrades of the camp, and to whom he related the sad story of his distresses, which affected not him only, but objects dearer to him than himself. This friend was moved by the mournful tale, and presented to the intending suicide a bag of gold, whose magic touch at once dispelled the gloomy humours which had impelled him to his fearful purpose. If it be true that this bag contained no less a sum than 30,000 francs, it must be confessed that the incident is one of very marvellous complexion, and the munificent genii of the "Arabian Nights" are outdone in providential miracles by Demasis, who, to enhance the romance of the adventure, is seen thus once, and then passes, like a flitting spectre, into a grave of undisturbed oblivion.

Thus rescued from an inglorious death, the teeming era of revolutions at length summoned into conspicuous action the desolate and wo-worn Napoleon. The Convention was about to close its stormy existence, after promulgating a new constitution for France, by which an executive government was created of five directors, with a legislature divided into two chambers—one to be called the Chamber of Ancients; the other the Chamber of Five Hundred. By supplemental statutes, two-thirds of the old Conventionalists were to form

part of the new legislature; and against this provision the Reactionists protested with vehement anger. The sections of Paris, in particular, were furious in their opposition; and failing to intimidate the Convention by menaces, they resolved to coerce it by an armed insurrection. To meet this threatened danger, the Convention appointed Barras to command the forces at its disposal, which consisted of about 6000 troops of the regular army; and he, calling to mind that energetic officer whom he had known in the campaign of the Maritime Alps, wisely judged he was better qualified than himself to conduct the military operations fitted to the occasion. He accordingly applied to Napoleon in the emergency, and on his recommendation the latter was forthwith nominated to be second in command. A subordinate part, however, was not suited to one of Napoleon's temperament, and he at once assumed the principal direction of affairs. As the Sectionaries far exceeded in numerical strength the army of the Convention, he determined to act strictly on the defensive, and with this view surrounded the National Palace with cannon, and intrenched his soldiers on all the approaches which led to it. On the morning of the 13th Vendemiaire, (5th October, 1795,) the insurgents assembled to the number of 30,000 men, and about three in the afternoon appeared with their heads of columns on the Place du Carrousel, the open square in front of the Tuileries. Instantly Napoleon opened upon them a terrific discharge of grape-shot, which staggered, overthrew, and routed them. The battle was neither long nor obstinate; the Sectionaries could make no head against the tempest of balls vomited against them by their pitiless and scientific enemy. Recoiling in affright, part of them attempted to make a stand on the steps of the Church of St. Roch, but Napoleon ranged against them his murderous guns, and executed upon them a desolating havoc. Shortly the insurgent army was in consternation and in flight; the insurrection was suppressed, and the Convention victorious. The conqueror in the broil was hailed with acclamations by the grateful Assembly, and in reward of his services he was nominated to be general of the Army of the Interior. By this achievement he had gained a twofold merit in the eyes of the government: he had saved the Revolution, for had the Sections been triumphant, the restoration of the Bourbons would have been the almost inevitable result; he had established the Directorial constitution, which, after the experience of the past, was held to fulfil all the expectations of reasonable republicans. Henceforth he became of paramount importance in the convulsed community: the reduction of Toulon had first fixed upon him the attention which was requisite to encourage confidence in his superiority; the repulse of the Sections in Vendemiaire showed him resolute and indomitable in conflict, and stamped upon him the seal of predominance, albeit cemented in the gore of fellow-countrymen and citizens.

It is thus that opportunity only is wanting to men of real genius and capacity, to make manifest the qualities within them, and assure them command over the satellite herd of mankind. This Napoleon had gained, and straightway the path of fortune was wide and smooth before him. Happy accidents almost poured upon him, and none was more singularly auspicious than that which introduced him to a wife. As a consequence of their defeat in Vendemiaire, the reactionary citizens of Paris were deprived of their arms, which were delivered into the possession of the general of the Army of the Interior. One day he was applied to by a boy not more than ten years of age, for the restoration of his father's sword, which had been seized in the general search,

although its owner was long since dead. The ingenuous earnestness of the youth pleaded in his favour, and Napoleon restored him the sword; but he was induced to ask the circumstances of the family to which he belonged. His father, Alexander de Beauharnais, had commanded one of the armies of the Republic, but had lost his head in the Reign of Terror; his mother, Josephine, still survived, having narrowly escaped the same fate by the fortunate execution of Robespierre within a few hours of her intended condemnation. She was a native of Martinique, and was enveloped in a strange interest, from the remarkable prophecies that had been made concerning her. In one of these, delivered by an old negress, she herself put faith, with the superstition natural to her clime; and so far, in truth, the prediction had been verified. It was said that she should witness the death of her first husband, be plunged into the deepest misery, but ultimately be raised above the estate of a queen. That such a prediction had been made, there is very positive evidence, although with about as much actual foresight on the part of the negress as is vested in those famed gipsies, who, for a corresponding fee, will promise any extent of sublunary grandeur. But whatever might be the fabled destinies in store for her, it was upon more rational expectations that Napoleon sought and won her hand; for, although he had himself a considerable share of dreamy superstition, it is not to be supposed that he gave any heed to such stupid tales when he married Josephine. She was recommended to him by the inimitable graces of her person and manners, which were fascinating in a superlative degree, and probably also by considerations of a somewhat grosser nature. Society was very dissolute at this period; she had heretofore enjoyed an intimacy with Barras, which gave her great influence over him; and as this personage had been elected one of the new directors, he was now possessed of greater power than ever. Hence, his favour was of material consequence, especially in the distribution of military commands; and as Napoleon aspired to the very highest and most important in the service of the Republic, it was politic in him to strengthen his pretensions by an alliance fortified with the most cogent and persuasive ties.

From associations which had their origin in predilections of sundry kinds, individual and professional, Italy was the field on which Napoleon panted to make his great essay in arms. It was a country he had profoundly studied in a military aspect, and had at an earlier period submitted plans for its invasion to the government, which had been well appreciated, but postponed through the pressure of many conflicting circumstances. He again renewed his propositions under present more favourable auspices, and as they met the approbation of Carnot, who had succeeded to a place in the Directory, and who was then considered the highest military authority of the day, he received the appointment he so much coveted, and was named, on the 1st of March, 1796, generalissimo of the Army of Italy. This army was both the least numerous and the worst provided of all those arrayed by France in that eventful year for foreign aggression and domestic warfare. Young Hoche had 100,000 men assigned to him for the subjugation of La Vendée; Jourdan and Moreau commanded armies of 80,000 men each on the Upper and Lower Rhine; Bonaparte had only 30,000 starved and naked troops to realize his daring project of conquering Piedmont and wresting Lombardy from the Austrians. It is true that the French, by the victory of Loano, under Scherer, in the previous November, had surmounted all the difficulties of the mountain passages, and stood prepared to descend into the

Italian plains whenever opportunity might seem to invite them; but for offensive operations, certain supplies at all events are indispensable. Now, such was the penury of the French exchequer, that it possessed no means to furnish these supplies; and during the whole winter, these valiant troops had been exposed to hardships and privations which severely tested their fortitude as well as discipline. Even in spring, the utmost efforts of the government were incompetent to feed or clothe them adequately; and all that could be effected was to provide them with such stores of munitions as were absolutely necessary to enter upon a campaign. Means of transit were almost entirely wanting, for the system of forced requisitions was of no avail in a mountainous country from which the meagre cultivators had fled in dismay. But in that extraordinary era, armies were subsisted and moved in a manner which defies calculation; and the martial enthusiasm of the soldiers made amends for deficiencies which would have paralyzed more methodical and mercenary hosts. Once across an enemy's frontier, the French were at ease; for as they carried with them the boon of liberty, they held themselves justified in living at the expense of disenthralled populations. Their difficulty, therefore, was only at the outset, and until they could break from their own exhausted soil; this overcome, they revelled in abundance, and pushed on to further conquests with the keenest scent of cupidity and enjoyment. To propel his army from the Alpine range into the fertile valleys below, Napoleon received from the Directory the sum of 2000 louis d'or in specie; and never surely was so gigantic an undertaking contemplated with such slender resources. Yet he was animated with a fervour and self-confidence which set at nought all impediments; and he said joyously to his friends, as he started, "In three months you will see me again at Paris, or will hear of me at Milan."

It was in no idle spirit that he spoke these words; for on the desperate hazard he was prepared to stake the future of his life, whether it should be disgrace in failure, or empire in success. Two armies were opposed to him—one of Piedmontese, 20,000 strong, and the other of Austrians, 35,000 strong, between which he poured with his emaciated complement of 30,000. Already, under the revolutionary impulse, the tactics of war had been materially changed from the old established routine; and the generals of the Coalition had suffered untimely reverses, inflicted on them contrary to the rules of art, as they reasonably complained. But such changes were trifling in comparison with those introduced by Napoleon Bonaparte, who struck by blows so sure and rapid, that his enemy was overpowered before he well knew operations had commenced; and campaigns which, under the old system of even Marlborough and Frederick, would have lingered for years, were decided in a few weeks, sometimes in a few days. Thus he hurled the Piedmontese and Austrians before him, on separate routes of retreat, with a precipitation which annihilated resistance: in less than two months he had fought six battles, reduced Sardinia to sue for peace, entered Milan in triumph, and expelled the Austrians from Lombardy, driving them across the Adige, and into the fastnesses of the Tyrol. Such a series of exploits, accomplished in so short a time, wrought a boundless amazement, and the hero of them was extolled as a prodigy superior to all warriors of ancient or modern fame. It was the rapidity of his achievements rather even than their results which dazzled the imagination, and marked the advent of a new master in the great art of war. No conqueror had ever displayed

such originality of genius, such boldness of conception, such profundity of combination, such celerity of execution; and the sudden interest which invested him was increased by the novel grandeur of the language in which he spoke to his soldiers, and the imperious tone he assumed to the potentates who held fair Italy in servitude. At the bare aspect of his sword, priestly and royal dominations crouched before him; and the proud oligarchy of Venice sent humble intercessions to propitiate his wrath. Yet his possession of Lombardy was very insecure, for the House of Austria was making prodigious exertions to wrest it from him, and to recover that stolen jewel of its usurping crown. Four successive armies of 60,000 men each were pushed down the gorges of the Tyrol and across the Brenta, under veteran leaders of exalted reputation, to dislodge him from his central position of Verona, and thence dislodged, to inflict on him an inevitable ruin. Against these he contended with a skill and energy which have rendered his deeds in those campaigns superior in renown to all other feats of strategy or heroism. He himself has not surpassed them; and the conflicts of Lonato, Castiglione, Bassano, Arcole, and Rivoli, although not attended with the stupendous results for which his later victories were celebrated, must ever be esteemed as the most truly brilliant and marvellous of his military successes. They assured to him the definitive possession of Italy, and enabled him, in a subsequent campaign, to cross the Noric Alps and advance within twenty-five leagues of Vienna, where he extorted from the emperor the famous treaty of Campo-Formio, which secured to France all the vast accessions of territory she had gained from the first outbreak of the revolutionary war. At no period of her history had she concluded so glorious and advantageous a peace; and in his double capacity of warrior and pacificator, Napoleon was received in Paris with an enthusiasm befitting the great services he had performed.

The elevation of this illustrious member of the family failed not to have a beneficial influence on the fortunes of his immediate relatives. After his example, they all dropped the Italian orthography of their name, and to render it more nearly French, wrote it henceforth "Bonaparte." Joseph, who had already filled a similiar appointment in the Army of the Alps, was named a commissary of war under his brother in Italy, as well as the ex-abbé Fesch, who is accused of having shared in the illegitimate profits of the contractors. Lucien gladly answered a summons to Paris from his irksome retreat at Marseilles, and was forthwith attached, in the like quality of commissary, to the Army of the Rhine under Moreau, where he made himself obnoxious by his passion for wrangling and disputation, and also by the negligent discharge of his duties. Such was his egregious arrogance and incompetence, indeed, that he would have been expelled from his employment but for the protective influence of Napoleon, whom he thought fit to join in Italy, when his triumphant progress opened so profitable a field of speculation. Young Louis, too, was provided for by the same fostering care, and although only seventeen years of age, with the grade of a lieutenant, was appointed an aide-de-camp to his puissant brother. He had passed a short time at the military school of Chalons, preparatory to his entering the artillery, and having been from the first under the tutelage of Napoleon, he regarded him not only with great affection, but with almost the deference due to a father. Of all the sons, therefore, Jerome alone remained with his mother, whose household was further reduced, in 1797, by the marriage of

her eldest daughter, Eliza, with Felix Bacchiochi, a countryman of her own, and at that time a captain of artillery. This match was highly disapproved by Napoleon, who justly considered himself the head of the family, and already arrogated a right of disposal over his dependent kinsfolk in matrimony; but he nevertheless promoted his new brother-in-law, and made him first a colonel, and then a general of brigade. In this same year Joseph, and in the following year Lucien, were both returned to the Council of Five Hundred, as representatives of the district of Liamone in Corsica, from which Paoli had once more fled with the shadow of the British dominion he had attempted to rear. Subsequently to the 18th Fructidor, (4th September, 1779,) when the Directory, with the connivance of Napoleon, established a virtual despotism in France, Joseph was despatched as an ambassador of the Republic to Rome, whence he shortly retired in consequence of a popular tumult, amidst which he nearly lost his life, and for which the recalcitrant Pope suffered the penalty of deposition. Thus the Bonapartes began to form an important power in the state, and already no post in the government was deemed too exalted to occupy the talents or satisfy the claims of their resplendent chief.

But the time was not yet come for his participation or assumption of the government; he must yet gather fresh laurels, and the country be overwhelmed with disasters, ere he could aspire to seize supreme authority in the Republic. It was not at a period when he had raised it to the pinnacle of greatness it would voluntary accept him for a sovereign; a season of calamity was needed to rally its hopes on him as an indispensable instrument of salvation. His position at Paris was irksome both to himself and to the Directory, and it was equally the wish of both that he should forthwith betake himself again to active employment. The Directory was intent to invade England or Ireland, and at no period could such an enterprise have been attended with a better chance of success; accordingly, it had nominated him general of the Army of England, the opportune death of Hoche having removed a rival who could alone have stood against him in the lists of competition. But Napoleon had a different project of his own, which was more agreeable to those early fancies he had so fondly indulged; and he had not completed his conquest of Italy before he cast his eyes on Egypt, as the next theatre of his ardent powers. In Egypt he saw the commencement of his visionary subjugation of Asia, or his dethronement of the Ottoman sultan, and an expedition to conquer it was sufficiently plausible to be defended on the ground of interest to France. The possession of Malta and Egypt was a prodigious step towards the accomplishment of that grand traditionary scheme of rendering the Mediterranean a French lake, whilst, by opening the readiest route to India, it facilitated the destruction of England in a more certain manner than by direct invasion. Upon these arguments he maintained the superior merits of his project, and the Directory was fain to yield to them a reluctant acquiescence. There was just sufficient of national advantage in it to cloak his personal desires, to which at all times of his life he was ready to sacrifice every other consideration. He embarked, therefore, on his extravagant but magnificent enterprise, accompanied by the largest naval and military armament that had ever crossed a wide expanse of sea; and before the aim of his expedition was known to the world, had planted the republican banner on the impregnable ramparts of Malta, the ruined towers of Alexandria, and the glittering minarets of the city of the Caliphs.

The battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, fought on fields of such imperishable and hallowed recollection, shed a lustre on the French arms, which was all the brighter for the distance it travelled, for the unknown regions that had witnessed them. The French were in raptures at the tidings, for the predominant idea of their Revolution had now become military glory and conquest, to the exclusion of all earlier chimeras touching liberty and fraternity, and the reverses they were sustaining in Europe gave to them a character of peculiar consolation. The Directory was composed of vulgar and violent men, who displayed an insatiable wickedness in aggressions on the neighbours of France, and who outraged every law in the gratification of its lustful passions. Soon its detestable usurpation drew upon it the indignation of combined Europe, and its desolating armies were driven back with infamy into the confines of France itself. But for the inveterate cupidity of Austria, and the astounding imbecility of England, the Republic must have been overthrown at that time; as it was, it was reduced to a state of depression and misery unexampled among the retributions that have been visited on the sins of the nations. In this dismal crisis, all eyes reverted to the indomitable hero who had already elevated France to such a pitch of grandeur, from which she had fallen the moment his sword was withdrawn, and who alone still upheld the fame of her victorious flag; when, at the critical moment, the desired saviour appeared, and converted the gloom of his disconsolate countrymen into the joy of an anticipated redemption.

Never was a country so ripe to receive a master fitted to curb its licentious factions and to restore its vitality, as France in the latter part of 1799. For ten years, she had been engaged in a career of revolution, and at the end of that time, her fervent prayer was for the institution of a despotism, to relieve her from the greater horrors of anarchy and social dissolution. The master she required in her necessities she found in the person to whom her hopes had instinctively turned—in Napoleon Bonaparte, whose absence she had deplored and his return invoked. On the 9th of November, the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, the last of the prolific series since 1790, constituted him First Consul of the French Republic, with an almost absolute executive authority. His brother Lucien was of great assistance in accomplishing this object, displaying, in his capacity of President of the Council of Five Hundred, a firmness and courage which secured the success of the project when almost on the point of failure. Two subordinate Consuls were at the same time created, together with a Senate, a Council of State, a Legislative Body, and a Tribunate. All the chief appointments were vested in the First Consul, who had consequently abundant means of rewarding his friends and partisans. The policy he pursued was the beneficent one of amalgamating parties and interests, and of substituting for the violent systems of preceding governments one of conciliation and clemency. The measures he took for the restoration of order and tranquillity were singularly judicious and effective, and, in a short time, he wrought an incredible change in the condition of France, which joyfully threw itself into his arms, reposing confidently on his superior intelligence and capacity. But internal ameliorations were of secondary importance to the still greater object of delivering France from the pressure of foreign enemies, and to this Napoleon directed his unremitting energies. His overtures for peace being contemptuously rejected by the inflated governments of England and Austria, he prepared to strike a blow which, by its force and suddenness, should confound them, and annihilate

their pretensions. With an army, of whose very existence they were profoundly ignorant, he crossed the great chains of the Alps, and debouched into the plains of Italy, directly on the rear of the Austrians, who were beyond the Apennines contemplating an immediate invasion of Provence. These, precipitately retrograding, to regain their communications, he encountered and vanquished on the memorable field of Marengo, through which event he again became, in the course of a few days, complete master of the whole of Italy. Austria was smitten to the heart by so unlooked-for and miraculous a disaster, and she sent an envoy with plaintive propositions to treat of peace. But England strove to revive her palsied courage by dint of replenished subsidies, and she was induced, with desperate resolution, to try the fortune of another campaign. This proved equally calamitous, and nothing remained for her but to submit to the will of the conqueror she had unwisely defied. At Luneville, accordingly, on the 9th of February, 1801, she signed a treaty infinitely more disadvantageous to her than that of Campo-Formio, and one which assured to France an aggrandizement wholly inconsistent with the old balance of power in Europe. Nevertheless, to this sad termination of all her struggles against the Revolution, England herself was reduced to accede: placed in melancholy isolation against the power of the colossal Republic, she, too, succumbed, and concluded a treaty at Amiens, in March, 1802, in order to gain at least a temporary respite from the afflictions of war. Thus did Napoleon lift France, from an abyss of degradation, to the very highest rank among the nations of the earth; and whilst he endowed her with this envied supremacy, healed the festering sores of her internal maladies, and conferred on her a peace and prosperity she had never known since she embarked in her wild crusade against kings, nobles, and priests. Commensurate was the gratitude of her enraptured people, who were ready to testify it by any inordinate expression agreeable to the ambition of their benefactor and idol.

During the short interval between the 18th Brumaire and the peace of Amiens, Napoleon appears clothed with a majesty and glory which throws far into the shade the lustre of monarchs cradled in royalty. Not only did he beat to pieces the formidable coalition arrayed to extinguish France, but all his conduct in this happy era of his life was marked by a wisdom and beneficence which stands in dazzling contrast with the folly and iniquities of his subsequent career. In his restoration of religion alone, against the most inveterate prejudice confirmed in the course of the Revolution, he rendered to a benighted land the greatest good it could receive and the indispensable guardian of society; but which it would certainly not have accepted from any hands save his alone. Yet rarely has the intoxication of power been so quick and overwhelming in its corruption of the mind and the understanding, as in the instance of this extraordinary individual. He almost straightway became the slave of passions that grew in their evil intensity with every gratification which fed them, until they reached a height which overmastered his reason, and transformed him into the very curse of humanity. The arrogance of the language he permitted himself towards foreign courts—particularly the British, which he thoroughly despised—was altogether insufferable; whilst he recklessly seized upon dominions that showed him regardless of all guarantees imposed by either good faith, policy, or public law. Hence he rendered relations of peace impossible with him, unless on the part of miserable trucklers like the king of Prussia; and

he again drew upon France the combined hostility of three-fourths of Europe. But in the interior, he had manifested his sovereignty by two events, very dissimilar in their complexion, but equally striking in their tendency and effect. Enraged by the detestable conspiracies of the Royalists to destroy him, he siezed a young prince of the House of Bourbon loitering upon the confines of his expanded realm, and, in the mere spirit of revenge and bravado, wickedly put him to death. Encouraged by the admiration and homage of the whole nation of Frenchmen, he constituted himself their Emperor; and amidst an adulation exceeding the abjectness of degenerate Greeks, established an empire unmatched for the rigour of its despotism and the splendour of its emblazonries. To consecrate this culminating phase of the Revolution, he summoned to Paris the head of the Catholic church, and exhibited to the astonished universe the spectacle of a pope anointing in Notre-Dame the plebeian but august warrior, who had rectified indeed the errors of intolerant democracy, but still left the papacy shorn of the territorial grandeur it had laboured so hard in bygone ages to secure.

Among all the vices of Napoleon's character, he cannot assuredly be charged with want of affection for his family, since he displayed towards those connected with him an attachment and regard which was often detrimental to him. His wife Josephine was particularly dear to him, although her conduct on many occasions was far from being blameless. His letters to her at every period of their union are replete with expressions of the warmest devotion; and if at any time she failed to reciprocate his love, it was through a wayward levity which left her scarcely mistress of herself. He was supremely happy in her society, for her disposition was of the sweetest and most amiable; and her influence over him was always exercised in kind and benevolent purposes. That she had borne him no children was a subject of inconsolable regret, but he cherished those of her former husband as if they were his own. These were two—a son and daughter—Eugene and Hortense. Both of them possessed in an eminent degree the attractive qualities of their mother; and Napoleon heaped upon them continual evidences of his affection. Eugene had acted as his aide-de-camp, both in Italy and in Egypt; at Marengo, he had commanded a brigade of the Guard; in 1804, he was made an imperial prince and arch-chancellor of state; in 1805, immediately after Napoleon's coronation at Milan, he was nominated viceroy of Italy, and subsequently, Prince of Venice, and heir of the Lombardo-Venitian crown. Hortense was designed by Napoleon to be given in marriage to his favourite aide-de-camp, Duroc, whose handsome person and gallant bearing had already won her girlish admiration. But Josephine artfully opposed this arrangement, from a natural anxiety she laboured under of drawing still closer the ties that united her with her husband; for her barrenness had already become the theme of opprobrium on the part of Joseph and Lucien, who laboured assiduously with their brother to impress upon him the expediency of a divorce. On this account, she was intent to bring about a marriage between Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, through which she hoped to defeat the insidious suggestions of her enemies. But serious obstacles stood in the way of her accomplishing her design; for the young couple had an absolute antipathy towards each other, and both were actually in love with other parties. Louis had become enamoured of Josephine's niece—Louise-Emilie, daughter of Francis, Marquis de Beauharnais, her first husband's elder brother—without, however, engaging the young lady's affections in return.

This Francis de Beauharnais was an emigrant, and consequently an alliance with him was to be shunned by a brother of Napoleon, who was then only a general of the Republic, and bound to be careful of exciting distrust in his zeal. Accordingly, to prevent mischief, he despatched Louis hastily from Paris; and just previously to starting for Egypt, married Mademoiselle Beauharnais to Lavalette, one of his aides-de-camp, for whose safety she afterwards figured in so marvellous an adventure. Louis, whose character was naturally of a pensive cast, took this disappointment grievously to heart; and, joined to an infirm state of health, it produced in him a melancholy which preyed on him all the remainder of his life. He never ceased to mourn the loss he had sustained; and when the proposition of a union with Hortense was made to him, he recoiled from it with abhorrence. He resisted all persuasions with a settled determination; and it was only by much skilful manœuvring that Josephine at length succeeded in extorting his consent. She had wrung from her daughter, too, an unwilling acquiescence; and on the 4th of January, 1802, the ill-assorted knot was tied—the gloomy countenances of the affianced belying the factitious joy of the courtly retinue that graced their inauspicious nuptials.

Joseph, whose abilities were mediocre, but who was of the tractable disposition that Napoleon preferred to all others, stood high in the favour of his predominant brother. On him had been conferred the honour of concluding the famous treaties of Luneville and Amiens, and also the equally famous Concordat with the pope. He was named a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, on the institution of that remarkable order; and on the establishment of the Empire, he became, in common with all his brothers, an imperial prince. At the same time, he was created Grand-Elector, as was Louis Constable of France. The fate of Lucien was somewhat different. After the 18th Brumaire, he had been appointed Minister of the Interior; in which office he displayed great activity, but was frequently embroiled in angry discussions with the First Consul. He naturally plumed himself on the merit of his services in the critical conjuncture of Brumaire, and aspired to play a much more important part in the administration of affairs than Napoleon was at all disposed to allow him. He was of an impetuous and unbending character, full of personal pretensions, and unsuited to act in subservience perhaps to any master, much more to his own brother. Hence they had repeated quarrels; and, on more than one occasion, Lucien flung down his portfolio in a passion, exclaiming that he would no longer serve such a despot. Once, in a paroxysm of rage, he dashed his watch on the floor, and crushing it with his heel, cried out, "You will one day be smashed to atoms as I now smash this watch; take warning in time, or you will not have a resting-place for your head, and you will involve all your family in the same ruin!" This was a very good prophecy, doubtless, as it turned out; but such scenes rendered the longer continuance of Lucien in the ministry impossible. He was accordingly sent as ambassador to Spain, where he again contrived to draw upon himself the anger of the First Consul. Contrary to his instructions, he participated in the treaty concluded by the infamous Godoy with the court of Portugal, by which the invasion of the latter kingdom was averted, to the inexpressible mortification of Napoleon, who was still engaged in negotiations with England, and was intent to occupy Portugal as a make-weight in the adjustment of terms. The court of Lisbon paid for the boon some 30,000,000 francs; and it is said Lucien

got about 10,000,000 for his share of the egregious spoil. It is certain he returned from the embassy with a prodigious fortune, the acquirements of which cannot be accounted for on any other supposition, since it is the only opportunity he ever had of amassing wealth. Although recalled in disgrace, Napoleon afterwards put him into the Tribunate, where he was of use in passing through that reluctant body the measure for the institution of the Legion of Honour, of which he was himself also appointed a grand-master. From this time he began to live in great splendour, furnished sumptuously a magnificent hotel, and commenced the collection of one of the finest galleries in Europe. He became a marked patron of the arts, and might have continued to flourish in dignified affluence, but for his unhappy disposition to offend his imperious brother. He set himself in opposition to him in all family matters, and inspirited even the placid Joseph to assume a mutinous demeanour, prevailing on him to refuse, first the presidency of the Senate, and next the dependent crown of Italy. But it was by his own marriage he irritated Napoleon to the highest pitch. His first wife, the daughter of the innkeeper at St. Maximin, having died, he married, in 1803, a widow, Madame Jouberteau, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but decidedly of tainted reputation. This alliance Napoleon insisted upon his dissolving; and upon his positive refusal, threatened him so roughly, that he thought fit to retire from Paris, and withdrew himself to Rome. There he took up his permanent abode, purchasing a large property at Canido, in the Papal States, living in ostentatious luxury, and enjoying the intimacy of the benignant pontiff, Pius VII. This exile of Lucien has been often ascribed to his disapproval of Napoleon's assumption of the imperial dignity; whereas, in reality, he had always been an advocate of that step, and was much more urgent for its adoption than seemed meet in the eyes of more discreet partisans. But he henceforth displayed a blind animosity against the Emperor, and even reared his children in principles of hatred against the oppressive dominator of his house.

It was not to be supposed that Napoleon, even had he felt little regard for his mother, would have allowed her to remain in obscurity at Marseilles, after he had attained supreme power in France. But he entertained towards her a very affectionate remembrance, for he rightly attributed to her early lessons the foundation of his greatness, confirming a truth of universal application, that a mother's care is the index and condition of pre-eminence among the sons of men. Upon the event of the 18th Brumaire, she removed to Paris, where, however, she lived in a very retired manner, which was equally in accordance with her own tastes and agreeable to the wishes of the First Consul, who could not venture at that time to give the females of his family any distinctive rank or prominence. From the trials and misfortunes to which she had been exposed, she was naturally of a provident disposition, and rigidly condemned superfluous expenditure on the part of her children, saying, with a foreboding gesture, that they knew not what they might come to, notwithstanding their present prosperity. She took part with Lucien in his quarrel with Napoleon, and, greatly to the chagrin of the latter, followed him to Rome, displaying in her conduct the sternness and independence which was characteristic of her. When upbraided by Napoleon with an undue partiality for Lucien, she answered sharply that an unfortunate son would always be the most dear to her; which she proved to himself afterwards by a memorable devotion. Shortly after the creation of

the Empire, however, she was induced to return to Paris, whither the new Emperor invited her by tender solicitations, and offers of a splendid establishment. In truth, he settled upon her an annual income of 1,000,000 francs, (£40,000,) assigned her a separate court, and gave her position as *Madame-Mère*, equivalent to the title of Empress-Mother. She took up her residence in the sumptuous mansion furnished by Lucien, but she was far from maintaining the princely state and hospitality of that banished magnate. She adhered to the penurious habits she had formed in adversity, not from an ignoble love of gold, but from a dread she could never discard, that poverty and want might again become the portion of the family, and that all her savings would be needed in the hour of calamity. "Who knows but I may have one day to keep all these kings and queens?" she was accustomed to remark, even in those halcyon days when fortune wore her serenest smile, and crowns glittered on the heads of her rejoicing sons and daughters.

Of his sisters, Napoleon was fondest and proudest of Pauline, who, with a sad accompaniment of vanity and frivolity, had emerged into womanhood a very paragon of beauty. At the age of sixteen, she had displayed a very reprehensible taste, in a warm attachment she formed for Freron, one of the bloodhounds of the Committee of Public Safety, and who superintended the operation of the guillotine at Marseilles until the death of Robespierre. Fortunately saved from pollution with such a wretch, and her reputation becoming endangered by the crowd of admirers she encouraged around her, her brother hastened her marriage with young Leclerc, an officer of humble origin, but of considerable promise, whom he immediately elevated to the rank of general. Pauline was by no means favourable to this union, insomuch that, when her husband was appointed, in 1801, to head the expedition to St. Domingo, she refused to accompany him, and it required all the authority of Napoleon, who wished to silence the calumnies of his enemies by so signal a proof of his faith in the success of the enterprise, to compel her compliance with an imperative duty. She went out to the Antilles accordingly, and by her enlivening entertainments, struggled for a time against the desolations of pestilence; but after the death of Leclerc, she gladly escaped from so dismal a scene; and carrying back his embalmed body and her treasures in the same coffin, she hurried with impatient alacrity to enjoy again the pleasures of luxurious Paris. Never did a more gay or fascinating widow flutter in the brilliant circles of that dissipated capital. Her ambition was to outstrip in attractions the graceful Josephine, whom, with all her beauty, she could never rival in the inimitable tastefulness of her dress. Her displays were theatrical and indelicate, whilst in envy she exceeded the usual measure of female weakness, although in other respects she was full of generosity and good-nature. She often provoked the displeasure of Napoleon, but never failed to pacify him by her blandishments, for he knew she was really attached to him, and he willingly suffered himself to be coaxed into pardon of her follies. Nevertheless, he deemed it prudent she should take again, with all despatch, another husband, who might at least throw over her the mantle of the conjugal name. Accordingly, in 1803, she was married to the Prince Camille Borghese, an Italian of historic name and large possessions, who united to eligibility the complaisance of a high-bred consort. In the following year, the Emperor of the French created her an imperial princess, and, in 1806,

endowed her with the rich dependencies of Guastella and Piacenza, which she bartered, however, for an equivalent in money, not wishing to exchange the pomps and revelries of Paris for the barren cares of an obscure sovereignty.

Eliza, the eldest of the sisters, was more esteemed than beloved perhaps by her puissant brother. She affected rather the masculine virtues than the softer graces of womanhood, and was distinguished, moreover, for literary propensities, which often impart an air of pretension less pleasing than imposing in a woman of real superiority. She was the first preferred by Napoleon to the dignity of a vassal of his empire, being made by him Grand-Duchess of Lucca and Piombino, on the occasion of his coronation as King of Italy. At this extraordinary step, in conjunction with the annexation to France of Piedmont and Genoa, the powers of Europe took just umbrage, and saw in it the commencement of a system which threatened to end in a universal dominion. Such a proceeding was the height of imprudence on his part, and thus early proved, what was ultimately conducive to the salvation of human liberty, that he was totally destitute of what is called policy, or that his passions were too vulgar and outrageous to be subordinated to the commonest foresight. In after-times he transferred also Tuscany to this "Semiraris of Lucca," as Talleyrand in his flattery designated her, having at length exhausted the occasions for which he kept that fair region of Italy as a shuttlecock of indemnity. He had first given it to two miserable puppets of the Spanish Bourbons in exchange for Louisiana; then he had taken it from the survivor, upon the promise of an illusory crown in Portugal; lastly, he had held it before the eyes of Ferdinand to induce his renunciation of the crown of Spain. In short, he regarded the Tuscans, more than any other of his enslaved communities, as a herd of cattle, to be trafficked in any way he thought fit, to be sold and conveyed to an opportune bidder like a gang of American slaves. Nevertheless the Princess Eliza ruled these unfortunate Italians with a gentle and intelligent sway, transacting the affairs of administration with great industry, and jealously excluding from all authority her husband Bacciochi, who was content to abandon himself to the grosser enjoyments of his fortune. In personal deportment she was apt to imitate the abrupt manners of the Emperor; in her government she gave literary tastes to the winds, and busied herself instead with reviews of soldiers—an occupation more germane, as she thought, to a kinswoman of the mighty conqueror.

The youngest daughter of the Imperial House was Caroline, and she fell to the lot of Joachim Murat, a cavalry officer who had risen from the ranks, and who, since the event of the 13th Vendemiaire, had been closely attached to the person of Napoleon. Although lacking the perfect symmetry and attractive beauty of Pauline, she was eminently handsome, and of a bold and ambitious character, which rendered her the most aspiring of the whole family. Murat had of himself claims upon the gratitude of the Emperor, who raised him to be a prince and marshal of France, and also endowed him with the anomalous title of Grand-Admiral. But Caroline was continually dissatisfied with the share of grandeur allotted to her husband, and so teazed Napoleon with importunate comparisons, that he one day exclaimed to her in a passion, "To hear you talk, one would really suppose that I had deprived you of the inheritance left by the king your father." Still, he was solicitous to gratify her cravings, and sought by promises to flatter her

hopes and allay her impatience. These he was enabled fully to redeem, and in the end no members of his family were more amply rewarded than the vain and empty-headed Joachim, with his haughty spouse of ever-insatiable pretensions.

M. Fesch, the half-brother of Madame Mère, had, with the restoration of religion in France, relapsed to his original profession, and having been received again by the benignant pope into the bosom of the Church, he participated largely in the ecclesiastical benefits showered upon the Gallican clergy. He left the commissariat with a somewhat unclean name, but does not appear to have made the worse priest on that account. It is true that Napoleon insisted upon his undergoing an ordeal of purification in a seminary before being admitted to a seat in the new hierarchy; but he immediately afterwards nominated him to the archbishopric of Lyons, and the pope conferred on him the superior grade of a cardinal. He afterwards represented his imperial nephew at the court of Rome, where he gained in a remarkable degree the favour and confidence of the holy pontiff, whose interests he espoused with ardour against the unseemly violence of Napoleon. It is certainly a surprising fact, that with all the extraordinary benefits lavished upon his relatives by the great Emperor, none of them seem to have been actuated by a corresponding gratitude towards him, and that they all more or less thwarted his views and proved refractory to his authority. Doubtless his arrogance and tyranny became insupportable to them as to all others; and he had so poor an opinion of men, that he never supposed them capable of heeding inducements other than those of selfish interest: yet it is certainly strange that he should find, as he himself declared, his worst enemies in the bosom of his own family. There was one very decided exception to this rule in the person of Jerome, his youngest brother, who was not competent, through lack of capacity, to contest his will. This silly youth he had sent into the navy, hoping to throw some lustre by his presence on that discredited service; but, being appointed on a cruise off the American coast, the uncouth sailor got entangled in a match with a young lady of Baltimore, a Miss Paterson, whom, in 1805, he brought to Europe as his bride. Napoleon, however, refused to allow her even to land on any part of the continent, and she was abliged to seek a refuge in England. He took his scapegrace brother most severely to task for this outrage on the dignity of the family, and insisted that he should forthwith repudiate so improper a connection. The poor lubberly boy was in reality much attached to his pretty wife, and being instigated by the eternal marplot Lucien, for some time ventured to withstand the stern commands of the incensed Emperor. He was again hurried off to sea, as captain of a 74, and having effected what was then considered a great feat in the French navy—namely, crossed the Atlantic, and got back again without being captured—he was extolled in the columns of the "Moniteur" as a paragon of seamen, and as destined to eclipse in fame all the admirals of England, with the barbarian Nelson at their head. Nevertheless, Napoleon changed his opinion touching these prospects of his brother, for he shorly afterwards annulled his marine career altogether, and converted him into a soldier, designing him to gather laurels on a more likely field, under his own immediate guidance.

Such being the state of the Bonaparte family at the institution of the Empire, it became of paramount importance with the founder of the dynasty to decide how and by whom it was to be perpetuated. He had himself no

offspring, and therefore must choose a collateral heir. In the *first* place, the imperial crown was settled on Napoleon Bonaparte and his direct issue in the male line, with a power of adoption under certain restrictions; *secondly*, on Joseph Bonaparte and the heirs-male of his body; and *thirdly*, on Louis Bonaparte and the heirs-male of his body. At the same time, it was provided that the marriage of a French prince, without the consent of the head of the Empire, should entail the loss of all hereditary right in the offending prince and his offspring. This exclusion struck directly at Lucien and Jerome, who were already in the category of delinquents on that score, and they accordingly remained in the Imperial Constitutions debarred from the right of succession. A chance of reinstatement was, however, left them by the dissolution of their obnoxious marriages, and by a repentant obedience to the will of the outraged chief. In accordance with the old Salic law of the monarchy, females were perpetually excluded, and in so essentially military a creation, that relic of feudalism was appropriately preserved. By this exceptional limitation, Napoleon sufficiently marked his dissatisfaction with the truculent Lucien, and also with the hair-brained Jerome: against the first he was heartily exasperated; the latter he trusted to reclaim by a course of wholesome discipline.

Having thus settled the foundations of his empire, as he deemed, on an imperishable basis, the warlike Corsican prepared to wage battle against the confederated powers of Europe, and exalt his greatness to a yet more colossal height: and, in truth, the armies of the continent were extinguished by him with a facility which might well inflate him with notions of his omnipotence on earth. At Ulm and Austerlitz he prostrated the Austrian empire; at Jena he dissolved in a day the accumulated dominion of Frederick and the House of Brandenburg; at Friedland he annihilated the martial host of barbaric Russia; at Tilsit he bound the successor of the savage Romanzoffs captive to his chariot, and whirled him to the precipice on which he had well-nigh met his ruin. Then supreme dominator of the potentates he suffered to reign in corners of their former territories, he trod upon their necks with a pride and insolence which have had few parallels in European history. From Naples he expelled the hostile race of Bourbons, and placed on its throne his brother Joseph; in Holland he planted Louis as king; and at Cassel, across the Rhine, over a heterogeneous compound called the kingdom of Westphalia, he fixed Jerome as a monarch. Caroline he gratified by making her husband Grand-Duke of Berg, constituting him a sovereign over 300,000 wretched Germans. This system of vassal-fiefs he completed by the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he enrolled the second-class powers of Germany as his immediate dependents—such as Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemburg, whose reigning princes he created kings. Thus he obliterated the ancient German empire, and absorbed the greatest part of it within the folds of his exorbitant ascendency. But even such aggrandizements were insufficient to appease the devouring lusts of his heart. He must needs form alliances with sovereign houses. Accordingly, he united his adopted son Eugene to the eldest daughter of the king of Bavaria; and having compelled Jerome to discard the fair American, he extorted from the reluctant king of Wurtemburg his daughter Catharine, as a wife for his graceless majesty of Wesphalia. A niece of the Empress Josephine, Stephanie de Beauharnais, he married to the hereditary Prince of Baden; whilst another niece of nearer kith, Mademoiselle de Tascher, being

created a French princess for the occasion, was given in wedlock to the young heir of the House of Aremberg. By these courtly alliances he thought to consolidate his sway, to extend the ramifications of his influence, and to wipe away the blots of heraldry from his escutcheon. It is melancholy that so witless a conceit and so poor a vanity should have overmastered one of the mightiest of human understandings!

After appropriating so large a share of Germany, and the whole of Italy, in which the pope alone still preserved a shadow of the old patrimony of St. Peter, it behoved the all-grasping conqueror to culminate his "system" by the reduction of Spain and Portugal into a corresponding state of vassalage. Of Portugal he deemed himself justly entitled to take possession, because that power had the audacity to trade with Great Britain, which had become in his eyes a sin sufficient to warrant the subjugation of any independent nation. Accordingly, after the peace of Tilsit had relieved him from all immediate solicitude in the north and east of Europe, he despatched Junot with an army to seize Lisbon, whence at his bare approach the degenerate Braganza fled across the wide Atlantic. As Spain happened to be a very faithful and subservient ally of his own, he could scarcely pursue so abrupt a course with regard to it; and he was therefore reduced to adopt a conduct towards its imbecile monarch and his family which, for baseness and perfidy, surpasses every thing that is related of human wickedness. But it was suffered to succeed for a time; and having entrapped all the members of the Bourbon dynasty into his toils at Bayonne, he consigned them to different prisons in France, allowing them insignificant pensions, which he had the additional meanness not to pay with regularity. It is true that the royal family of Spain was the most degraded and flagitious that could be imagined, the old Queen Louisa especially, and her minion Godoy, Prince of Peace, being perfect samples of all that is detestable in the governors of kingdoms; whilst old Charles IV. was weak and besotted to an inconceivable degree. But if the Spaniards thought fit to tolerate such rulers, it was no business of Napoleon to depose them, and establish in their stead a usurpation which was yet more odious and revolting to a people not utterly dead to the feelings of honour and patriotism.

In connection with his contemplated seizure of the two Peninsular crowns, Napoleon had held a singular interview with his brother Lucien at Mantua during a journey he made into Italy, in December 1807. Notwithstanding his knowledge of Lucien's intractable temper, he was desirous of making him a puppet king, like the rest of his brethren, and he proposed at the moment to give him for a sovereignty the realm of Portugal. He had not yet formed his determination touching Spain, still wavering as to the policy of dethroning the reigning dynasty, or of attaching it to him by a marriage between a princess of his house and Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, who eagerly demanded the honour and protection of such an alliance. He had therefore a twofold object to attain in his interview with Lucien: *first*, to induce his consent to become king of Portugal; and *secondly*, to obtain from him his eldest daughter, to be educated under his own eye, with the view of being united to Ferdinand in case that scheme was ultimately adopted. But this offer of Lusitanian royalty was clogged with the condition that Lucien should dissolve his existing marriage; which he peremptorily refused to do; and consequently the brothers parted on as bad terms as ever. However, although Lucien withstood for himself all temptation, his wife, with great

nobleness of mind, urging him to accede, he agreed to part with his daughter, the first-born of the bar-maid of St. Maximin, that she might be converted into a princess under the auspices of her uncle. She was accordingly sent to Paris, and placed with her grandmother, Madame Mère; but in a very ludicrous manner her sojourn there was cut short. It was part of Napoleon's character to be for ever prying into the most trifling concerns of those around him, particularly of the women attached to the court, whose actions and discourses were minutely reported to him. Thus, with regard to his newly-recovered niece, he caused her letters to be intercepted at the post-office; and having discovered that the child wrote to her parents in a very irreverend strain regarding himself and her relatives generally, he called together a family-council, before which he laid these terrible communications. The young lady was of a satirical vein, and touched up with biting humour the foibles of her imperial uncles and aunts, not sparing the old grandmamma herself; therefore, by the unanimous verdict of the council, she was adjudged to be sent back in disgrace to her father, who had instilled into her such traitorous sentiments. The Emperor signed an ordinance for her removal within twenty-four hours, and so ended the magnificent project of a union in her person between the rival tribes of Bourbon and Bonaparte. She returned to Rome, laughing heartily at the indignation she had excited in the dominator of Europe; and poor Ferdinand was put into durance at Valençay, instead of figuring as a monarch in the bedizened halls of San-Lorenzo and Aranjuez.

The inherent vice of the Spanish occupation was rendered fatal to Napoleon by his injudicious choice of Joseph to fill the vacant throne. That honest personage and his estimable consort, Queen Julia, performed the part of royalty at Naples pretty well, and certainly more respectably than their discreditable predecessors. But he was totally unsuited to the proud and irascible Spaniards, to whom the very mildness of his character was a subject of scorn and reproach. The first great disaster which heralded the coming catastrophe was the surrender of Dupont at Baylen, with an army of 20,000 men, to a horde of undisciplined Andalusians under Castanos. This was followed by the immediate flight of Joseph from Madrid, after a residence in his new capital of only ten days. Then came the capitulation of Junot at Lisbon to a British force, and Europe was in a ferment at events which destroyed the prestige of Napoleon's invariable success. Yet from these primary reverses he rose for a time more triumphant and prosperous than ever. At the magnificent congress of Erfurth, he confirmed the Russian autocrat in his subservient alliance; he poured 300,000 soldiers into the Peninsula, and at Madrid gave back to Joseph in person his reconquered kingdom; at Eckmühl and Wagram he again prevailed over his potent adversary the Archduke Charles, and the Austrian monarchy lay at his absolute disposal. Glimmerings of the decisive conflict in store for him, to sustain, by the actual subjugation of Russia, his expanded supremacy, prompted him to act with moderation in the peace he made with the Emperor Francis, upon whom, however, he imposed sundry heavy sacrifices. Within a few months of this last conquest and accommodation, he sought to form a closer alliance with an enemy who had hitherto so pertinaciously opposed him, but whom he wished now to conciliate and rank as one of his future supporters. In March, 1810, he made a formal proposition for the hand of Maria-Louisa, the eldest daughter of Francis, and it was joyfully conceded by the humbled cabinet of Vienna.

This marriage was necessarily preceded by his divorce from Josephine, which he had determined upon with reluctance, but which he deemed essential to the stability of his empire and dynasty. The new Empress arrived at Paris in April, and the nuptial ceremony was performed with extraordinary pomp in the palace of the Tuileries. The felicity of Napoleon was at its summit when in the following year she was delivered of a son, the destined heir of all his greatness, and who received in the cradle the majestic title of King of Rome.

But the lowering portents began to accumulate apace. The solemn anathemas of the pope, whom he had at length made prisoner at Grenoble, he might affect to deride, though they were not without effect in kindling the conflagration within which he was to be consumed. But the simultaneous flight of two of his brothers struck him with a mortal disquietude, and exhibited in a palpable light the intolerable tyranny of his rule. Lucien was warned that the imperial vengeance was about to fall heavily upon him, and with the assistance of Murat, who had succeeded Joseph as king of Naples, he made arrangements for proceeding to America; but, being captured by a British cruiser, he was carried to England, where he remained until the termination of the war. Louis refused any longer to be the instrument of his oppression in Holland, and, under the shelter of night, fled from the Hague into Bohemia, where he found an asylum from the Austrian government. He left behind him an abdication in favour of his son; but Napoleon immediately absorbed the Dutch Netherlands into the French Empire. From Jerome at the same time he took a considerable share of the territories he had assigned him, and administered to him severe lectures on the dissolute courses he pursued on the throne. He often reviled him in opprobrious language, and harshly upbraided him with his total want of courage, capacity, and virtue. To increase these fraternal afflictions, Joseph was continually demanding to be relieved from the horrors of his situation in Spain; and Joachim, instigated by his ambitious queen, chafed in petulant anger against the humiliations imposed upon him in his tinsel dignity of King of the Two Sicilies.

In 1812, the Emperor of the West set forth on his memorable expedition to chastise the faithlessness of Alexander, who had eventually found his alliance too onerous to be longer endured. With half a million of soldiers he crossed the Niemen, and through fearful difficulties prosecuted his perilous enterprise even to Moscow, where he attained indeed the acme of his glory, but found arrayed against him the destructive agencies of fire, famine, and frost. He commenced his retreat over the wasted route by which he had advanced, and before he again reached Poland, his army had perished. This was the irremediable disaster which struck him down. But never were the extraordinary resources of his character displayed with such brilliancy as in his gigantic efforts to retrieve it. Myriads of embattled enemies marched to crush him, and populations rose to avenge their long-suffered miseries; but he stood an impregnable bulwark against a world in arms. Still he fought and conquered; the fields of Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, attested the ineffable superiority of his genius, until ever-accumulating numbers overmastered him; and at Leipzig his power received an incurable stab. Driven back into France, he still showed an indomitable front; the campaign of 1814 recalled all the heroism of the renowned 1796; and with 50,000 men, he kept at bay the swarming hosts of invaders,

numbering upwards of 300,000. The French, who of all people in the world are least able to endure defeat, were now tired of Napoleon, and began to expatiate on the evils of war and ambition; accordingly, amid a universal hallelujah, the mighty Napoleon was extinguished (1814). In exchange for the empire of the world he was assigned the island of Elba, to which he was conveyed on board a British frigate; and there he was left to pine in reminiscent grandeur, realizing the classic tale of Prometheus with the vulture at his liver, chained to the flanks of frosty Caucasus. The members of his family were for ever banished from the soil of France; his wife returned to her ancestral home, bearing with her his child, to forget of whom he was begotten; and the white flag of the Bourbons was seen once more waving over the prostrate and repentant sons of the Revolution.

The monarchs and diplomatists of Europe assembled at Vienna to partition the spoils which had fallen for allotment by the destruction of the French Empire. In their strife of cupidity, they were somewhat tardy; and ere they had reconciled their rapacious rivalries, the noise came upon them that the imprisoned eagle was again upon the wing. Straightway they separated in tumultuous confusion, for the bare name of Napoleon bore with it a terror greater than that of ten thousand legions, and they hastened to make preparations for their final deliverance from him. The story of the return from Elba, the triumphant march to Paris, the flight of Louis XVIII., the reign of the Hundred Days—is it not written in imperishable records, and are not its marvellous incidents related, if not in letters of gold, at least in characters of shining magnitude? Waterloo, the most fatal day for France in all her annals, terminated this fleeting phase of the great drama, and definitively relieved Europe from its oppressor. Then fell indeed the imperial idol without a hope of resurrection: transferred to a distant island, he was consigned to a living tomb under the ban of mankind at large, but encircled with a halo which will grow brighter in its immortality, and which will shine purely when the instruments of his punishment are known only for their brand of infamy.

In the calamity of 1814, the whole family of the Bonapartes shared, with one exception. Joachim Murat had sought, by a timely defection, to make his peace with the Allies, and by taking part against his brother-in-law, to preserve the royalty of Naples. In this object he succeeded for the moment, but with little prospect of ultimately securing the advantage he expected from so deplorable a treason. All the other members of the family retired into Italy, and chiefly to Rome, where the reinstated pope afforded them a hospitable reception. Even Lucien broke from his detention in England, and joined the circle in the Eternal City, commanding a cordial welcome from his pontifical friend, who looked upon him as a fellow-victim of the same injustice, and who gratified him with the title of Prince of Canino and Musignano. Taught now by experience how entirely dependent they were on Napoleon, the whole of them, mother, uncle, brothers, and sisters, concurred in promoting his return, and none with greater zeal than the refractory Lucien or the light-headed and remorseful Murat. Madame-Mère and Pauline repaired to Elba, where they affected to hold a mimic court, but in reality were the medium through which many of the necessary negotiations were conducted. Upon the successful execution of the enterprise, Joseph, Lucien, and Jerome, followed by Cardinal Fesch, hastened to Paris, and assisted with all their power the re-establishment of the Emperor. Lucien,

in particular, distinguished himself by energetic services, and Jerome drew upon himself the eulogy of Napoleon by his intrepidity at Waterloo. The second occupation of Paris by the Allies crushed every hope, and thenceforth all who bore the name of Bonaparte had the mark of proscription set upon them: they became exiles from the land which had witnessed their fabulous greatness, and they were scattered into various regions, as wanderers who had lost their place in the world.

Joseph had accompanied Napoleon in his melancholy journey to Rochefort, with the view of effecting an escape to America. The deposed Emperor was circumvented in that design, but the ex-king of Spain was allowed to prosecute the voyage. He landed at New York in the month of September, 1815, and established his residence in the State of Pennsylvania, not far from the town of Philadelphia. He purchasd a considerable estate, built a large mansion, maintained a numerous retinue of dependants, and lived in a splendour which surprised the simple denizens of the great Quaker community. The Americans were flattered by his choice of a retreat among them; and as he was uniformly gracious in his demeanour, disbursing money with an unwonted munificence, he commanded their respect and esteem in a very eminent degree. He passed much of his time in agricultural pursuits, and doubtless found a greater portion of happiness than in the more bustling periods of his life, although he was denied the satisfaction of having the society of his wife and daughters. In 1832, he revisited Europe, where he appeared under the title of the Count de Survilliers, which he had assumed from his first landing in America. Three years subsequently he returned to his transatlantic home, whence he took his final departure in 1841, and repaired to Italy, there to lay his bones in the original seat of his family. He died at Florence in August, 1844, at the advanced age of seventy-six, leaving surviving him only one of his two daughters, both of whom had married their first cousins, the sons of Lucien and Louis Bonaparte.

The activity of Lucien, when debarred from a political career by the severity of Napoleon, had found vent in literary pursuits and antiquarian researches, prosecuted on his domain of Canino. When in England, he finished his grand epic poem of "Charlemagne," in 24 books, and he subsequently composed another poem, in twelve cantos, called "La Cirnéide," or, "Corsica Saved." These works have not elevated him to a place among the epic poets of France, as he fondly expected; and, notwithstanding, the labour bestowed upon them, and the distinguished name of their author, they have already passed into oblivion: yet they by no means merit the contemptuous criticisms they have encountered, and which both in English and in French writers have been dictated by the disgraceful animosity so long exhibited against the connections of the man who kept monarchs and aristocracies in such dastard terror. Lucien continued during the remainder of his life in the papal dominions, maintaining a splendid establishment in the city of Rome, and affording a bright example to all proprietors by a diligent cultivation of his estates. He was eminently successful in his excavations of antiquities, and formed a gallery of Etruscan relics unsurpassed for its extent by any similar collection in Christendom. In 1836, he published a volume of memoirs at London, which certainly reflected little credit on his ability in any capacity, and which he very wisely abstained from following up with any successors, as he had vauntingly promised. He lived under four ponti-

ficates, and died at Viterbo on the 29th July, 1840, leaving behind him a numerous progeny.

To almost every individual of the elder generation, Italy became eventually an abode and a resting-place. After a residence in Styria and Switzerland, under the title of the Count de St. Leu, derived from an estate he possessed near Paris, Louis settled at Florence in 1826, having been separated from his wife Hortense since his flight from Holland, and there died in 1846. Jerome had followed his wife into Wurtemburg, where he was at first very ill received by his royal father-in-law, who wished his daughter to discard him as a ruined adventurer. But she clung with true female constancy to her disgraced husband, and at length obtained from her father a grant of land in his favour, and also a patent of nobility, by which he was created Duke of Montfort. He remained for some years in Germany, subsequently roamed into Switzerland—where the Princess Catherine died in 1835—purchased property in the March of Ancona, and fixed his head quarters, like Louis, at Florence, whence the Revolution of February, 1848, called him to France. Meanwhile, all the females of the family were dead. Madame-Mère had died at Rome, at the extreme age of eighty-six, on the 2d February, 1836; Pauline and Caroline both died at Florence—the first in 1825, and the latter in 1839. Shortly prior to the execution of Murat, who was shot at Pizzo in Calabria, on the 13th October, 1815, Caroline had retired to Trieste, under the protection of the Austrian government, and there she continued to reside until 1836. In that town her sister Eliza, the wife of Bacciochi, had died in 1820, being the only one who died out of Italy except Napoleon himself. The *ci-devant* Grand-duchess of Tuscany left a son and a daughter—the first being killed by a fall from his horse at Rome in 1833, and the latter married, in 1825, to the Count Camarata, a noble of Ancona. The beautiful Pauline alone departed this life without having borne any progeny. As Napoleon had died at St. Helena in 1821, the whole original Corsican stock was now extinguished, save the youngest of all—Jerome, formerly king of Westphalia, and at present governor of the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris.

No family, plebeian or patrician, has ever become so truly cosmopolitan as that of the Bonapartes through the ramifications of alliances. Except that not one of them is united to a native of France, they have been distributed in all the principal countries of the world—Italy, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Portugal, Great Britain, and the United States. The children of Lucien surviving at his death consisted of three sons and several daughters. The eldest son, Charles, now Prince of Canino, married Letitia, the eldest daughter of his uncle Joseph, and at present is in the forty-seventh year of his age. The two younger—Pierre and Antoine—were compelled to flee from Rome in 1836, on an accusation of murder; for which the former was condemned to death, but his sentence was commuted by pope Gregory into one of banishment. They retired into the United States, whence they returned in 1838, and Pierre has since been elected a member of the French National Assembly for the department of Corsica—in which capacity he has rendered himself more notorious for his pugnacious propensities than for his political wisdom. Of the daughters, Charlotte, the eldest, she who was intended to be the wife of Ferdinand VII., married, in 1815, Prince Gabrielli, a Roman noble; and the second, Christine, a Swedish count of the name of Posse. This latter marriage was dissolved, and then Christine

fell to the lot of Lord Dudley Stuart, a younger brother of the last Marquis of Bute. Letitia, the third daughter, likewise married a British subject, Mr. Thomas Wyse, who, as member for the city of Waterford, is favourably known for his exertions in the cause of education. This union was unfortunate; and certain romantic incidents arising out of it have been embellished in a novel by the Viscount d'Arlincourt, called "Le Pélerin."

By the charming Hortense, who excited in him so unnatural a repugnance, Louis had three sons, the eldest of whom was reared by Napoleon as his future heir. The child died, however, when he was only four years old; and of the survivors—Napoleon-Louis and Charles-Louis-Napoleon—the latter, born 1808, alone is still living. The former married his cousin Charlotte, daughter of Joseph; and, after taking part in the revolutionary disturbances at Rome in 1831, died of inflammation at Forli. Both the sons had clung to their mother, who with difficulty extricated the youngest from the consequences of the abortive enterprise at Rome, and retired with him to the castle of Arenenberg in Switzerland, where she had previously fixed her residence, and brought up with maternal care her two imperial scions.

Previous to his repudiation of Miss Patterson, Jerome had a son, who accompanied his mother to America, and has since married in that country. The admirable Catherine of Wurtemburg bore him three children—two sons, and a daughter. Jerome Napoleon, the eldest, born in 1814, was remarkable for his extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor; but died in 1846, without having distinguished himself in any way. Napoleon, the youngest, born in 1823, has been elected to sit in both the National Assemblies of France since the last Revolution, and is known as a member of the discreditable party called the Red Republicans. The daughter, Letitia Matilda, married, in 1841, a wealthy Russian nobleman, Count Anatole Demidoff, with whom she passes her time between Petersburg and Paris.

The unfortunate Murat left a numerous family—namely, two sons and two daughters. The eldest, Achille, born in 1801, ex-Crown Prince of Naples, has led a very chequered career. He emigrated to America, like so many of his family, and became a naturalized citizen of the States. He practised as a lawyer in Georgia, married a wife, and purchased a tract of waste-land in Florida. The revolutionary tocsion of 1830 brought him back to Europe, and he served in Belgium as colonel of the Foreign Legion. He returned to America; but the heaving portents of the times induced him once more to revisit Europe, where he died, however, just previous to the last revolutionary outbreak. His brother Lucien, born in 1803, accompanied him to America, where, after preliminary studies, he took post among the legal fraternity of New York, and married a demoiselle of that sovereign state. Discontented with so ignoble a lot, he also made his way back to Europe, and now fills the more appropriate position of a representative of the French people. The two daughters of Joachim and Caroline are married respectively to Italian magnates: the eldest, Letitia, to Count Pepoli of Bologna, long a political exile in London, where he exercised the functions of Italian professor in the university; and the younger, Louisa, to Count Rasponi, whose patrimonial homestead lies in the exarchate of Ravenna.

Eugene Beauharnais, viceroy of Italy, had immediately after the events of 1814, repaired to the court of his father-in-law, the *good* king of Bavaria, who received him with open arms, and showered upon him every benefit in his power. He conferred on him the principality of Eichstadt, and gave him

the title of Duke of Leuchtenberg. Eugene died from the effects of an accident in 1824, in the forty-fourth year of his age, and left six children —two sons, and four daughters. Most of these have made what may be called fortunate matches. The eldest daughter, Josephine, is the present queen of Sweden, having married Oscar, son of Bernadotte, in 1823. The second is the wife of a German prince, titular of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third married Don Pedro, ex-emperor of Brazil, and thereby became the mother-in-law of her own brother; the fourth married a certain Count of Wurtemburg. Of the sons, Augustus espoused, in 1835, the young queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, daughter of Don Pedro, but he unfortunately died shortly after the nuptials; the youngest, Maximilian, now Duke of Leuchtenberg, obtained, in 1839, the hand of the Grand-duchess Maria, daughter of Nicholas, puissant autocrat of all the Russias. To complete the medley of nationalities involved in the Beauharnais branch of the family, the daughter of Stephanie, Grand-duchess of Baden, and niece of the Empress Josephine, has been recently united to a Scotch nobleman, the Marquis of Douglas, only son of the Duke of Hamilton, ranking one of the highest among the British peerage for martial ancestry and vast possessions.

Notwithstanding all these diversified and brilliant unions, the name of Bonaparte had fallen into a species of oblivion until the Revolution of 1830, which overturned the crude dominion of the restored Bourbons. Amid the conflict that ensued in France, the young Napoleon was put forward by a party as the legitimate possessor of a revolutionary crown; but overweening considerations served to stifle his pretensions. He had remained under Austrian tutelage since the fatal era of 1814; and, though treated with great affection by his grandfather, pains had been taken to rear him as a German, and as little as possible as a Frenchman. The unfortunate youth, born to such mighty prospects, pined in the effeminate seclusion of a palace, and swelled his bursting heart with reminiscences of the wondrous mortal whom he was allowed to recognise as his father. He early betrayed the delicate constitution which hurried him to a premature grave; and cut off from his natural associations, and formed in so anomalous a mould, it was better perhaps that he should die. How melancholy the degradation, for the son of Napoleon to be an officer in a German army, or to be the mediatized lord of Slavonian serfs, crushed under the ignominious title of Duke of Reichstadt! On his death in 1832, a singular rivalry broke out—Who thereby became the representative of the Emperor? Joseph certainly was alive, but he had wisely abjured all idea of political strife. Lucien, it is suspected, was not inclined to undergo a similar negation; and, if his eldest son Charles had been more energetically disposed, instead of being immersed in his congenial studies of natural history, he might have exhibited a more active prosecution of his claims. Louis was obliterated, as if he had descended into a cloister; but his surviving son, Charles-Louis-Napoleon, or as he called himself, Louis-Napoleon, was not a person to forego any pretensions he derived from his birth. By the Senatus-Consultum establishing the Empire, the limitation, after the failure of direct heirs, was to Joseph and Louis, and their respective heirs-male. Under this provision, Louis-Napoleon assumed the position of head of the family and heir of his imperial uncle, Joseph and Louis being set aside as éffète, and he prepared to make known his succession by a startling manifestation.

Endowed with considerable activity of mind, and stirred by restless am-

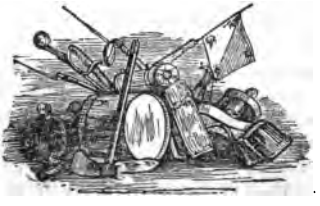
bition, his first endeavours were to surround his name with such a degree of illumination as literary efforts might suffice to win it. Thus he composed in Switzerland an essay on that confederation, and a work on artillery, which gained him a certain measure of applause, and the honorary citizenship of the canton Thurgau. But in literary reputation he was immeasurably outshone by his cousin Charles of Canino, who, by his magnificent works on the ornithology of America and the natural history of Italy, has earned the highest fame of his family in fields of scientific and intellectual disquisition. Hence it was by proof rather of masculine daring and enterprise that he must found his hopes of achieving an acceptable renown. In a work he had published, intended for the political atmosphere of France, and entitled "Révéries Politiques," he manifested republican tendencies mingled with a leaven of the imperial régime, attempting therein to imbody perhaps the fantastic creation imagined by Lafayette, of "a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions." With this as his manual of politics, he made an abortive attempt at Strasburg, in 1836, when, dressed in the costume of the Emperor, he sought to kindle a military insurrection against what he thought the unsubstantial throne of Louis-Philippe. This scheme seemed so preposterous at the time, that it covered the audacious pretender with ridicule, and the King of the French thought fit to punish him simply by a voyage across the Atlantic in a frigate appointed for the purpose. Being disgorged on the soil of America, he soon found his way back to Switzerland, where, on the 3d October, 1837, he closed the eyes of his devoted mother Hortense, Duchess of St. Leu. Irritated by his unexpected reappearance within a year of his traitorous adventure, the French government procured his expulsion from Switzerland, and he retired to England, whence, in the year 1840, he executed his marvellous exploit of landing at Boulogne with a tame eagle and two or three dozen of followers, primed with champagne, and attired in the uniform of the 40th regiment of the line. He had judged the time arrived for taking possession of the French crown after the manner of his uncle in 1815, a considerable excitement then prevailing in France through the corpse of Napoleon having been removed from St. Helena for interment at Paris. But the affair proved the most perfectly ludicrous and contemptible that was ever heard of; and the deluded prince was quietly shut up in the fortress of Ham with Count Montholon, one of the distinguished attendants of the Emperor in his exile, and who had been induced to join in the rash enterprise of the nephew. From this dolorous incarceration, Louis-Napoleon contrived to effect his escape by a clever disguise, on the morning of the 25th of May 1846: returning to England, he once more took up his quarters in London, and became a mere lounger in the gay society of the metropolis.

Before proceeding on this last expedition, he had issued a preparatory work, entitled "Idées Napoléoniennes," in which he expounded not only his own ideas on manifold important topics, but those also of his deceased and illustrious uncle. In this singular production he makes the Emperor talk after a peculiar fashion, discoursing largely on glory, liberty, popular sovereignty, division of property, and many other matters of most complex character. He would represent the *beau ideal* of a monarch suited to France. A man encircled by military glory he must be, but withal truly benevolent and philanthropic in his sentiments; maintaining stupendous armies and fleets, yet anxious to alleviate the burthens of taxation, and devoutly attached to peace; a little despotic at times, but with a rare love of national liberties,

and especially of their best guardian—the independence of the press. But it is objected to this elaborate compound of monarchical virtues, that the military element is found obtrusively preponderating: and as Louis-Napoleon placed his principal hopes on the army, this preference was probably marked by design. Whilst in Ham, he beguiled the time by compilations of a different complexion. In the "Fragmens Historiques," he assimilates the revolutionary episodes of France and England, showing all the Bourbons to be exact parallels of the Stuarts, and keeps up a running commentary on himself in the character of the Duke of Monmouth. In a tractate on the question of sugar, which forms a sort of corn-law controversy in France, he is unpleasantly divided in his sympathies. As an imperial creation, he upholds protection to the native beet-root; but being a grandson of Josephine, he is extremely favorable to the interests of West-India planters: accordingly, he labours to demonstrate his equal solicitude for the antagonist causes. In another work, entitled "L'Extinction du Paupérisme," he handles the most difficult subject of modern times, but fails to emerge from the impracticable theories of the visionary school. He expatiates on the merits of agricultural colonies, but without giving any more feasible plan than the enthusiast Fourier. The development of manufactures also is a favorite notion of his, and this he thinks, contrary to the doctrines of economists, will be materially aided, if not effectually accomplished, by the use of artillery—a sentiment which is probably not ill-adapted to the notions of the people over whom the writer longed to exercise authority.

The fate of Louis-Napoleon, till the present moment, is well known. However slenderly adapted by personal adventures or mental accomplishments to win popular approbation, to the astonishment of the world, he was named president of the Republic by an almost unanimous vote of the French people, December 10, 1848. The only rational means of accounting for this unlooked-for preference over men of tried character, was the traditional glory which clung to the name of the Bonapartes, and the desire to give some species of stability, even of despotism itself, to the tottering framework of French society. Thus again is revived in Europe the splendour of the Bonaparte family—but whether it will endure, depends probably less on the personal character of Louis-Napoleon than the exigencies of France, whose present condition is in the highest degree critical and unsatisfactory





# THE SEPULCHRES OF ETRURIA.

AGES before Romulus—according to a religious custom of Etruria—drew with a copper ploughshare the boundary line of that city which was in future to be the mistress of the world, whose citizens were to lord it over the mighty of the earth, and to extend their civilization throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa, the people from whom he borrowed this rite had attained a high degree of power and civilization, and had spread their sway over a great part of Italy. The name of this people, during long centuries eclipsed by the grandeur and glory of Rome, which borrowed from them her first laws, institutions, and religious ceremonies, has within the last century risen again from the gulf of oblivion; and the antiquarian pilgrims of Europe are now beginning to turn their footsteps from Rome the pupil, to Etruria the teacher, whose tombs have been opened to let out the secrets of the dead, and to tell a tale of more than two thousand years ago.

If it be asked why we should feel such an interest in the life and thoughts of a people who ceased to exist twenty centuries ago, we would ask, in return, what can be more interesting than to trace the sources of our own thoughts—to mark the influences which have given a colouring to our mental life? And can any one fancy that his individual life is independent of that of the nation in which he was born, or that the life of that particular nation has not drawn nourishment from those which have gone before? The links that connect the first pair who woke to life in Eden's garden, with the myriads of human beings who now cover the face of the globe, have never been broken; and there is, therefore, an intimate, though not always an evident, connection between the history of the whole human race and that of every individual who swells its aggregate. Though proud Rome never fully acknowledged the debt of gratitude she owed to Etruria, the influence of Etruscan civilization on her development, and, through her, on every nation over which she once exercised dominion, is not the less certain. How far this has been the case, the sepulchres we are about to describe may afford, in some measure, the means of determining.

That part of ancient Etruria which has furnished the greatest number of relics to the antiquary, extends over the whole of Tuscany, and that portion of the papal dominions which lies to the north of the Tiber. In these regions the cities were most thickly studded; and, though few remains of their proud walls, their well-paved roads, their admirable system of drainage and tunnelling, have survived the ravages of time to bear testimony to their ancient glory, the sepulchres, with which almost every range of cliffs throughout the land is lined, and the tombs, hundreds of thousands of

which are hidden beneath the surface of the soil, are still extant, and bear record that here a populous nation lived and died; while the architecture, furniture, and decorations of these tombs, tell us more of the manners of the people, of their national customs, of their modes of life, their religious observances, their artistic development and intellectual ideas, than all the fragmentary records of their national existence met with in the Greek and Roman writers of antiquity.

Before we enter upon a closer examination of these "cities of the dead," or the treasures which the museums of Europe have drawn from their rich stores, and which form the delight of antiquaries and archæologists, of artists and of cultivated and thinking minds among all classes and all nations, we may glance for a moment at the history of the remarkable people who, about two thousand eight hundred years ago, began to deposit in the earth the rich inheritance which it is now yielding up to us.

The Etruscans were a people of mixed race, composed, it is generally maintained, of Siculi or Umbri, two of the most ancient races of Italy, the aborigines of the lands inhabited by the Etruscans; of the Pelasgi, a people of Greek origin, who had conquered the former; and of a third race, said to have been of Lydian extraction, by whom the Pelasgi had in their turn been subdued. These last comers called themselves Rasena, but were by the Greeks denominated Tyrrheni, or Tyrseni, and by the Romans Tusci, Thusci, or Etrusci. The Etrusci are supposed to have established their power in Italy about 290 years before Rome was founded, or 1044 before the birth of Christ. The learned are not, however, agreed as to their descent, for while the Greek and Roman writers in general acknowledge their Asiatic extraction, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a Greek antiquary of great renown, who lived and studied at Rome during the Augustan age, maintains that the Etruscans were an aboriginal people of Italy. This view is adopted by Micali, a learned Italian of the present day, who has devoted much attention to Etruscan antiquities; whereas the German historian Niebuhr derives their origin from the Rhœtian Alps, and thus brings them within the great German nationality. But in the recorded customs and traditions of Etruria, as also in the many monuments of her art which are still extant, there are proofs of an early connection, and a mental and historical relationship between the Etruscans and the Asiatic nations, which speak to the mind in more persuasive language than even the most ingenious theories. The language of Etruria, which, if known, would aid more in tracing the origin of the inhabitants than any of the analogies above alluded to, unfortunately remains a mystery; for, though the alphabet is known, and numerous inscriptions have been discovered on the walls of the sepulchres, and on the vases of verious kinds with which these are stored; though many proper names inscribed on the tombs have been deciphered, and the meaning of some oft-recurring formulæ have been guessed at, our knowledge of the Etruscan tongue extends no farther than to some two-and-thirty words, recorded by ancient writers, but which probably are not free from foreign alloy.

But whatever the origin of the Etruscan nation, in its career of prosperity and renown it advanced with gigantic strides. It spread its dominion from the mouth of the Po far southward into the Campania; while, on the other side, it pushed its conquests north even to the Alps. Ultimately,

however, the Etruscan territory was limited to that region of the Italian peninsula which at present comprehends the principality of Lucca, the grand-duchy of Tuscany, and that portion of the Roman territory which borders upon the latter. As it was with the people inhabiting this territory that Rome, in the early period of her history, held such intimate intercourse, and drew so much of her civilization, it is of them we have the most abundant record in the writings of the ancient Latin historians; but at the period when the Etruscans gave a king and a dynasty to Rome, in the person of Tarquinius Priscus, their sway probably still extended over much wider regions. This central territory, or Etruria Proper, as it is called by some, was, however, from the beginning, and remained to the last, the chief seat of Etruscan power and civilization; and here the name, language, religion, and customs of the people were preserved for ages after they had lost their political independence and had been absorbed by their mighty neighbour Rome.

Etruria Proper is generally represented as having been divided into twelve states, each presided over by a great and powerful city, which, like the cities of Italy in the middle ages, governed the surrounding country. Of these twelve cities no complete list has been given by the ancients, and modern authors differ with regard to some of them. Mr. Dennis—who, in his recent valuable and most interesting work on the "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria,"* has given proof of having verified, by his own observations on the spot, the assertions of ancient as well as modern writers on the subject, and to whom we are indebted for much of the information contained in these pages—gives the following names: Tarquinii, Veii, Falerii, Cære, Volsinii, Vetulonia, Rusellæ, Clusium, Arretium, Cortona, Perusia, and Volaterræ. This last-mentioned city (the remains of which may still be traced near the little village of Volterra, that has inherited its name) was the nothernmost, and was situated about thirty miles south-east of Leghorn; Rusellæ lay from forty to forty-five miles south of Volaterræ; and Vetulonia about twenty miles south of Russellæ, near the coast of the Mediterranean. Still farther south, and not far from Civita Vecchia, is the site of Tarquinii, the seat of the chief political and ecclesiastical power of Etruria; and to the south of this again, Cære or Agylla, with its ancient port of Pyrgi; while Veii lies almost at the very gates of Rome; and Falerii a little to the north of Veii, at the foot of Mount Soracte. Volsinii occupied the site of the present Bolsena, on the eastern shore of the lake of that name; and Clusium and Arretium those of Chiusi and Arrezzo, in the Val di Chiana; while Cortona and Perusia, now Perugia, crowned the heights near Lake Thrasimene.

Though each of these cities was governed by its own chief, called "Lucumo," and was possessed of local sovereignty, yet they formed together, under one central lucumo—who also exercised the functions of high-priest or chief augur—a kind of confederacy similar to that which existed among the early states of Greece. Unlike the states of Greece, however, whose internal dissensions devastated the country, and retarded their civilization, the cities of Etruria seem to have lived together in amity and peace, extending their commerce, developing their industry, and cultivating those arts

* The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria. By George Dennis. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray, London, 1848.

the remnants of which even now excite so much admiration. Nevertheless, the bonds of union between the members of the Etruscan league do not seem (at least at a later period of their history) to have been sufficiently well-knit to make them united in their action on foreign states and strong in their resistance to foreign aggression; for one by one they were conquered by Rome. The political constitution of the confederacy seems to have been democratical in form, in as far as questions of peace and war, and all other measures of national importance, were settled in public assemblies of representatives of the twelve townships, held in the temple of Volturna, the chief fane of the Etruscans; but the form of government in the cities themselves was aristocratical, the lower orders having probably been held in a kind of feudal servitude.

As regards religion, Etruria won for herself the name of "Genitrix and Mother of Superstition," she having been the first among western nations to introduce the science of augury and divination. This science, tradition—which has been handed down to us by Cicero—says the Etruscans learned from Tages, the son of a genius (or well-meaning demon) and the grandson of Jove, who sprang up from a furrow made by the ploughshare of an Etruscan husbandman while ploughing his field in the neighbourhood of Tarquinii. This wondrous being made known to the Etruscans, who flocked to the spot, attracted by the cries of the amazed peasant, the practice of divination by the inspection of the entrails and flight of birds, and instructed the lucumones in all the mysteries of the religious discipline which was established throughout Etruria, and was afterwards transmitted by the Etruscans to the Romans. The Jove who is mentioned as the grandsire of this boy-prophet, can hardly have been the Jupiter of the joyous sensual mythology of the Greeks, so rich in sportive imaginings; for the religion of the Etruscans was of a gloomy, unbending, imperious character, bearing in the earliest ages a strong resemblance to the mystic and symbolical religion of Egypt, as well as to other theological systems of the East, and retained to the last its dark and mysterious character, though in the course of time, and in consequence of much international intercourse, it became gradually assimilated to that of the Greeks. The sacred books of Etruria are said to have been composed in language and images so terrific, that they inspired all who consulted them with fear and horror, while the augurs or high-priests, to whose care these books were intrusted, were possessed of an absolute and despotic power, political as well as ecclesiastical, against which there was no appeal. That this power, though it may to a certain degree have enslaved the minds of the people, was mostly wielded for good, we may judge from the high degree of general civilization attained by the Etruscans.

Of Etruscan literature not a vestige is extant; yet we know from ancient writers that Etruria possessed a national literature, comprising history, poetry, and dramatic compositions, besides the sacred books of Tages, in which the mysteries and rites of the established religion were recorded, and commentaries on these, one of which was written by a woman; and that this literature must have attained no mean development, is proved by the fact that the Romans used to send their sons to the Etruscan cities to gather knowledge from the intellectual sources of a nation which likewise excelled in the practical sciences of agriculture, navigation, and military tactics. Though many of the scenes depicted on the walls of the se-

pulchres of Etruria, and on the innumerable painted vases found in these, as well as the records we have of their histrionic art and their love of music, attest that the Etruscans were not indifferent to the more spiritual enjoyments of life, yet it is supposed that their tastes were more utilitarian than artistic, and that they were far inferior to the Greeks in the love of the beautiful, though they excelled them in those branches of civilization which conduce to the "creature comforts" of life. This does not, however, seem to be an entirely just inference, for the arts had attained a certain degree of development in Etruria at a period when the nations of Greece, devastated by wars, were almost sunk in barbarism, and the love of art may therefore have been an innate element of the Etruscan character, though the inhabitants generally may not have possessed the sense of the beautiful in so high a degree as the "favourite people of the gods." Be this as it may, it cannot be denied, that though there are still proofs extant of the great and early development of the physical civilization of Etruria, those in favour of her attainments in the art of moulding in clay, of casting and chiselling in bronze, of working in gold and silver, of carving in wood and bone, of engraving in precious stones, and of painting on walls and vases, are much more numerous, and equally striking; and though the application of these arts to useful purposes may strictly be called utilitarian, the calling in the aid of art to embellish the objects that surround us in daily life must always be considered as proving a high degree of refinement and taste. Besides, the innumerable bronze statues of Etruscan workmanship with which we are told Rome and other neighbouring cities were inundated, and, first among these, the colossal statue of Apollo on Mount Palatine in Rome, which Pliny describes as being equally marvellous for its beauty and for the mass of metal contained in it, as well as the sculptured ornaments on their tombs and temples, give evidence that the Etruscans were not altogether deficient in love of the ideal, or insensible to the higher purposes of art.

Although we would vindicate for Etruria some love of art for its own sake, it is, however, for her achievements in the way of material improvements that she maintains that high position in the history of European civilization which Greece occupies in the domain of the beautiful; for with the Etruscans originated all those useful arts which Rome, having borrowed from them, transmitted to other nations, and for which she alone has reaped the glory. The people of Etruria were an industrious race, endowed with a bold spirit of enterprise, the development of which was greatly favoured by their national polity, which placed large masses of men at the disposal of the augurs and the lucumones, and enabled the latter to carry out great and useful national undertakings, equally beneficial to all classes. Amongst these stand pre-eminent the noble walls which gave strength and dignity to their cities; the tunnels and canals cut through rocky mountains, for the purpose of carrying off the superabundant water of the lakes and rivers, where these were apt to overflow, and of irrigating those tracts of country where the natural supply fell short; the stupendous sewers, which conveyed away from their populous towns every thing that could interfere with health and cleanliness; their excellent and numerous roads, which facilitated internal communication, and probably materially contributed to the spread of civilization, and to the maintenance of good-feeling between the different communities. With the Etruscans also originated the style of house architecture prevalent among the Italians, with imitations of which we may make

ourselves acquainted in many of the tombs still in a state of preservation; and in temple architecture, also, the Etruscans were the first teachers of the other Italian nations. In agriculture and commerce they were pre-eminent, their well-tilled fields yielding rich harvests of wine, and corn, and olives, and their ships almost exclusively navigating the Italian seas, and carrying on a brisk trade with Greece, Egypt, and Carthage. Their system of coinage, weights, and measures is deserving of admiration; and they knew how to draw from their mines the metals which they wrought so admirably. Even in military tactics they excelled; for though it was not until pressed into the service of Rome that the Etruscan phalanx became formidable to the liberty of surrounding nations, the armies of Etruria, in the days of her independence, were scientifically organized, regularly paid, and well disciplined.

The cemeteries from which so much of our knowledge of the Etruscans is drawn were so universally situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the city whose dead they were formed to receive, that the existence of a cemetery may be taken as a sure indication of the site of a town, and the remains of an Etruscan town will always prove the vicinity of a cemetery, however much its tombs may be concealed. Their position and character, however, vary according to the physical features of the district. Thus, in the southern portion of Etruria Proper, which is high, but not mountainous, and where the soil has been subjected to strong volcanic action—the cities being always situated on table-lands, on all sides intersected by deep ravines or glens, which form natural fosses of great depth—the chambers of the dead were generally excavated in the side of the cliffs of tufa or other friable volcanic rock, below the city-walls, as well as on the opposite side of the ravine, so that the town was sometimes surrounded on all sides by tombs. In the northern and more mountainous district, where the cities, though never built on mountains of considerable altitude, generally occupied an isolated and commanding height, the tombs must be looked for on the lower slopes, or on the plain at the foot of the mountain, the hard nature of the sandstone strata of the higher regions presenting too much resistance to the tools of the excavator. When in cases such as these the lower soil was found too soft to preserve the form of the sepulchre, the excavation was lined with masonry within, and then covered over with a conical mound of earth, it being contrary to the custom of the Etruscans to allow their dead to rest above-ground. Besides these rock-hewn and earth-covered tombs, there are in Etruria others of a most primitive character, bearing a strong resemblance to the cromlechs of Britain; rude graves sunk a few feet beneath the surface of the earth, and covered with rough unhewn masses of rock, and forming so glaring a contrast to the highly-finished sepulchres of subsequent ages, that if they be Etruscan, which has as yet not been proved, they must date from the infancy of that nation. From these last-mentioned tombs, which all bear evidence of having stood open for many centuries, every vestige of their former occupants has vanished, yet they are full of interest, as indicating the first rude attempts at artificial burial in a country abounding in remarkable proofs of the height to which the ancient inhabitants carried their veneration for the dead. This description of tomb must be considered the first in age; next to them come the tumuli, a form which has been unusual among all nations in an early stage of civilization; and lastly, the chambers hollowed in the sides of the cliffs. Of the two last-mentioned classes there are, however, varieties indicating

different dates, though it seems that the one never entirely superseded the other. Now that the deposits of centuries have accumulated around the tumuli, and that the very sites of many Etruscan cities have ceased to be known, the discovery of tombs is often an undertaking of some difficulty, and is mostly owing to chance; but in earlier times these rich treasuries of the earth were more obvious to public notice. They proved an irresistible temptation to the cupidity of the Goths, though, for some cause unknown, they were spared by the Romans, who showed so little reverence for the graves of other nations. The last general rifling of tombs upon record is, we believe, that which took place under the Emperor Theodoric, at the end of the fifth, or the beginning of the sixth century, when, however, by the express order of the emperor, all the furniture of the graves, with the exception of ornaments in gold and silver, was respected. After the tide of barbarism that destroyed Rome had swept over Italy, the very name of Etruria was almost obliterated from the memory of those who dwelt on her ancient sites, and the descendants of her people having long been absorbed by the Romans, and having lost all remembrance of their distinct descent, probably tradition was silent on the subject of her rich sepulchres. But though, in consequence, no systematic search after these monuments was instituted, some of them must, from time to time, have become known. It is indeed very likely that the semi-barbarous peasantry of the middle ages have availed themselves of the snug habitations afforded by many of these sepulchral chambers; for even in the present day, the rural population of Italy, though disdaining to lodge themselves in these subterraneous abodes, frequently domicile their cattle and their pigs in them, converting the sarcophagi into mangers and watering-troughs. Sometimes also the sepulchral caves are used as wine-cellars. It is only since in modern times a general interest in the ancient Etruscans has been revived, that the Tuscans begin to remember with pride, that on their territory in particular flourished this civilization of two thousand years ago, and that some few Italian families have been led to trace in their names and genealogies indications of a connection with the first civilizers of their fatherland.

Among the cemeteries explored by modern antiquaries, or by modern lovers of gain, (for the excavations are by some of the possessors of the soil carried on as good pecuniary speculations, and with no higher views,) that of Vulci, which has furnished the Prince of Canino with the means of forming a most splendid collection of Etruscan antiquities—which has, besides, enriched many of the museums of Europe, and which still yields an annual harvest to the successors of the prince—was utterly unknown until the year 1828, when it was discovered by chance. A field in the vicinity of the village of Canino being ploughed with a yoke of oxen, the ground suddenly gave way beneath them, and disclosed an Etruscan sepulchre with broken vases. The mine thus opened was worked without loss of time, and the result has been shown as above. The tombs of Norchia and Castel d'Asso, which are remarkable for their sculptured façades, were brought to light only forty years ago, by some sportsmen of Viterbo, who, in the pursuit of game, penetrated into the secluded glens in which they are situated. Those of Bomarzo, which have also yielded objects of great interest, were discovered as late as 1830, and those of Orte in 1837. Mr. Ainsley, an Englishman, in 1843, brought to light others near Savona, peculiarly interesting as types of the domestic and ecclesiastical architecture of the

Etruscans. Mr. Dennis, another Briton, has within the last few years recorded the discovery of several tombs in the annals of the Archæological Society at Rome. So many of the tombs rediscovered in our day bear, however, evidence of having been opened before, that the number of such as are intact is calculated to be as one to thirty in the whole number opened; while those which contain articles of great interest are in much smaller proportion. Very likely, future generations will be doomed to the same disappointments as the present; for it is still the custom in many places, after having rifled the tombs of their contents, to cover them up again, in order to preserve the earth for tillage.

Now that public attention is so generally turned to the subject of Etruscan antiquities, and that these, when of rare or remarkable character, command such high prices from public and private collectors, every year brings to light new cemeteries containing tombs innumerable; so that the whole of Tuscany, and a great part of the papal states, seem literally to be undermined by these cities of the dead. That the word *necropolis* has not among the ancients been a mere figurative expression, is indeed proved by many of these rock-hewn cemeteries; for not only do the porticos, the pediments, the house-like roofs, and whole internal arrangement of the tombs, recall to mind the habitations of the living, but in several places, such as Bieda, and the so-called *Banditaccia* near Cervetri, it is evident that the cemeteries have been laid out in streets, and even in squares, the façades of the tombs ocupying the place of those of the houses in the cities of the living.

Every necropolis in Etruria has its peculiar style of tomb; and similar variety prevails in the character of the sepulchral furniture, and also in a great measure in the mode of burial. The most primitive style of sepulchre existing in the tufa districts is a kind of a conical pit, generally eight or nine feet deep by six in diameter, and above which will almost invariably be found a small niche, probably destined for the reception of votive offerings, or for the *cippus*—a kind of altar much used in the sepulchral decorations of the Etruscans. No tombs of this kind have, as far as we are aware, latterly been found unrifled of their contents, and it is therefore merely conjecture that the pits have served as receptacles for sarcophagi, such as are seen in many museums, representing the effigies of the deceased, and at the same time containing their ashes. Some antiquaries, indeed, have refused to acknowledge these pits as tombs, considering them as depositories of grain; but Mr. Dennis, having observed them not only in the immediate vicinity of the ancient city-walls, but also in the most distant parts of the cemeteries, and among indubitable tombs, considers their sepulchral character beyond a doubt. Next to these in simplicity are the tombs with a simple doorway opening in the side of the cliff, and leading into a small antechamber, through which you pass into the larger sepulchral chamber. The antechamber, seldom as much as five feet square, is ventilated by an opening in the ceiling, running up to the level of the ground above, and destined, it is supposed, to allow of the escape of the effluvium of the decaying bodies or burnt ashes; and also as a means of pouring in libations to the *manes* of the deceased, and of gaining admission into the tomb when the principal entrance was walled up; for there are in these chimney-like apertures small niches, as if for the introduction of the hands and feet, and for the facilitating of the passage of a human body through them. These openings having in many cases been found covered on the outside with large blocks of hewn stone,

it is concluded that this was generally done when the effluvium had passed off, and the tomb could be closed without the fear of generating a noxious atmosphere within. As the dead can hardly have been the objects of such care, we are inclined to believe that the precaution must have been used in anticipation of the next occasion when the tomb should be opened to receive a new occupant. Within the antechamber is, as has already been mentioned, the tomb itself, generally from twelve to twenty feet square, with a massive quadrangular pillar in the centre, hewn out of the rock; or, in other instances, with a thick partition-wall of rock, dividing the tomb into two equal parts. In the walls on all sides there are double or triple tiers of oblong recesses, in which the corpses used to be placed; and the face of the pillar, or projecting wall, is also in many cases hollowed into similar horizontal body-niches, or else in upright niches for votive offerings or cinerary urns; for, among the Etruscans, the fashion of burning the dead seems to have prevailed as much as that of interment. From the arrangements in some tombs, it may indeed be inferred that interment was a mark of distinction, at least in some ages; for large urns, supposed to have contained the ashes of the slaves and retainers of the families, have been found in the same sepulchral chambers (or in the porticos leading to these) in which the bodies of their masters were left to decay. In several instances, the tombs which we have just described are so like the catacombs of the Romans and of the early Christians, that—being found devoid of the cinerary urns and various articles of pottery so peculiar to Etruria, and which would at once assign to them their nationality—they might be mistaken for the former, had not Etruscan inscriptions placed their origin beyond a doubt. This is the general character of the tombs at Civita Castellana; and the like are also found near Corneto, Ferenti, and Cervetri.

At Castel d'Asso, Norchia, Bieda, Falerii, Sutri, and Orte, all places of little note in modern Italy, but occupying the sites of cities which held a high rank in the history of Etruria, the tombs, as regards their external character, surpass in majestic grandeur and architectural decorations all that have as yet been discovered. At Castel d'Asso they rise upon each side of a narrow glen, facing each other like the houses in a street. Each tomb being detached, and the cliffs in which they are hollowed being hewn to a smooth surface and formed into square architectural façades, with bold cornices and mouldings in high relief, they bear a strong resemblance to dwelling-houses, their façades extending the whole height of the cliffs, which in some places rise as high as thirty feet. In the centre of each façade is a rod-moulding, describing the outline of a door, in many cases having panels recessed one within the other. This, however, is but the false semblance of an entrance, the real one being in the lower part of the cliff, which, having been left to project when the façade was smoothed down, has been hollowed into a kind of small vaulted antechamber open in front. The form of these monuments, as well as of the false door in the façade, tapers upwards, and the front recedes slightly from the perpendicular. Along the top of the façade runs a massive horizontal cornice, but receding from the plane of the façade. On many of the tombs there are inscriptions, some of which are still legible, graven deep in the smooth surface of the rock above the simulated doorway. On the inner wall of the little entrance-chamber, and immediately below the one in the façade, is a second false door, moulded like the former, but with a niche in the centre; and directly below this again is the

real door leading into the sepulchral chambers, which, neither in grandeur of dimensions nor elegance of details, answer to the external appearance of the tombs. They are quadrilateral, of various sizes, and rudely hollowed in the rock, having a flat or slightly-vaulted ceiling, and ledges of rock against the wall for the support of sarcophagi. In some cases the sarcophagi have been sunk in the rock in two rows, side by side, with a narrow passage between them, and seem to have been originally covered over with tiles. In the interstices which separate the monumental façades, there are in many cases flights of steps cut in the rock, and leading to the plain above. In the largest of these tombs there have been found eight or ten sarcophagi of *nenfro*, in the simple style of the early stone-coffins of England, having no sculptured figures reclining on the lids, or bas-reliefs adorning their sides, as is so common in the sarcophagi of Etruria. Beyond these simple and massive coffins, these tombs contain no objects of interest, having been rifled at a very early period; but other tombs on the plain above, which have been excavated of late years, have yielded articles of gold and jewellery, painted vases of great beauty, and metal mirrors, with figures and inscriptions.

However imposing the external features of the tombs of Castel d'Asso, they are far surpassed by those of Norchia. There, besides sepulchres of the severely-simple style which we have just described, are specimens of others of a highly ornate character, with pediments and Doric friezes, and with bas-reliefs on the inner walls of the portico. These interesting monuments of the Etruscan style of temple architecture—for they are probably imitations of such—are now in a most dilapidated state, their pediments being broken, their columns overturned, and parts of the sculptured friezes effaced. Enough, nevertheless, remains to feed the imagination, and to tax the ingenuity of archæologists; and many a conjecture has been raised as to what honoured remains rested in tombs so magnificent. Many a question has been asked of the shield, and mace, and sword, cut in relief, as if suspended on the wall of the portico, and of the funeral procession below, in which the souls of two departed warriors are being conducted with funereal pomp to the world of spirits by the winged genius of Death, accompanied by three other figures in long robes, bearing in their hands twisted rods—the mysterious symbols of the Etruscan Hades. The sculptures in the pediments represent scenes of combat and bloodshed; but they are now too much injured to allow of the subject being clearly distinguished, and each antiquary, in turn, has pronounced a different opinion. The interiors of these splendid tombs are utterly devoid of ornament, being as plain as the plainest at Castel d'Asso, which also they resemble in the plan of their arrangements; and proving, by the great economy of space exercised, that, far from being the resting-places of some distinguished individuals, as would be supposed from the pomp of their external character, they have, like all the rest around them, been receptacles for generations of one family.

The cemetery of Bieda presents specimens of each variety of tomb as yet mentioned, and impresses the beholders with the opinion that the resemblance to cities, more or less remarkable in all the cemeteries of Etruria, cannot be merely accidental, but must be the result of plan. In this place the tombs are not only, as usual, hollowed in the cliff side by side, but are hewn in terraces one above the other, and connected by flights of steps cut in the rock. Here also there are tombs standing out like isolated dwelling-houses, which they resemble likewise in form and other external

features, having roofs sloping down on two sides, with overhanging eaves at the gable. In the interior the resemblance is no less striking—the whole construction of the ceiling being like that observed in houses, the inner chambers in many cases lighted by windows cut in the wall which separates them from the outer ones, while the rock-hewn benches around the walls are arranged in a manner precisely similar to that observed in the banqueting-chambers of the living.

As regards the interior of the Etruscan dwelling-houses, no tombs, however, give so interesting and distinct a notion of them as those of the Banditaccia near Cervetri. None of the sepulchres here have architectural façades, though there are vestiges indicating that such have existed; but on descending into the tombs, the house-like character is unmistakeable. Opening from the rock-hewn steps, which lead down to the entrance of the tomb, is a vestibule, and on each side of this a small chamber. Within the vestibule, and occupying the whole breadth of the tomb, is a large chamber representing the *atrium* (as it is designated by the Romans, who copied the internal arrangements of their houses from the Etruscans,) and within this the *triclinia*, or banqueting-rooms, with the rock-hewn bench extending along the three sides of the wall, and on which the effigies of the dead were placed in a reclining position, as if at a banquet. The ceilings of all the chambers have the usual beams and rafters hewn in the rock, and in one tomb there are two arm-chairs, each with a footstool attached, hewn out in the rock in the atrium, between the doors leading to the inner chambers. Above each chair is a round shield suspended on the wall.

Now that these sepulchres have made us somewhat familiar with the external features and internal arrangements of the dwelling-places of the Etruscans, let us try to catch a glimpse of the life they led within the sacred precincts of their home; let us endeavour to become acquainted with their domestic character, their social manners, their national costume, their household utensils, and their personal ornaments; their religious ceremonies, and their public games. Here, again, the tombs come to our aid, for on the painted walls of some, and on the "storied urns" of others, we shall find almost every event of daily life recorded. Foremost in interest among these tombs are those of Tarquinii, the chief city and ecclesiastical metropolis of the land, which took its name from Tarchon, the mythical hero of Etruria; Tarquinii, the fountain-head of Etruscan civilization, and the birthplace of Tarquinius Priscus, in whom Etruria gave a king to Rome. The graves of this city, so illustrious in the legendary annals of the country, are scattered in thousands over a long and barren ridge, on the extremity of which is situated the papal city of Corneto, and opposite to which, on a similar ridge, separated from it by a deep vale, is the site of ancient Tarquinii. The hill of the cemetery is generally known by the name of Il Montarozzi, derived from the strange rugged appearance given to it by the numberless shapeless mounds of earth, overgrown with the rich vegetation of the south, which cover its surface, and each of which marks the place where rose one of those curious conical tumuli, surmounted by a chimæra, a lion, or some other animal, and surrounded at its base with a low wall of masonry, to which allusion has been made in the preceding pages.

In the necropolis of Tarquinii there are at present eleven painted tombs open for inspection, several of which, however, having been left for years

after their excavation without a door or a guardian to protect them from the wanton destruction of the rude and the ignorant, are much dilapidated. Many others were discovered in times past, of which some have been destroyed, some have fallen gradually to decay, others were immediately damaged by the admission of the light and the atmosphere, and some have been reclosed, and lost sight of. Of some of the earliest-discovered (1699 and 1756) there are descriptions extant proving them to have been no less interesting than those at present open. Among the latter, the Grotta Querciola is one of the most remarkable. This tomb, first opened in 1831, is situated in the heart of the Montarozzi, about a mile from Corneto; its name is derived from that of the owner of the soil in which it is excavated. A descent of about twenty steps, hewn in the tufa rock, leads to the entrance of this, the largest and loftiest tomb in the necropolis, which is also considered the most instructive monument extant for the pictorial art of Etruria, on account of the free and admirable style of the designs, which, though bearing strong evidence of the influence of Grecian art, are nevertheless accompanied by features purely Etruscan in character. The walls of this sepulchre are completely covered with paintings, the colours of which, though now much faded, must have been splendid when in their original state. The scenes described in these paintings are indicative of the sensual enjoyments of life, not of the gloom of the sepulchre or of the mysterious awfulness of death. The figures on the two side-walls are drawn in two rows, separated by a coloured band—those of the upper row being about four feet, those of the lower about two feet high; while on the walls at the two ends of the chamber there is a third row of figures, occupying the pediment formed by the sloping sides of the roof, and not above twelve inches high. The scene in the principal frieze of the inner wall introduces us to a party of Etruscans at a banquet, whether funereal or not, cannot be discerned, there being nothing whereby to distinguish the convivial meeting from the funeral feast. On luxurious and elegantly-formed couches recline the guests in pairs, two on each couch, in richly-embroidered garments, with chaplets of myrtle round their brows, resting their elbows on embroidered cushions, quaffing wine from goblets of graceful form, and listening to the

music of the *subulo* (player on the double pipe) and *citharist*, to the tones of whose instruments dancing girls, decked with rich jewelry, and clad in figured robes of bright colour and with embroidered borders, are moving their nimble feet, being joined in the dance by male partners. The banquet-table spread in front of the reclining guests is attended by slaves, who stand

around, some replenishing the goblets from the wine-jars on a kind of sideboard near at hand. With one exception, the guests are all males, and the presence of this solitary lady at what is evidently a *symposium*, or drinking bout, a bachelor's party, and the strange freedom of her manners, her arms being thrown fondly round her partner on the couch, have led to suppositions far from honourable to her character. The trees interspersed among the dancers, and stretching forth their branches from behind the couches and their occupants, indicate that the festive scene is passing in the open air, while the presence of candelabra would lead one to suppose that it is taking place at night.

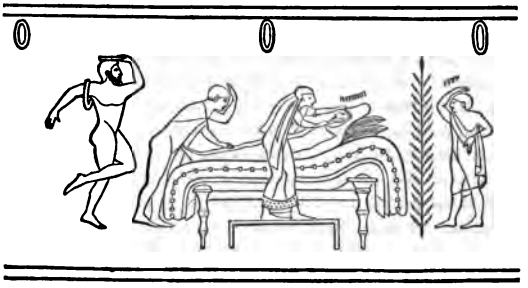
The second and smaller frieze on the same wall as the foregoing represents a boar-hunt. Men on foot and on horseback are rushing eagerly to the attack of a wild boar, which has been brought to bay by the dogs. The pedestrians who precede the horsemen are armed with spear and hatchet—the former being used to fell their dangerous foe, the latter to cut their way through the thickets, or to sever the boar's head from the carcase when the victory is gained. In front of the animal are extended the nets, into which it was the custom to drive the game to bring it to bay; the whole being a faithful picture of the ordinary mode of hunting among the Greeks and the Romans, and (by the evidence of this picture, and of similar ones in other tombs,) among the Etruscans also. Above the doorway are the remains of the figure of a man in a two-horse chariot, or *biga*, and having no perceptible connection with the foregoing scenes; but, as there are still in the lower band, and on a line with the boar-hunt, some faint traces of chariot-races having been depicted there, this figure may possibly have formed part of them. The figures in the two pediments, representing two warriors leading their horses by the bridle, are exactly alike in both, and in both pediments also the angles are filled by panthers, which animal, being of very frequent recurrence in the tombs, is supposed to have had some symbolical funereal meaning. The general rule in Etruscan paintings, and one which is particularly prevalent in the early and purely Etruscan tombs, is to distinguish the sexes by the colour of the flesh—the males being painted a deep red, while the females are left the colour of the ground on which the figure is painted. This rule has, however, been departed from in the Grotta Querciola, where all the human figures are of a pale cream-colour.

In the Grotta del Triclinio, or the "Tomb of the Banqueting-scene," situated nearly opposite the Grotta Querciola, the subjects of the paintings are in character and arrangement very much like those we have just mentioned, but are in a state of much better preservation, the brilliancy of the colouring being described as absolutely dazzling by those who have beheld them when the rays of the sun fall into the grave-chamber. The very ceiling is here decked with gorgeous colours, and the broad beam in the centre of the roof is gracefully entwined with leaves of the lotus and ivy. The character of the banquet here represented is, however, more decorous than that of the Grotta Querciola, the festive couches being in this case occupied by males and females in equal number. The feast which we may suppose them assembled to partake of, is spread on elegant four-legged tables, placed in front of the couches, and among the viands on the table eggs hold a prominent position. That some idea connected with the dead has been attached to this species of food, there is every reason to suppose,

as vases containing eggs have repeatedly been found in the tombs. One of the male figures in the present picture is in the act of handing an egg to his neighbour; and from the lively gestures of all the persons present, we are led to infer that they are pleased with each other's company. Depending from the ceiling behind the guests are several of those elegant chaplets with which the Etruscans were wont to wreathe their brows when about to enjoy their siesta. Here also there are dancers and musicians in attendance; and one of the former is rattling the castinets, which to this day play so prominent a part in the popular dances of the southern nations. The males and females in this tomb are distinguished by the colouring of their faces—the males being of a deep red, the women of a pale cream-colour. On each side of the doorway is the figure of an equestrian mounted on a brown horse with blue tail, the rider having upper, but no nether garments, and being seated sideways on the horse.

We learn from the traditions of the Etruscans, repeated by Roman writers, and we know from the history of Rome, Etruria's pupil, that woman in Etruria, far from occupying the degrading position which she held among some of the nations of antiquity, and particularly among the Greeks, was honoured and respected, and even instructed in the same arts and sciences as the men. Begoe, an Etruscan woman, we are told, wrote a book upon the art of divination from things struck by lightning, which became one of the statute-books of Etruria, and other women are named who acted as aruspices; among these, Tanaquil, the wife of Tarquinius Priscus, who is also mentioned as having been an industrious housewife, a great spinner of wool, and an excellent helpmate to her husband. These assertions as to the position of woman we find confirmed by the paintings on the walls of the tombs just described, and others, and on vases found in different museums, and more particularly in that of Volterra. In these paintings, we see her seated at the festive board with her liege lord, taking part in the pleasures he is enjoying, and mixing freely in society. That her early years were spent at school, we learn from a cinerary urn in the museum of Volterra, which has probably contained the ashes of a young girl cut off in the bloom of life, before her education was completed; for her effigy is represented in the usual reclining position on the lid of the urn, while on the body of the urn are half-a-dozen other youthful female figures, evidently representing a school, and holding in their hands open scrolls. That the mode of "teaching the young idea how to shoot" was pretty similar to that still in vogue, we may infer from another and very curious urn found in a tomb of Cervetri, on which is inscribed the Etruscan alphabet and primer. On the urns of Volterra there are also many repetitions of the banqueting-scenes depicted in the tombs, with a pair of figures of opposite sexes on each couch, while groups of children sometimes stand around, indicating by their caresses the pure affections of a happy home. The existence of these affections, and the observance of the sacred duties they impose, are again visible in the deathbed scene of the Camera del Morto, the "Dead-Man's Chamber," another of the painted tombs of Tarquinii, and the smallest of them all. In this tomb, discovered in 1832, the two walls exhibit figures in the act of performing a dance so wild and extravagant in character, that it must be supposed to represent a Bacchanalia, these festivals having been introduced into Etruria from Greece; but on the third wall, and in strange contrast with the foregoing, is the scene illustrative of the tender care with which

the bed of the dying was surrounded. Here the body of an aged man is discovered stretched on a couch of elegant form, not unlike those we see in modern drawing-rooms. A young female, who is bending over him, is in the act of drawing his hood over his eyes, which have apparently just closed in death, while a young man at the foot of the couch is as reverently covering up the feet of the deceased with one hand, the other being raised to his head in expression of grief. At the head of the couch stands another



man in the same attitude of subdued sorrow, but a third male figure is so vehement in his expressions of the same feeling, as to lead one to suspect him of being one of the hired mourners whom it was customary to employ on such occasions, and who used to rend their garments and strike their bosoms with an air of frantic despair. In a still more touching and pathetic manner than in this tomb are the natural affections portrayed on various vases, also in the museum of Volterra. On one, a female is seen stretched on a couch, the near approach of her last moments being intimated by the presence of a winged genius with a torch on the point of expiring. The father, husband, and sisters of the dying woman stand weeping around her, while a group of little children close to her bedside seem as if unconscious of the nature of the approaching separation. On another vase, a dying woman is delivering to a friend the tablets on which she seems to have inscribed her dying behests. On others, man and wife are seen taking a tender farewell of each other. Some of these scenes, however, bear only a metaphorical reference to the death of the person whose effigy reclines on the lid of the vase, but in some of these cases the beauty of the conception of the metaphor tells more for the refinement of feeling that must have existed among this people than any thing we have as yet described. Thus on one urn a youth is seen on horseback (a common way of symbolizing the departure of the soul from its mortal envelope) about to start for that land whence none return, when his little sister rushes in, and endeavours to arrest the progress of the horse; but the messenger of death has seized the reins, and all resistance is vain.

The story of Etruscan manners would not, however, be complete were we not to see the reverse—which, alas! every thing human presents. In the symposium scene in the Grotta Querciola, and in the Bacchic dances of the Camera del Morto, we are therefore made acquainted with that laxity of morals, and that excessive indulgence in sensual enjoyments, which gained for the Etruscans from Greeks and Romans (who, by the by, were little better than those they censured) the degrading appellation of effeminate

debauchees, slaggards, gluttons, and voluptuaries, and which but too often follow great luxury and refinement. That the Etruscans themselves were fully aware of the contending propensities which war in the soul of man, and cause such strange inconsistency in his acts, is proved, among other things, by a picture which once graced the walls of the Grotta del Cardinale (another of the tombs of Tarquinii,) which is now effaced, but drawings of which have happily been preserved. In this picture, Cupid and Psyche—represented as children, the latter, as usual, with butterfly wings—are embracing each other; but Cupid—who here, as in the Greek myth, represents the bodily appetites and passions—is being drawn by an evil genius towards the things of this world, typified by a tree, and a labourer hurrying along with a large stone upon his head; while Psyche, or the higher aspirations of man, on the other side, holds him back, and is assisted by a beneficent genius.

The excessive love of personal adornment said to have been a characteristic of the Etruscan women may be traced in the luxurious dresses and the rich jewelry with which they are represented on the walls of the tombs, and in the mirrors with which in their hands they are so frequently depicted upon vases and sarcophagi, that we may almost suppose a mirror to have been as indispensable at all times to a lady of Etruria as to a *petite maîtresse* of the court of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. That these ladies had charms, which they might well dwell on with delight, is proved by the reclining statues on some of the sarcophagi found in the tombs, and in the countenances of which there is such a strong stamp of individuality, that it is impossible to doubt of their being portraits. From the grace and dignity united in the attitude of some of these reclining fair ones, we are tempted to attribute to them those qualities also which add loveliness to beauty; but we might perhaps in this case be doing honour to nature at the expense of the sculptor. The favourite ornaments in jewelry among the Etruscans seem to have been, for men, chaplets of myrtle, ivy or oak-leaves in pure gold; and for women, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and rings, numbers of such articles of the most beautiful workmanship having been found in the tombs, and particularly in those of Vulci. Rings seem to have been worn by both sexes, and in preference on the fourth finger of the left hand; this fashion having probably been, like so many other of the Etruscan customs, introduced from the East, where, it is said, rings were worn on this finger because of the discovery that through it passed a vein or nerve connected with the heart; and rings were in Etruria, as in modern Europe, given in sign of betrothal.

We have now seen the Etruscans in domestic life enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse, of the festive board, and of the dancing and music of their slaves; we must next accompany them beyond the precincts of home, and watch them following the manly sports of the field, and attending at the favourite games of the circus. For the former purpose, we may revert to the boar-hunt of the Grotta Querciola; of the latter we shall get a sight in the Grotta delle Bighe, also on the Montarozzi of Corneto, and which must once have been resplendent with colours. The painted figures in this tomb, like those of the Grotta Querciola, occupy a double frieze; and the subjects represented are—besides the usual convivial scene, which in this case is a symposium, and the usual dances—the public games of the Etruscans. On one wall are two-horsed chariots, called *bigæ*, preparing for the race; on the others, the foot-racers are speeding along the arena; other

men are hurling the discus or quoit; others leaping with poles; some are boxing with the cestus, and others are trying their strength in wrestling; while some, who stand around armed with helmet, spear, and shield, seem preparing for the gladiatorial combat. Near the corners of the walls are depicted wooden platforms, on which persons of both sexes, and, from the richness of their costume, evidently belonging to the higher ranks of society, are seated enjoying the spectacle of the games, while on the bare ground below recline the classes less favoured by fortune, but equally intent on the amusement of the moment.

One of the many facts which prove that however much as to form the Etruscans may have borrowed from the Greeks, as to spirit they always remained distinct from that nation, and more closely allied to the East, is, that men of rank in Etruria never mingled in the public games except as spectators, every direct participation in them being looked upon as derogatory. That they have, nevertheless, had an indirect interest in the result of the games, we may judge from their having employed their dependants and their handsomest slaves in them; and no doubt the same glory redounded to the master of the slave who excelled in the wrestling-match or the boxing-match, as now redounds to the owner of the horse which is the winner at Ascot or at Newmarket. If an Etruscan of rank was fond of athletic games, and anxious publicly to prove his skill in them, he went to Greece for the purpose; for in that country the competitors were his equals in rank, and participation in the games therefore involved no loss of station. Games similar to those here described are also depicted on the walls of the "tomb of the inscriptions" at Tarquinii, and on those of the famous Tomba delle Colle Casuccini at Chiusi—that wonderful tomb, which is this day closed by the very same folding-doors, formed of two enormous slabs of travertine, placed there on the first construction of the tomb more than two-and-twenty centuries ago, and working on the same hinges! In this last-mentioned tomb, moreover, we find the *agonothete*, or director of the sports, with his wand of office in his hand, watching that no foul play be introduced; and we make acquaintance with another kind of bodily exercise among the Etruscans, to which we are not strangers—namely, the playing with dumb-bells. The charioteers are dressed in white skull-caps and short tunics, and the reins are passed round their bodies. The other participators in the games are mostly naked. Scenes similar to these are also frequently represented on urns, and in the sculptured reliefs on sarcophagi.

But it was not only as a spectator at games and at public festivities that the Etruscan appeared abroad: he had other and weighter matters to look after. He must attend at the temple, and be present at the offering up of the sacrifice which was to propitiate the gods in favour of his daily undertakings. Scenes of this kind are frequently represented on the cinerary urns and sarcophagi which have been found in the tombs. The priest or augur is seen pouring libations on the head of the victim: the latter being in one case a bull, in another a donkey, in a third a wolf, and, we are loth to confess it, in some cases human beings—the barbarous rite of human sacrifice having been practised by this otherwise so civilized people on occasions of imminent importance. From the temple we may accompany the Etruscan to the hall of justice, and see the judges proceeding to take their seats upon the bench. Scenes of this kind, represented on cinerary urns in the museum of Volterra, and on a cippus in that of Chiusi, are thus de-

scribed by Mr. Dennis:—"Four judges, or magistrates, wrapt in togas, are proceeding to judgment. Before them march two lictors, each with a pair of rods or wands, which may represent the *fasces* without the *secures* or hatchets, just as they were carried by Roman lictors before one of the consuls when in the city. They are preceded by a slave bearing a *curule* chair, another *insignia* of authority, and, like the lictors and fasces, of Etruscan origin. Other slaves carry the *scrinium* or *capsa*, a cylindrical box for documents; and *pugillares*, or wax tablets for noting down the proceedings. On another urn four magistrates are returning from judgment, having descended from their seats on the elevated platform. The lictors, who precede them, in this case bear forked rods. They are encountered by a veiled female, with her two daughters, and two little children of tender age—the family, it must be, of the criminal, come to implore mercy for the husband and father." On another—"Two judges, with wands of office, are sitting on a platform, with their secretary, who has *stylus* and tablets to take notes of the proceedings; a lictor or attendant stands by with a rod in each hand. Before the bench a warrior fully armed—helmet, spear, shield, and greaves—appears to be waiting judgment. A woman behind him, dancing with castanets to the music of a subulo, seems to mark him as some hero or victor in the public games. The judges are consulting as to his merits; and their decrees seem to be favourable, for the officer of the court is pointing to half-a-dozen skins or leathern bottles beneath the platform, which, full of oil, probably constitute his reward."

On other vases we may follow the Etruscan hero in the triumphal procession awarded to him by his grateful country, a custom usual in Etruria, it would seem, before it was adopted by the Romans. Appian, a Greek historian, describes the Etruscan victor on these occasions with a golden crown of oak-leaves round his brow, and an ivory sceptre adorned with gold in his hand, borne along in a gilt chariot, and preceded by a long train of lictors in purple tunics, and a troop of musicians and dancers, their heads wreathed with golden chaplets, and singing and dancing as they go along. Such are very nearly the scenes described on the vases, though some of the pomp and circumstance is of course left out.

Even to the workshops of the artist and the artisan we may pay a visit, and become acquainted with the manner in which the very articles which excite our interest in so high a degree have come into existence; for on an Etruscan *amphora* (vase for holding liquids) in the Pinacothek at Munich, we find depicted the whole mode of procedure relative to the fabrication of the fictile vases, in which the potter's wheel plays as great a part as it does in the potteries of our day; and on another vase in the museum at Berlin, the process of casting bronze statues is in like manner described.

The only incident in Etruscan life to which we are not introduced by any of the monuments extant is the wedding ceremony. The closing scene of life has, on the contrary, been most abundantly illustrated, as has been shown above; but we have still to accompany the body to its last resting-place, in one of those wonderful tombs which have revealed to us all these secrets of the past. The urns in the museum of Volterra here again come to our aid. We see by them that among the Etruscans, as among the modern nations of Europe, it was customary to convey the mortal remains of the deceased to the grave on a covered car or wagon; this car is open in front, and drawn by two horses or mules, which are made to droop their heads in

sign of wo; the mourners follow on foot, but sometimes the procession is preceded by a man on horseback. On one urn the corpse is represented stretched upon a bier, carried on the shoulders of men. Arrived at the tomb, we are led to infer, from the scenes depicted on the walls of the sepulchres, as also from analogy to the Greeks and the Romans, that the funeral games and the funeral feast ensued, and these games and this feast, it is believed, generally took place in the open air, on the rocks above or around the sepulchral cave. Having deposited the body of their departed friend in the tomb, the Etruscans endeavoured next in imagination to follow the soul on its journey to the seat of judgment, and even to picture to themselves the dread moment when the judge's voice was pronouncing the sentence which decided its fate for eternity. Their notions on these subjects were very curious, and differed considerably from those of the Greeks; and in order to understand the illustrations presented by the painted walls of the tombs, we must first take a cursory view of their mythology and their religious ideas:—

That the system established by Tarchon, the propounder of the laws of the imaginary Tages, was borrowed from the East, and that profound wisdom and some reminiscences of a purer faith were hidden beneath its symbols, there cannot, we think, be any doubt. Thus Tina, Talna, and Minerva, the chief Etruscan divinities, to build a temple to whom was obligatory on every city in Etruria, are supposed to have been the symbolical imbodiment of the three attributes of strength, riches, and wisdom, of the one supreme God, whom they recognised as the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe. But there were images of all his other attributes, and temples to those images, and it is not too much to suppose that, the sacred books being in the sole keeping of the priests, who governed by the aid of superstition, the people soon forgot the deeper meaning concealed behind the symbol, and became what the worshippers of mere outward forms of religion are in all times and countries. By degrees also the influence of Greece began to be felt in the religion of the Etruscans; Grecian myths and religious festivals (as, for instance, the Bacchanalia) were introduced, and the number of the divinities was no doubt greatly increased. Indeed myths of almost all the Grecian deities may be traced on the bronzes, vases, and particularly on the numerous mirrors of polished metal found in the tombs of Etruria, and to which we have alluded when speaking of the vanity of the women. Many of the purely national features were, however, still maintained. Thus the mystery and awe with which this people loved to surround their religion is particularly evidenced in their belief in the twelve great gods, six of each sex, who formed the council of Tina, who were of fierce and pitiless character, who dwelt in the inmost recesses of heaven, and whose names it was forbidden to utter. On the other hand, the existence of the glimmerings of religious truth which lay below the vulgar surface may be traced in the doctrine of the "shrouded gods," who, it was believed, dwelt in eternal mystery, ruled both gods and men, and held even the mighty Tina in subjection.

Among the inferior deities worshipped by the Etruscans, the most prominent position is held by the genii—spirits good and evil, and of both sexes—who were supposed to preside at the birth of the individual, and to influence and watch over the soul in its progress through this world, attending it also into the next. The doctrine of the genii was held by the Romans also, who received it from the Etruscans, together with that of the *Lares* and *Penates*,

(household deities, who watched over the domestic and pecuniary interests of individuals and families,) and the propitiating of the *manes* or spirits of the departed. What were the functions of the genii, and that the idea of these spirits was particularly mixed up with the notions of the Etruscans relative to the passage of the soul from this world to another, we may also learn from the painted tombs of Tarquinii, as well as from numerous other monuments of Etruscan antiquity scattered through the museums of Europe. Besides the genii, there is another ministering spirit of the infernal regions who plays a prominent part in their mythological representations. This is Charun, whose name has been learned from an inscription in one of the tombs, and who seems to perform pretty nearly the same services for the spirits of the departed Etruscans as his namesake Charon performed for the Greeks; but as the former people had probably no river to cross on their way to Hades—for the soul is always represented taking its departure on horseback—the Charun of their mythology is not a ferryman, but simply a grim-visaged guide to the gates of eternity.

For a glimpse into these regions, we must turn first to the Grotta de' Pompej, or the Tomb of the Pompeys; so called from the name of the family inscribed on its walls. This sepulchre was discovered in 1832, and also bears the name of the Cave of the Typhon, from a mythological being represented on the walls, the Etruscan name of which is not yet known, but which, bearing a strong analogy to the Typhon of the Egyptians and the Greeks, and being apparently, like the former, the representative of the Principle of Destruction, this name has been given to him until his own shall one day be discovered in some subterraneous herald's office. The Typhon Tomb, which is of great size, and the roof of which is supported in the middle by a massive square pillar, is surrounded by a triple tier of rock-hewn benches, on which the sarcophagi, which now lie broken and scattered on the ground, were originally placed. On the three sides of the square pillar in the centre are depicted the fantastic being, with winged human bodies terminating in serpents,* and which have given its name to the tomb; but the walls of the grave-chamber are simply adorned with a double band in colours, the upper one representing dolphins sporting above the waves, the lower quaintly-shaped flowers; in addition to which, a small space on one of the walls is occupied by a funeral procession of singular character. It is in this miniature procession that we are particularly interested. The band is preceded by one of those genii to whom we have above alluded, and whose rank in the world of spirits is indicated by the hammer—the emblem of supernatural power—borne aloft, and by the serpent—the emblem of

* "The attitude of the body—the outspread wings—the dark massy coils of the serpent-limbs—the wild twisting of the serpent-locks—the countenance uplifted with an expression of unutterable wo, as he supports the cornice with his hands—make this figure imposing, mysterious, sublime. In conception, the artist was the Michael Angelo of Etruria."—*Dennis.*

eternity—encircling her brow. This genius bears a lighted torch, and is followed by a number of persons of both sexes, all—with the exception of two, a male and a female—bearing in their hands the twisted rods of mysterious import. These are all being urged on by another genius in their rear, evidently of malignant character and of hideous aspect, also with snake-bound head. In the midst of the procession, and towering above all the rest, is Charun, "the conveyor of souls," in this case depicted as a "black, hideous, bearded, brute-eared monster," with a terrific claw grasping the shoulder of the youth, who carries no twisted rod in his hand, while the younger demon in the rear has charge of the young girl, who is equally devoid of this mysterious emblem. These two figures, the only ones without the twisted rods, are, in consequence, supposed to be the souls who are being conveyed to the gates of eternity. In the Grotta del Cardinale, close to that of the Pompej or Typhon, is another series of paintings illustrating the passage of the souls into the unseen world, and the treatment they meet with there. The souls are here represented under the form of men robed in white, and the genii, both good and evil, who are accompanying them on their passage, are represented with wings, this being indeed the usual way of indicating the supernatural character of these beings. "Sometimes a good and evil spirit," we again borrow the words of Mr. Dennis, "seem contending for the possession of a soul—as where this is pursued by the malignant demon, and hurried away by the better genius. Sometimes they are acting in unison—as where they are harnessed to a car, and are driven by an old man, who may possibly represent the Minos or Rhadamanthus of the Etruscans. In another instance, a similar pair of antagonist spirits are dragging a car, on which sits a soul shrouded in a veil. We may conclude they are attending the soul to judgment—for such was their office, according to the belief of the ancients—in order that, when their charge was arraigned before the infernal judge, they might confirm or contradict his pleadings, according to their truth or falsehood. When the good demons have any thing in their hands, it is simply a rod or wand; but the malignant ones have generally a heavy hammer or mallet, as an emblem of their destructive character; and in some instances, probably after condemnation has been pronounced, they are represented with these instruments uplifted, threatening wretched souls, who are imploring mercy on their knees. In a somewhat similar scene a soul is in the power of two of these demons, when a good genius interposes, and arrests one of the evil ones by the wing. In another scene, the soul is represented as seizing the wing of the good genius, who is moving away from him. The same dark demons are, in more than one instance, mounting guard at a gateway, doubtless the gate of Orcus, which stands open by day and night. One of these figures is very striking, sitting at the gateway, resting on his mallet, his hair standing on end, and his finger raised, as if to indicate the entrance of some approaching soul." Besides the eleven tombs open at Tarquinii, there are several painted tombs at Chiusi, two at Cervetri, and one at Veii, Bomarzo, Vulci, and Vetulonia, respectively. Taken together, the paintings in these tombs illustrate the different stages of the pictorial art among the Etruscans, from its infancy to the highest degree of perfection which it attained, exhibiting also the different characteristics which mark every branch of their art—namely, the Egyptian, the decidedly native, and the Greek.

Of the tombs we have hitherto been examining, not one was, at the

period of its discovery in modern times, exactly in the same state as when closed upon the last of the race whose ashes it contained; but the interesting sight afforded by a tomb broken open for the first time after the lapse of the many centuries which separate the civilization of our day from that of the period which it illustrates, has also been reserved for our generation. The most interesting instance upon record is that of a tomb discovered in 1826, by an Italian gentleman of the name of Avolta, under whose superintendence some repairs were being made in the high-road leading to Rome: in the course of which, a stone having been displaced, it became apparent that it had formed part of the roof of a cavern. "I stooped down," says Signor Avolta, in his report to the Archæological Society at Rome, "and what was my amazement to see through this hole a warrior lying in state upon a bed of stone! He was clothed in full armour, and looked like a living man; but whilst I gazed, this figure trembled, and he vanished away! I stood for some minutes, hoping the illusion would return; but when I saw that it was gone for ever, I got the workmen to enlarge the hole sufficiently to let me down into the tomb, that I might observe all the particulars of it before it was destroyed or emptied of its contents. When I went up to the stone bier, I found the armour and the body crumbled into dust, and nothing remaining but some bits of a yellow woollen garment, and some fragments of bone. The tomb was roofed with beams of nenfrite, and supported on pillars, and the furniture in it was of a very interesting character. The latter consisted of the arms of the warrior—among which were a sword with a gilt handle, his *biga*, or chariot, several large bronze shields, with images in bas-relief, bronze vases of different shapes and sizes, numerous *tazze*, and eight large terra-cotta vases. Opposite the bier on which the warrior had reclined was a large table of polished red limestone, supported on three legs, and on this lay a wreath of lilies of pure gold."

Another very remarkable virgin tomb was opened in 1836, near Cervetri, and is known by the appellation of the Regulini-Galassi Tomb, borrowed from the names of the discoverers. This sepulchre, together with several others belonging to the same group, but situated on a lower level, was originally surmounted by a large conical mound, surrounded at its base by a wall of masonry three feet high, and in which were the entrances to the several sepulchres. At present no vestige of mound or wall remains, and the tomb we are about to describe opens in a low bank in the middle of a field. The grave-chamber is in this instance, indeed, a mere passage about sixty feet long, and divided by a partition-wall into two compartments, the inner being somewhat smaller than the outer one, and communicating with it by a doorway, which, at the period of discovery, was closed in with masonry to a certain height. On each side of the larger chamber is a small cell hollowed in the rock, the chamber itself being, on the contrary, lined with masonry, and constructed after a very peculiar fashion. The masonry consists of horizontal layers of rectangular blocks of nenfro, presenting a smooth surface, and forming a perpendicular wall to the height of about three feet, and then gradually converging toward the top in a slight curve, and forming the two sides of a kind of Gothic arch, which is not, however, carried up to a point, but suddenly terminates, leaving a square channel between the two sides of the arch, which is covered over with large blocks of nenfro. The architectural peculiarities of this sepulchre, which prove it to be of date anterior to the discovery of the correct principle

of the arch, are doubly interesting, because, according to the opinion of the learned in these matters, they afford additional proofs of the same expedients in construction being resorted to by all nations ignorant of the wedge-principle of the arch—attempts of a similar kind having been found in the earliest structures of Egypt, Greece, and other countries of the old world, and having also latterly been discovered in the remains of a bygone civilization in Central America. The Cavaliero Canina, a well known Italian architect—taking into consideration the *cloaca maxima* of Rome, in which the principle of the perfect arch is carried out, and which is unanimously ascribed to the reign of the Tarquins, the Etruscan rulers of Rome—refers the construction of the Regulini-Galissi Tomb to a period much anterior to this, and assigns to it and its contents an antiquity of not less than three thousand years; thus making its construction coeval with the siege of Troy. With the exception of one or two Italian antiquaries, all are indeed agreed as to the very high antiquity of the tomb; but no other, we believe, goes as far as Canina in this respect. The contents of this sepulchre are hardly less interesting than its architecture, and in an equal degree testify of its antiquity, being all of the most ancient Egyptian character, and at the same time of a nature so magnificent, as would almost be considered fabulous, were they not all preserved in the Gregorian Museum at Rome, and open to the inspection of the curious and the incredulous. Of the dead for whom this last resting-place was so richly fitted out, the dust alone remained when the tomb was opened; but at the upper end of the outer chamber stood a bier formed of crossed bars of bronze, and with an elevated place for the head, on which had reclined the uncoffined corpse, supposed, from the character of the furniture in the tomb, to have been a warrior. In front of the bier stood a row of small terra-cotta images, probably Lares, and at the head and foot was a domestic altar for sacrifices, made of iron, and standing on a tripod. Somewhat below the bier was placed a four-wheeled car, on which the body had probably been transported to the grave, and close to this an embossed bronze shield and a bundle of arrows. Against the opposite wall rested several more shields of the same metal and the same beautiful workmanship, they having all apparently been made for ornament only, as the metal plates were too thin to have afforded any protection in combat. Just within the entrance stood a couple of bronzed caldrons on tripods, and some other nondescript vessels; the former supposed to have been used for burning incense, and the latter to have contained perfumes. The side recesses in the rock contained sundry terra-cotta vases, and images hanging from the roof by bronze nails. On the posts of the door leading to the inner chamber were suspended two vases of pure silver; and on the top of the wall, which partly closed in the doorway, stood two bronze vessels. The decorations of the second and smaller chamber were more elaborate even than those of the larger. Along the whole length of the walls, on both sides, was suspended a row of bronze vases, and parallel with these, but hanging from the roof, were two more rows of vessels of the same metal. Against the upper wall of the chamber were placed two silver vases ornamented in relief; and a little farther down, on each side, bronze vessels for perfumes. Immediately in front of the two last-mentioned silver vases, and on the bare ground, lay literally a heap of golden jewels of the most exquisite workmanship. From the position in which the various articles were found, it appears beyond a doubt that, when placed in the

tomb, they formed the ornaments of a human body, which had, however, before the sepulchre was opened, returned to the dust whence it came. All these ornaments were of the purest gold, and consisted of the following articles:—A head-dress of very singular form, consisting of two plates with animals in relief upon them, and two fillets; a large breast-plate beautifully embossed, with a variety of small patterns and arabesques in the Egyptian style, and which had been fastened on each shoulder with a delicately wrought *fibula*, or brooch, and chains very similar to those now made at Trichinopoly; a very ponderous necklace, with long joints; earrings of great length; sixteen brooches in addition to those above mentioned; broad bracelets of beautiful filigree-work; several rings; and innumerable fragments of gold fringe and *laminæ* of the same precious metal, which had evidently been woven into the garment worn by the deceased, and had survived the frailer texture with which it had been combined. A collection of jewels such as these, it is affirmed in the "Annals of the Institute of Rome," would not be found in any well-furnished jeweller's shop of the present day. From the presence of this astonishing quantity of personal ornaments in this chamber, it is generally supposed to have been occupied by a female of high rank, particularly as an inscription, graven in one of the silver vases, contains the female name Larthia; but some inquirers are more inclined to believe the occupant to have been a priest, or augur, there having been very little distinction between the ornaments worn by males and females in the countries of the East, and also in Etruria, (who so closely resembled these in many points,) at the period from which they are supposed to date. This, and a tomb at Vulci, called the Isis Tomb, are considered to have furnished the earliest monuments of Etruscan art, such as it was before it had been subjected to the influence of Greece.

Similar in architecture to the Regulini-Galassi Tomb is another near Palo and Monterone, about twenty-two miles from Rome, which was opened by the Duchess of Sermoneto in 1838, in a tumulus forty feet high, and which, until the period mentioned, was supposed to be a natural hillock. On examination, it was found to be encircled by a basement wall of nearly 800 feet in circumference; and on the western side of the wall was a hole containing a small cylinder, pointing, as it was subsequently observed, to the entrance of the tomb, which was with some difficulty discovered about forty or fifty feet up the slope of the mound. The first grave-chamber entered is the one resembling in structure the Regulini-Galassi Tomb; its high antiquity being likewise proved by the Egyptian character of the furniture in it, and by another bearing a strong analogy to the Pyramids of Egypt. This is a shaft in the floor of the tomb, 20 feet deep, opening into another horizontal passage about 100 feet long; from which again open three other shafts, probably leading to other sepulchral chambers on a still lower level.

Of all the peculiarly-constructed sepulchres of Etruria, few have, however, excited so much interest as the polyandrian tombs in a hill called Poggia Gajella at Chiusi. The labyrinthine passages which in this instance were found to lead from one grave-chamber into another, for a time nourished the hope that this might prove to be the tomb of Porsenna (the king of Etruria, before whom proud Rome once trembled, and to whose magnanimity alone she owed her salvation,) and which was said to have been erected on a site in this neighbourhood, but which is described by Varro in terms so

extravagant, as to have been considered fabulous by all sober-minded people. Porsenna was buried, says Varro's description as reported by Pliny, "under the city of Clusium (Chiusi), in a spot where he has left a monument in rectangular masonry, each side whereof is 300 feet wide and 50 high; and within the square of the basement is an inextricable labyrinth, out of which no one who ventures in without a clew of thread can ever find an exit. On that square basement stand five pyramids, four at the angles, and one in the centre, each being 75 feet wide at its base, and 150 high; and all so terminating above, as to support a brazen circle and a *pedasus*, from which are hung, by chains, certain bells, which, when stirred by the wind, resound afar off, as was formerly the case at Dodona. Upon this circle four other pyramids are based, each rising to the height of 100 feet. And above these from one floor five more pyramids, the height whereof Varro was ashamed to mention."

The external appearance of the Poggia Gajella, certainly bears no kind of resemblance to this marvellous monument; but the existence of a labyrinth on almost the very spot on which this wonderful structure surmounting a labyrinth is said to have stood, led to a belief in the possibility of there having been a foundation of truth to this vast superstructure of fiction, probably raised by national vanity and that love of the marvellous which is manifested in the traditions of all nations. The tombs to which we allude are excavated in the conical crest of a broad hill, surrounded by a fosse about three feet wide, and lined on the inner side with large blocks of travertine, which thus form a wall measuring about 855 feet, this being the circumference of the base of the enclosed tumulus. The chief sepulchres open from the encircling wall: the largest, a circular chamber facing the south, and supported in the centre by a huge pillar hewn in the rock, is connected with the fosse by a passage about fifty feet in length. Towards the south-east is a group of smaller chambers; close upon the fosse, and facing the south-west, is another, connected with the former by a passage about forty-five feet long; while other smaller ones, again, are situated all around, facing all the points of the compass.

Above this tier is another, containing likewise several groups of chambers of different size and shape; and below the level of the fosse is a third tier, the chambers of which are, however, in a very ruinous state. Opening from the circular chamber facing the south is a narrow passage, which winds by many a circuitous route towards the western group of chambers, and then turning again to the south, branches out into many side-passages. These passages were at first thought to form a regularly-planned labyrinth, but their lowness, being such as barely to allow a man to creep through on all-fours, the irregularity of their level, and the circumstance of the passage opening into the western group of chambers, breaking through one of the stone benches with which the walls of the chamber are lined, and on which the dead reclined, have subsequently led to the abandonment of this opinion, and of the idea of this being the site of the far-famed tomb of Porsenna. Nevertheless, the circumstances connected with these sepulchres, and with another called the Cucumella at Vulci, still keep up in many minds the hope that this interesting monument of antiquity may one day prove to be a reality. The tombs of the Poggia Gajella contained, when first opened, several objects of great value and interest, among which were some beautiful vases and curious stone sphinxes, and several articles in gold and jewellery.

The walls, and also several of the ceilings bear faint traces of having been decorated with painting; and the benches of rock on which the uncoffined dead slept their long sleep are hewn in the form of couches with pillows to support the head, many being double, so as to allow two bodies to recline, side by side, after the fashion we have seen recorded on the walls in the painted tombs of Tarquinii.

The Cucumella of Vulci, to which allusion has been made above, as bearing some slight affinity to the monumental part of Porsenna's tomb, consists of a tumulus of about two hundred feet in diameter, and which has been heaped up around the axis of two towers—the one a cylindrical cone, the other square, both being from thirty to forty feet high. The basis of the mound is surrounded by the usual wall; and in the soil around have been found lions and sphinxes of stone, which have served for the external decoration of the tomb. There are no entrances to the towers, and the purpose they have served still remains a mystery.

The importance of the sepulchres of Etruria with regard to the character and the whole internal development of a nation, which but for them would have held a very subordinate place in the history of civilization, has, we trust, become evident from all that has been said above. Relative to no one branch of Etruscan civilization do these monuments, however, furnish such complete materials as for that of the development of Etruscan art—yet on this subject it is that the learned are most at variance. Some ascribe all that is beautiful in conception and design in the monuments of Etruria not only to Grecian influence and example, but even to Grecian execution, presuming the most beautiful of the painted vases found in the sepulchres either to be importations from Greece, or to be the products of the skill and taste of Grecian colonists settled in Etruria, while all that is exaggerated in conception and faulty in design is allowed to be the product of native genius. Others would vindicate for Etruria some originality in art; and, while admitting that the most perfect style exhibited in her various monuments has been borrowed from Greece, still maintain that the greater number, though belonging to the Hellenic school, are of indigenous and native production. Others, again, enthusiastic admirers of Etruscan civilization, will hardly admit of the existence of any foreign influence. The opinion of the renowned German archæologist, Müller—one of the writers who have most profoundly studied every subject connected with Etruscan antiquities—is, that the energetic, but at the same time gloomy and severe character of the Etruscans, being devoid of the creative imagination of the Greeks, showed itself in matters of art more receptive than productive, but that, having at a very early period become acquainted with the artistic productions of the Greeks, and particularly of the Greeks of the Peloponnesus, the Etruscans adopted their manner, and remained faithful to it for centuries. This did not, however, exclude the imitation of such works of art as their extensive commerce with the east brought under their notice, and the subjects of which, being of a more mysterious and less natural character than those of the Greeks, spoke more forcibly to the imagination of the Etruscans, who seem to have had a natural tendency to fantastic compositions and exaggerated forms. When, at a subsequent period, Grecian art attained that wonderful development which has never yet been equalled, the former lively intercourse between

Greece and Etruria had, owing to divers circumstances, greatly diminished; and the Etruscan nation being, besides, at that period already in a state of decline, and verging towards its internal dissolution, was too much devoid of true artistic feeling to *assimilate* Grecian art, and become in its turn creative in this direction, though it was still capable, to a certain extent, of *copying* the manner of its more advanced contemporary. Therefore, though Etruscan art produced at this period individual works of undoubted merit, the general state of art in the country was of a subordinate character, and ultimately degenerated into a kind of handicraft. Grecian art, indeed, seems to have been the bearer of all the deepest and all the highest thoughts stirring in the nation; it was therefore the most spiritual expression of the nation's life; and works of art stood forth as the spontaneous imbodiment of the ideal as it existed in the most gifted individual minds; and their influence on the masses was in a high degree elevating. In Etruria, on the contrary, art was, what we fear it still is in modern Europe, not a spontaneous and natural expression of thought and feeling, but a form chosen in consequence of reflection and calculation; and the pleasant, not the ideal, being the object sought, it was brought in to adorn, not to elevate life, and consequently never attained the same height. In nothing do we more plainly discern the goal of moral perfection which God has marked out for the human race than in the fact, that in every direction the degree of our success and development is dependent on the unselfishness and elevation of our motives and our objects.

As far as execution goes it seems, however, that the very activity given to Etruscan art by its application to the less-elevated purposes of daily life, led in this respect to a certain independent development, which gained even the admiration of the Greeks; for the chased gold vessels of Etruria, and Etruscan works in bronze, and among these particularly candelabra, were renowned in Athens even at the most flourishing period of Attic art. Silver goblets of Etruscan workmanship, ivory thrones ornamented with gold and silver, curule-chairs, embossed ornaments in gold, silver, and bronze, for triumphal chariots, and elegantly-wrought arms and armoury, were also much sought after in Greece; and the various and numerous articles of the kind that have been found in the sepulchres of Etruria prove that they were worthy of their renown.

Whatever be the real claims of the Etruscans to originality in matters of art, among the ancients they were particularly famed for their productions in the plastic arts, in the strict acceptation of this term, and were even considered inventors of this branch of art. By some, their superiority in the art of moulding in clay is ascribed to the natural qualities of the soil in various districts of Etruria, which yielded in abundance a kind of black potter's clay, of which the native artists availed themselves for the fabrication of those vases of various shape and size, numberless specimens of which are found in the tombs. These vases of black unbaked clay having been merely dried in the sun, are found in greatest quantity in the sepulchres of Southern Etruria, and particularly in those of Veii, but also in great numbers in the cemetery of Chiusi. At first, the clay of which they are manufactured was supposed to be artificially blackened, and it is only within a few years that it has been proved to have had no admixture of colouring matter, a similar kind of clay having been discovered while boring an Artesian well in the neighbourhood of Corneto.

These vases, the most ancient in style, if not always in date, are not painted, but adorned with figures, either scratched in the clay while moist, or left in flat relief, or in prominent or rounded relief, according to the custom prevalent in the different localities where they were made; and the subjects represented on them are generally such as will admit of the introduction of a uniform suite of figures; as, for instance, processions, the meetings and greetings of kings and divinities, dances, &c. At a more advanced period of artistic development, a fine red clay was more frequently used in the fabrication of the vases; and in pottery of this kind, Arretium, both as regards form and beauty of ornament, was foremost among the cities of Etruria. As throughout Etruria a decided tendency to the plastic arts in preference to the art of painting is manifest, these fictile wares, ornamented in relief, are considered as more characteristic of the purely national taste in art than the painted vases of a subsequent period. As for the latter, they form the most interesting, but also the most difficult, subject of study connected with Etruscan art. The several antiquaries who have made them the subject of particular study class them differently, and also view them from a somewhat different point of view. The most simple mode of classification for obtaining a general view

of the subject seems, however, to be that which places them under the heads, Egyptian, Etruscan, and Greek, according to the peculiarities of style evinced in them. Among the *Egyptian* are classed those also in the designs and subjects of which the influence of the East is manifested; but some archæologists regard the peculiarities which have obtained for this class the name of Egyptian, not as derived from Egypt, but as being a variety of the ancient Greek style. By all, however, this class of vases, exhibiting brownish-black figures on a pale-yellow ground, is admitted to be the most ancient. The outlines of the figures, which are arranged in bands around the vase, are scratched in the clay, and white, purple, and also red, are not unfrequently introduced into the drapery and other subordinate objects. The subjects represented are chiefly animals, wild and tame, and those imaginary beings in which the nations of antiquity delighted—such as centaurs, sphinxes, sirens, and griffons, intermixed with foliage and flowers, among which the lotus is conspicuous. On some

also there are representations of genii, or of the four-winged deities of Oriental worship. The designs on these vases correspond with those on the walls of the earliest-painted tombs known, as also with the works in bronze of most ancient character, and which probably date from the same period.

The vases classed under the denomination *Etruscan* prove an advance in artistic feeling. The forms of the vessels themselves are more graceful, and the designs, though still held in the bonds of antiquated and rigid conventionalism, nevertheless, in many instances, display much vigour of conception, great truthfulness in expression, and neatness of execution. The figures are, as in those of the former class, painted black, the ground-colour being likewise that of the clay, which is, however, of a warmer tone of yellow, approaching almost to red. The advancement in artistic development evinced in the paintings on these vases is ascribed to Attic influences, and more particularly because the subjects are exclusively borrowed from Athenian life and Athenian mythology. Among the divinities represented, none appear so frequently as Athene, whose birth, in particular, is repeatedly introduced; next to Athene, Dionysos, and the myths connected with him, as well as the Delphic divinities, occupy the first rank; and among the heroes, Heracles and Theseus are the most prominent. The public games of Greece are also frequently depicted on these vases, and many bear inscriptions indicating that they have been awarded as prizes in games. It is relative to this class, in particular, that opinions vary with regard to their being importations from Greece, or Etruscan imitations of Greek models. Those who incline to the latter opinion insist much on the fact, that many of the Greek inscriptions on the vases are misspelt, and also on their being found in much greater numbers in Etruria than in Greece.

The superiority of the third class of vases is implied in the term *Greek*, emphatically applied to them; they being, in truth, representatives of Grecian art at the period when it had attained its greatest height and purity. The number of vases appertaining to this class found in Etruria is infinitely inferior to that of the others; whether this be owing to a decided preference among the Etruscans for severe and rigid forms, or to other casualties, it is difficult to decide. In this class it is the ground of the vase that is painted black, the figures being left of the natural reddish colour of the clay; and the subjects are in a great measure the same as those on the former class, with the exception of the Palæstric games, and exclusively descriptive of Grecian mythology and Grecian life, for which reason the representations on the vases are of little or no importance with regard to the study of the national peculiarities of the Etruscans. The vases themselves, however, familiarize us with a species of household furniture which must have been in most extensive use among that people, for the number of vessels in clay, of various forms and sizes, which the excavations bring to light, is perfectly surprising. Some have probably been exclusively of funereal character, others are supposed to have been used merely for ornamental purposes, and others, again, to have been given as prizes at the public games, and as nuptial presents, and pledges of friendship and love.

The vases used for household purposes have been classed under six heads:—

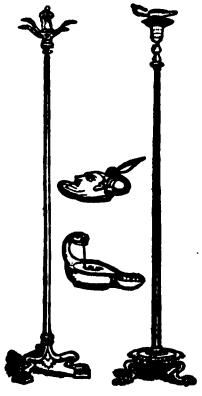
1. Vases for holding wine, oil, or water.
2. Vases for carrying water.
3. Vases for mixing wine and water.
4. Vases for pouring wine.
5. Vases for drinking.
6. Vases for ointments and perfumes.

Each class is distinguished from the others by its form, each form having,

however, several subordinate varieties; and it will be observed that rigid principle pervades the classification, the Etruscans tolerating, it would seem, no democratic encroachments of one class upon the functions and privileges of the other.

The skill of the Etruscans in moulding in clay was of great advantage to their architecture, which borrowed from this art the terra-cotta ornaments for roof, and gable, and pediment, which seem to have been common on their buildings, particularly their temples, and which, together with their temple architecture, they transmitted to the Romans, who retained them during centuries. The very tiles on the roofs of Etruscan houses seem to have been ornamented with masks and other decorations, and the spouts for letting off the rain-water from the roofs were similarly adorned. Even large statues were by the Etruscans moulded in terra-cotta for architectural and religious purposes. The large *quadriga* (chariot) which graced the temple of the Capitoline at Rome, as also the statue of Jupiter in the same temple, was the work of Etruscan artists.

In sculpture, on the contrary, the Etruscans never attained any high degree of excellence. Their failure in this branch of art may perhaps in a great measure be owing to the unfavourable nature of the materials over which they could dispose, for the art was early cultivated among them, having first been practised in wood, and subsequently in stone. The sculptured works of this people still extant are executed in nenfro, (a species of volcanic stone,) in limestone, and also in alabaster. Of these, numerous specimens have come down to us; partly, as we have seen, in the sculptured façades of the sepulchres, but chiefly in the reliefs and the reclining statues on the sarcophagi and cinerary urns, which furnish such interesting materials for the history of the domestic life, and the national creed, manners, and customs of the people. The reliefs on these sarcophagi and urns are often painted in accordance with native conventionalities, which are far from being true to nature. Altogether, the taste of the Etruscans with regard to colouring is evinced in a certain attention to harmony of effect, but without the slightest attempt at imitating nature—deep-red, as we have before observed, being the conventional colour for the flesh in male figures, and white for that of females; while, in the figures of animals, the artists have made use of the most whimsical combinations of colour—as in the brown horses with blue tails, to which we have already alluded.



The art of casting in metal is nearly allied to the plastic art, and was therefore greatly developed among the Etruscans. How rich Etruria must have been in bronze statues, is proved by a passage in an ancient writer, who accuses the Romans, after their conquest of Volsinii, of having attacked the city in order to obtain possession of its two thousand statues. The smaller Etruscan statues or statuettes (known by the name of Tyrrhenæ Sigillæ) were celebrated in foreign countries, and much sought after; but of all the bronze works of the Etruscans, none were so highly admired as the *candelabra*, which are also now accounted most important and most beautiful monuments of Etruscan art. They are of

various form and design, the essential feature being an upright rod or column, on which is placed the vessel destined to contain the oil or the wick; the candelabra are, however, made for suspension also, but still retain the same essential features. But in no kind of metal-work were the Etruscans so skilful and so famous as in the chiselling, and chasing, and engraving of the precious metals, and the fabrication of those articles of jewelry and other luxuries which were so much in accordance with the tastes of the people. To this branch of art belong the mirrors to which we have so repeatedly alluded, and which play a great part in the history of Etruscan art and Etruscan antiquities, and also the objects formerly denominated *mystical cistas*, round or oval boxes of bronze, the use of which was at one time doubtful, but which, having subsequently been found containing mirrors and other articles appertaining to the bath and the toilet, have ultimately been pronounced to be dressing-boxes, and have, in consequence, lost the epithet of mystical. This latter class of objects are found much more frequently in Latium than in Etruria, and principally at Palestrina, the ancient Praneste, and are believed to have been deposited in the temple there as votive offerings from women; but they date from a period when the Etruscan style of art was predominant in those regions, and are therefore reckoned among Etruscan subjects. One of the most beautiful of these caskets extant was indeed found in a tomb at Vulci. The *cistas* are generally adorned with engravings, rarely with reliefs. The handle on the lid is mostly formed of the figure of some animal, and the feet of the claws of the same. That found at Vulci, to which allusion has been made, is in the Museo Gregoriano at Rome, is of oval form, and about eighteen inches long, the sides being decorated with beautiful reliefs representing the combat of Achilles with the Amazons, and also wreaths of flowers and elegant Greek patterns. The handle is formed of two swans, the one having on its back a girl, the other a boy, the children clasping their arms round the neck of the bird. On the lid are four heads surrounded by flowers. Within the *cista* were found several articles appertaining to the toilet—such as a mirror, two pots of rouge, two hair-pins, two bone-combs, and an ear-pick. The British Museum of London also possesses a very beautiful specimen.

The mirrors, or *specchj*, as they are termed in Italian, which has become the technical language for Etruscan antiquities, were also at one time denominated *paterœ*, and were supposed to have been used in the temples for sacrificial purposes. Their presence in the *cista* with comb, hair-pins, and rouge-pots, has, however, lowered them in rank in the estimation of antiquaries, and they are now presented to us as specimens of those monuments of human vanity—looking-glasses. In shape they are much like the little hand looking-glasses of the present day, being either round or pear-shaped. (See tail-piece.) The disk, consisting of a bronze plate, sometimes gilt, sometimes silvered, is seldom more than six or seven inches in diameter, and is slightly concave, the outer side being highly polished, and the inner ornamented with figures graven in the metal: some have been found with reliefs also, but these are rare. The handles are generally beautifully wrought and highly finished, and are very frequently in the form of human figures. The subjects represented on the *specchj* are chiefly borrowed from Grecian mythology, but some have also representations of the national gods of Etruria, and other scenes of Etruscan life.

Some also are ornamented with merely decorative designs. The importance of these mirrors with regard to Etruscan art arises partly from their bearing strong evidence of being genuinely native, and partly from their representing every style of art of this people, from its earliest dawn down to the period of its decline.

The art of engraving in precious stones was also much esteemed and much cultivated among the Etruscans. The form universally given to the stones in which the engravings were executed was that of the *scarabæus*, or beetle, a form borrowed from the Egyptians, who, however, attached to it a religious meaning, and regarded it with a superstitious veneration as the symbol of the Creator of the universe—in which we have no reason to suppose the Etruscans participated. Yet the latter seem to have used the scarabæi as charms or amulets; but this may have been done in the same manner as the ladies of our day wear the Italian charm against the *malocchio*, or "evil eye"—as matter of fashion. From the nature of the subjects engraved on them, mostly selected from the myths of the heroes, or from the Palæstric games, some antiquaries infer that the scarabæi were worn by men only, and regarded as symbols of manly valour and energy. In form, the Etruscan scarabæi differ in some degree from those of Egypt, the back being made higher and more rounded, and the whole appearance of the insect less natural. As a general rule, only the flat side of the stone is engraved; there are, however, specimens (and these of the most beautiful workmanship) in which the wings on the back and also the sides of the stone are engraved. Chiusi and Vulci are the two localities in which the scarabæi of Etruria are found in greatest number, and indeed almost exclusively. At Vulci they are, like other Etruscan antiquities, found in the tombs, but at Chiusi they are picked up in such astonishing numbers in a slope beneath the city, that this spot has derived from the circumstance the name of the Jewellers' Field.

Besides those already alluded to or mentioned, there are other Etruscan antiquities which our space will not allow us to enumerate: but we trust we have said sufficient to interest our readers in these wonderful relics of a bygone civilization, and lead them to reflect and to compare.

# VALERIE DUCLOS:

## SOME LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A FRENCH PHYSICIAN.

THE revolutionary outburst at the end of the eighteenth century not only consumed the time-worn governmental institutions of France—shielded, hallowed, sanctified, as the dreamers of the world believed them to be, by the "awful hoar" of many ages of traditional glory—but, in the intoxication and madness of sudden and unexpected triumph, snapped temporarily asunder many of the wholesome bonds by which society can alone be restrained and held together; withering up by its fiery breath alike the poison trees of unjust privilege, and the gentle and holy influences which shed light and calm upon the shadow stretching from the cradle to the tomb; and from which alone the multitude, in their daily walks of life, can hope to derive wise and healthy counsel and guidance. Of this trite truth, visible to the dullest eyes that ever glanced across the stormy chaos of the first revolution, the following incidents, drawn from the domestic history of France during that troubled period, furnish one of the many vivid illustrations which, for the warning and instruction of the world light up pages that seem to visibly palpitate beneath the eye with all the fierce emotions which can stir and inflame the human heart. The *dress* of the story is alone changed: in its incidents and catastrophe it remains unaltered. The author has but paraphrased, as it were, a few leaves of a volume, every line of which is full of suggestive meaning to mankind—to the rulers and the ruled, to the Christian philosopher as well as to the merely analytical student of the moral phenomena of social and individual existence.

### I.

One afternoon towards the close of the month *Brumaire*, year 2 of the French Republic—November, 1793, by Christian reckoning—Mrs. Arlington, a recently widowed English lady, was engaged with her only remaining attendant, Annette Vaudry, an honest Bordelaise, in making preparations to quit Paris for the south-west of France, where she hoped to find means of embarking for England. Her husband, whose long and painful illness rendered his removal impossible, had detained them so many months in the distracted city, expired a few days before, and had been privately and hurriedly buried at Père la Chaise. He left his wife and child not only friendless in a land of strangers, but surrounded and in danger of being en-

gulfed by the eddies of a sanguinary revolution. Full of terror as of grief had been the days and nights passed by Mrs. Arlington at the bedside of her suffering husband—strange and appalling the *spectra* which had flitted past the sick man's windows. Early in the year, the death-tumbrils convoying a king to execution had swept by; and but lately, the queen and Madame Roland, D'Orleans and the Girondists, with a host of minor victims, had followed to the same doom. Terror, all-potent Anarch of the time, was solemnly enthroned, and the very air pulsated with fear. The British government had replied to the announcement of the death of the king by a declaration of war; and if betrayed to the authorities as a long-traitorously concealed countrywoman of "Pitt"—the *bête noire* of Paris clubbists—as the widow of a gentleman known to have been on terms of intimacy with many of the fallen aristocrats, the fate of Mrs. Arlington might, without the gift of prophecy, have been easily foretold. Fortunately, the persons with whom for the last ten months she had been domiciled—ardent republicans as they might be—were trustworthy and kind-hearted; and Annette Vaudry—the English servants had been sent off at the first intimation of danger—proved equally faithful and discreet. It was amid this terrible state of affairs that Mrs. Arlington, having, to her joyful surprise, not only obtained in her assumed name of Le Bon a passport, but a certificate of civism, without which no one could pass the barrier, prepared for her dangerous journey to Bordeaux, the native city of Annette, where it was thought means of leaving France might be with less risk sought for and obtained than at nearer but more jealously-watched ports.

Another and all-sufficing reason with Mrs. Arlington for undertaking this long journey to the south, instead of attempting to escape by way of Havre or Calais, was her determination not to separate from her daughter, a child of scarcely three years of age, except in the last extremity. Annette Vaudry, as a native of Bordeaux, had not the slightest difficulty, on exhibiting her passport at the Hôtel de Ville, to get it *visé*, or endorsed, in order to be enabled to return to the place of her birth. There was no danger that she would excite the slightest suspicion; and Mrs. Arlington resolved, with the view of insuring, in all eventualities, the safety of her child, that it should pass during the journey as Annette's. It had also been determined, in the event of Mrs. Arlington being detained, or of any other misfortune befalling her, that Annette should as speedily as possible pass over to England with her precious charge. The mistress and servant were to travel in the same diligence, but there was to be no apparent acquaintance between them. Their places had been secured by different messengers, and they were to arrive separately at the office from whence the vehicle took its final departure from Paris. Annette Vaudry was also necessarily intrusted with a large sum of money in gold and jewels.

Mrs. Arlington's preparations were at length complete; Annette and the little Julia were already gone; and bidding her kind hosts an affectionate farewell, she left her place of refuge, disguised as a French countrywoman of the humbler classes, and escorted by a porter, who had undertaken to carry her purposely-scanty luggage. Evening had set in, and a cold, drizzling rain was falling, but the ill-lighted, dirty streets were nevertheless alive with groups of men and women eagerly engaged in discussing the politics and most stirring incidents of the day; and occasionally, on passing a café or wine-shop, the door would be suddenly flung open and gangs of noisy re-

vellers—their sinister features briefly but strongly marked in the streaming light—bursting forth, helped to swell the wild yells and *Ca-ira* exultations which filled the air. Not the humblest fiacre could proceed any considerable distance without the inmates, if any, undergoing the rude scrutiny of suspicious patriotism; and Mrs. Arlington tremblingly congratulated herself on having followed Monsieur Henri's earnest advice, to walk rather than ride to the barrier. Happily, too, the man who carried her luggage was well known to many of the excited republicans as a *bon camarade;* and his off-hand replies to the queries apparently suggested by the patrician features and graceful carriage of the supposed countrywoman, amply justified the said Henri's recommendation of him, and enabled her to escape the peril of being detained or questioned by those eager caterers for the guillotine. With trembling limbs and beating heart she passed along, and at length reached the bureau of the diligence, close to the Barrière du Maine. Arrived there, a still more perilous scrutiny awaited her from the agents of the commune, in attendance to deprive suspected persons of all chance of escape. Deadly pale, and wholly unable to master the betraying emotions which agitated her frame, Mrs. Arlington tendered her papers for the principal official's inspection.

"Approche, donc, citoyenne," said the man somewhat coarsely; "let us see if the writer of these papers is a good hand at a likeness. Humph! 'Twenty-three years of age, light-brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion'—not absolutely incorrect, certainly, but still conveying a very poor impression of the charming original, who is, I must say, the most splendid specimen of a *bonne bourgeoise* travelling to the Gironde on family affairs I ever had the honour of meeting. Entrez, citoyenne," continued the official with a malicious grin, "we must have some further conversation together. You, conducteur, may proceed; this good Madame Le Bon will scarcely pass the barrier to-night."

A cry of despair, impossible to repress, broke from the terrified lady, and she turned instinctively towards the diligence, as if to snatch one last embrace of her child.

"This way, citoyenne," cried the officer, rudely seizing her by the arm.

"How now, Rigaud," suddenly broke in a fierce authoritative voice; "what do you mean by arresting my *compagne de voyage?* Are you mad?"

The speaker was a handsome young man in the uniform of a dragoon officer, who, unperceived by Mrs. Arlington, had followed her from her lodgings, and without whose aid, in reassuring the suspicious *bonnets rouges* and *tappe-durs*, but half satisfied by the explanations of the porter, she would scarcely have reached so far.

"*Your* travelling companion, Captain Duplessis?"

"Certainly! Madame," continued the stranger, respectfully addressing Mrs. Arlington, "allow me to apologize for this man's rudeness, and at the same time to hand you to your seat."

"Monsieur Henri!" ejaculated the bewildered lady.

"Not a word, madame," he hurriedly whispered as he closed the door, "as you value your own and your child's safety."

"Well, but, capitaine!" persisted the somewhat mystified official.

"*Ah ça*, no impertinence, Rigaud: here are my papers; they are *en régle*, I believe. Or is it, perchance," added the officer with simulated vehemence, perceiving that Rigaud still hesitated, "that you, notoriously one of the

Danton faction, affect doubts you do not really feel, in order to annoy or delay the friend and messenger of Saint Just?"

"Not at all, not at all," hurriedly replied the official, in his turn a little alarmed, for in those days no man's head felt quite firmly on his shoulders; "but this person is evidently no Bordeaux bourgeoise, as she is designated in these papers; and with all proper deference to you, she must remain here till further inquiry be made. Saint Just is not a man to screen plotters or aristocrats. Please to descend, madame," he continued, at the same time reopening the door of the diligence, and seizing Mrs. Arlington by the arm. "Descend, if you please, and at once!"

"*Scélérat!*" shouted Duplessis, unable to restrain himself, and hurling Rigaud with stunning violence against the door of the bureau. Half-a-dozen fellows sprang forward to the assistance of their chief, and the affair would no doubt have terminated fatally, not only for the lady, but possibly at least for her chivalrous protector, had it not been for the opportune arrival of a youngish man, who, wrapt comfortably in a stout cloak, was stepping briskly along, and humming, as he went, a light joyous air, as if in defiance both of the times and the weather.

"Camille," exclaimed Duplessis, struggling fiercely in the grasp of the guardians of the barrier, "is that you?"

"Assuredly! And you? What, Cousin Henri! What is the meaning of this? Why, Rigaud, you must be crazed!"

"I think not, Citoyen Desmoulins," replied that officer, addressing Danton's friend and intimate with great respect, and at the same time, by a sign, releasing Duplessis; "but this gentleman persists in passing an *élégante* through the barrier in the disguise of a *paysanne*."

"How is this, Henri?"

"A word in your ear, Camille," said Duplessis, drawing his friend and relative out of the hearing of Mrs. Arlington. "This lady, Camille, is"—The rest of the sentence was whispered in his cousin's ear.

"What, *la belle Marguérite?* And a runaway match too! Why, I understood she was as cold as snow. Oh, you sly fox!" and the gay-spirited editor of the "Vieux Cordelier" laughed prodigiously. "Rigaud, you must permit the lady to pass. It is an affair of the heart—you understand? At all events, I will be answerable for the consequences, and that, I suppose, will suffice."

"As you please, citoyen," muttered Rigaud. "But"—

"Enough, enough. Let there be no further delay, for this weather is frightful. Adieu, Henri. My compliments to the lady. Call on us directly you return; Lucile will be delighted to see you both: I shall remember you to her. *Au revoir!*" The diligence rumbled through the barrier, and Camille Desmoulins, glad to have extricated his cousin from an unpleasant scrape, passed gayly on, humming

"Ou peut-on être mieux
Qu'au sein de sa famille."

"Excellent," murmured the dissatisfied official, as the coach pursued its way. "A wedding trip no doubt; and the bridegroom, I see, prefers riding outside in this bitter weather to being seated within beside the bride! One would not lightly offend Camille; still, this affair must be sifted. Where is the man who brought the lady's luggage? Oh, there you are. Step this

way, friend, if you please; I must have a word or two with you." The porter obeyed, and they passed together into the bureau de police.

The officer whose energetic interference thus saved Mrs. Arlington from arrest and its too-surely fatal consequences was Henri Duplessis, captain in a dragoon regiment attached to the Army of the North. Saint Just, in his frequent hurried visits to that army, for the purpose of insuring the faithful and energetic execution of his own and Carnot's instructions had more than once witnessed with admiration the young officer's conduct under fire; and a close friendship, quite irrespective of politics, had, in consequence, sprung up between them. Duplessis had been lately summoned to the capital to give evidence before the Committee of Public Safety on various military details, and whilst there, had happened to call upon his maternal uncle, M. de Liancourt, just as this eminent physician received a note from Madame Le Bon—Mrs. Arlington—requesting his immediate attendance on her husband, with whom life seemed rapidly closing, in consequence of a renewed effusion of blood.

M. de Liancourt, or rather Citoyen Liancourt, was a physician in high practice; affecting ardent republicanism before the world, but to his intimates holding very different language.

"Henri," said he, rising as soon as he had finished the perusal of Mrs. Arlington's note, and seizing his hat and gloves, "if you have a fancy to look upon a beautiful *aristocrate*—a rare sight now in France, thanks to the sharp practice of your friends—come with me. You are not in uniform, and I will introduce you as an assistant. *Allons!*"

"Le Bon is a very aristocratic name truly," said Duplessis as they emerged into the street.

"Merely a disguise: her name is Arlington, and she is a native of 'perfide Albion.'"

"An Englishwoman! What misfortune can have detained her here?"

"The sudden illness of her husband, who imprudently delayed his departure in order to effect the arrangement of a heavy pecuniary claim he had against D'Orleans, contracted, I believe, when that very estimable personage was in England."

"Was he at all involved in Egalité's intrigues?"

"Nonsense! But what, in this second year of Fraternity and Liberty would, as interpreted by the excellent Tinville—a remarkable artist that, in his own very original line—prove quite as conclusive for all necessary purposes, Mr. Arlington used sometimes to idle away an hour or two at Sainte Amaranthe's with Vergniaud, Buzot, and others of that set."

"In that case he does well to conceal himself."

"Yes; your guillotine is a sharp reasoner in such cases—brief and thoroughly conclusive in all matters of doubt and difficulty. By the way, Henri, your fiery enthusiasm for the Republic, one and indivisible, seems to have strangely cooled of late. The fall, a few days since, of the beautiful head of Madame Roland appears to have suggested doubts to a great number of the enthusiastic youths of this delightful city."

"Not doubts, Monsieur de Liancourt, of the glory and excellence of freedom: say rather that it engendered abhorrence of the men who by such acts stain and dim its lustre. But let us talk of other things. This Englishwoman, is she so very beautiful?"

"Singularly so; even for that land of female loveliness. You know I resided there several years."

"And an *aristocrate?*"

"By birth, feeling, education, manners—*yes;* though in a sense quite opposed to our use of the term. In active, political creed, these fair islanders are far behind our *dames de la Halle.* And in truth, Henri, if the divinities of social life *will* soil their white wings in the accursed caldron of politics, they cannot be surprised if— But here we are."

The apartment into which the physician and his nephew were stealthily ushered was a large, and apparently handsomely-furnished one, as far as could be discerned by the dull light of a cloudy November day, struggling through the heavy and partially-closed window-curtains. The glance of Duplessis became riveted, the instant he entered, upon the pale, patrician features of a gentleman but little more than his own age, who was reclining upon a sofa, with his head supported by pillows. Death, he saw at once, had set his fatal signet there; and, soldier as he was, and custom-hardened to such sights, an emotion of profound pity swept across his mind at the contemplation of the premature end of one so young, so eager for life, as a man loved by the beautiful being bending over him in tearful grief must necessarily be. Mrs. Arlington, who had been reading to the patient, rose as De Liancourt softly advanced, and questioned with the mute eloquence of her radiant eyes—which sorrow seemed but to gem with a diviner lustre—the oracle from whose lips the words of fate were about to fall. Not so her husband. The agitation of a feverish hope no longer fluttered the spirit of the dying man. His glance continued fixed upon the countenance of his wife with an expression of anxious tenderness, as if the stroke which he felt could not be long averted must needs fall on her with greatest force; and that look deepened in its unselfish love when De Liancourt, in the low, calm accents of professional decision, said, "My fears, often expressed, are verified. Life with you, my dear sir, is near, very near its close."

A cry of uncontrollable grief burst from the young wife at this confirmation of her worst fears. She threw herself on her knees beside the couch of her dying husband, and kissed his pale thin hands with vehement emotion.

"Julia, beloved friend—companion—wife," murmured Mr. Arlington, "you promised to bear this visitation with a Christian's patience, with the devotedness and hope of a mother whose child is still spared to her?" He was answered only by convulsive sobs, and presently continued—"Now that our excellent De Liancourt is with us, let us not, dearest, waste the brief moments remaining to me in unavailing lamentations. *I* shall soon be beyond the reach of man's violence and enmity, but you—our child"—

He paused, and his anxious look was turned towards the physician. De Liancourt's countenance fell.

"Have you made the inquiries we spoke of?" said Mr. Arlington, with an expression of dismay which the announcement of inevitable and almost immediate death had not been able to produce.

"I have, and fear that some delay must still be endured. The scrutiny to which all persons who attempt to pass the barriers are subjected becomes daily more stringent, so that"—

"God of heaven!" interrupted the dying man, "this is indeed to taste of the full bitterness of death!"

Mrs. Arlington, panic-striken by a new terror, started wildly to her feet, snatched a beautiful child, sleeping on an ottoman beside her, with passionate eagerness to her arms, and for the first time afforded Duplessis a full view of her person and countenance.

He felt his heart beat tumultuously, and his eyes fill with irrepressible emotion, as he gazed upon that pale, yet queenly and brilliant vision, with its Madonna attitude and grace, and subduing tenderness of sorrowful expression. To what painter, to what poet, had lettings down of Heaven revealed angelic beauty like to that? He essayed to speak, but the words died on his tongue.

"We must still trust," continued De Liancourt soothingly, "in the merciful Providence which has so long shielded"—

"I have influence, madame—sir," broke in Duplessis, recovering his voice, and speaking with a confused and hurried earnestness; "influence with my friends Saint Just, Carnot. I will insure the safety of the lady, of the child, at the hazard of my life—my life!" He paused in extreme disorder. A thousand lights seemed to dance before his eyes, and a multitude of sounds were ringing in his ears.

"Who is this gentleman, De Liancourt?" demanded Mr. Arlington, with something of the haughtiness of manner which distinguished him when the pulse of life beat high and full. Mrs. Arlington, who had not before observed Duplessis, coloured with surprise as the agitated tones of the young man caught her ear.

"My nephew Henri," replied the physician. "He has, as he says, some influence at head-quarters, and will, I doubt not, willingly exert it."

"His *friends* Saint Just and Carnot of the 'Salut Public!' But that you, De Liancourt, vouch for him"—

The countenance of Duplessis flamed at the implied suspicion of his honour, and his uncle hastily interrupted the speaker.

"My nephew is not the friend, my dear sir, of those persons in the sense you apprehend; and I would pledge my life upon his faith."

"Enough, De Liancourt—your word suffices; and you, sir, will, I trust, excuse the momentary doubt of a person anxious for the safety of a wife and child. If you *can* aid them to escape from this place of violence and crime, the prayers and blessings of a dying man will be yours."

Duplessis reiterated his offers of service in a calmer and more coherent manner than before; and then, at the suggestion of De Liancourt, who feared that the excitement of such a conversation might hasten the fatal crisis, which, however, could not be long delayed, the conference terminated—the physician promising, as he left the apartment, to look in again early on the morrow.

"Henri," said De Liancourt gravely, as he shook hands with Duplessis at his own door, after a silent walk from Mr. Arlington's, "the task you appear so anxious to undertake is full of peril, and, moreover, one that must not be entered upon from any motive unworthy of the son of my sainted sister. Forgive me, Henri," he added, in a mild, deprecatory tone, in reply to his nephew's glance of fire, "it is for you that I chiefly fear."

Mr. Arlington died the day after this visit. The beauty, the multiplied perils which environed the bereaved young wife, excited, as we have seen, a tumult of emotions in the chivalrous breast of Duplessis—soon to be resolved

into a fervent, devoted, but, as he instinctively felt, hopeless passion. He at once determined to save her, or to share her fate if unsuccessful. It was he who procured her passport and certificate of civism, and by his influence with Saint Just, he obtained for himself leave of absence from Carnot to proceed to the Gironde on affairs, as he stated, of family importance.

As intimated by the official guardian of the barrier, Duplessis rode on the outside of the diligence, protecting himself as he best might with his cloak from the inclemency of the weather. Throughout the entire journey he scrupulously abstained from intruding upon Mrs. Arlington's presence, save when her safety required that he should do so. That lady no doubt divined the nature of the emotions which influenced the conduct of the young officer —for quickly comes such knowledge—but however impossible she might feel it to reciprocate his sentiments, she could not feel the less grateful for services so hazardous and so unselfish. The heroic feeling which prompted a lover to risk his life to facilitate the departure of the adored object from the country with which his own destinies were indissolubly bound up, could not but be gratefully appreciated by a generous, high-minded woman such as Mrs. Arlington. More than that was not in her power.

## II.

The journey was a long and anxious one. The shadow of the terrible régime enthroned in Paris enveloped the entire land of France. Suspicion, unquiet, terror, pervaded every town and village through which they passed. At Châteauroux, where the passengers were rudely questioned by a busy official, Mrs. Arlington's defective accent and irrepressible air of hauteur would unquestionably have caused her arrest, but for the bold bearing and ready assurance of the dragoon officer. At Limoges a similar peril was encountered, and with still greater difficulty evaded. Indeed, the nearer they approached the cities of the south, the thicker seemed to grow the air with exhalations of suspicion, hate, and fear. The names of Tallien, Isabeau, Madame de Fontenay, flew from mouth to mouth in every variety of emphasis and cadence. The guillotine, everybody agreed, was in full activity in Bordeaux, the cradle of the fated Girondists.

When the lumbering vehicle drew near that city, there were no other passengers inside than Mrs. Arlington and her servant and child. "Annette," said she, after covering the lips, the forehead, the cheeks of her daughter with passionate kisses, "remember not to lose a moment, should any misfortune befall me, in obtaining a passage to England." The dreaded barrier was reached at last, and at the invitation of the officer in command, Mrs. Arlington descended from the diligence. Duplessis' ready arm was instantly proffered: "Courage, madame," he whispered, as he led her gently, and with assumed confidence, towards the guard-room; "this danger passed, you have nothing more to fear."

Annette's papers were the first examined. There was no difficulty with her: she was personally known to several of the municipal soldiers, and after replying to one or two unimportant questions, she passed forth.

"Marie Le Bon," said the officer, turning abruptly towards Mrs. Arlington, "your journey ends at Bordeaux. To-morrow, probably, you will appear

before the representatives of the sovereign people. This night you pass in prison."

"What outrage is this?" exclaimed Duplessis, overwhelmed with consternation.

"Outrage, *mon capitaine!*" coolly replied the officer. "Nothing of the kind. Riguad was not quite so credulous as you would have wished. Thanks to his researches, and the speed with which the agents of the Republic travel, I have now the honour of arresting Madame Arlington, foreign *intrigante*, and spy in the service of the detestable Pitt."

Expostulations, denials, entreaties, were alike useless, and the unfortunate lady, almost unconscious from excess of terror, was hurried off to prison. Duplessis accompanied her to the gate, and would have entered with her, but was thrust back by the guard. The officer who effected the arrest at the barrier, for all reply to his frenzied supplications, sourly intimated that but for former services rendered to the Republic, and the friendship of Saint Just and others, he would no doubt have been permitted the felicity not only of occupying the same prison, but of ascending the same scaffold with the woman he had traitorously aided to escape.

On the fourth day from her arrest, Mrs. Arlington was placed for judgment before Isabeau and other satellites of the victorious Montagne. Duplessis was by her side, and, reckless of his own safety, inveighed with passionate vehemence against the injustice and cruelty that would sacrifice an innocent and helpless stranger to the groundless suspicions of a vindictive faction. Loud and ominous murmurs from the crowd which composed the audience frequently interrupted his audacious denunciations. Silence having at length been enforced, the helpless lady was, with brief form, doomed to the scaffold. She was then reconveyed to prison, to await the next day's *fournée*, or batch of victims; and Duplessis rushed from the hall of death in wild distraction. There was but one resource left, and that he must without delay invoke.

At this period, a young Spanish lady, Dona Theresa Cabarus, otherwise Madame de Fontenay, reigned, by the influence of her dazzling beauty, supreme over the heart of Tallien, the dictator governing Bordeaux in the name of the Republic. All testimonies agree that this remarkable woman chiefly used her power to mitigate the ferocity of the decrees which would otherwise have decimated the devoted city. She was an angel of mercy to the unfortunate citizens of Bordeaux. According to the historian of the Girondists, "Tallien no longer desired power but that she might partake of it, grandeur but to raise her to it, glory but to cover her with it." This was the lady—"beautiful, brown woman," Carlyle calls her—whose letter, some months later, addressed to Tallien from the Paris dungeons, where she lay in hourly expectation of death, precipitated the fall of Robespierre, by determining Tallien to attack him in the Convention without delay.

With headlong haste Duplessis sought her residence. She was fortunately at home, having just returned from a drive; and with the help of a considerable bribe to the domestic in waiting, he obtained immediate access to her presence. She was seated on a sofa, attired fantastically, but not unbecomingly for her style of face and figure, in a light, classical Grecian costume. Duplessis threw himself at the feet of the all-powerful beauty, and with earnest eloquence besought her aid.

Dona Theresa seemed affected by his passionate appeal. She gently raised him, and motioned to a seat a few paces from her.

"This lady is very beautiful, I hear?"

"As the stars of heaven! As your own beauteous self!" added Duplessis with better tact, after a moment's pause, "though of a different type of loveliness."

"And you, captain, are a favoured wooer?"

Duplessis' cheek flamed involuntarily to hear the lady, whose image was crowned in his imagination with a halo of purity and grace, so glibly alluded to by La Cabarus; and he coldly replied, "A stranger, madame, and a widow but of yesterday, could be to me, or to any other honourable man, but as a sister."

Madame de Fontenay coloured, and a slight frown contracted her lustrous forehead.

"After all, Captain Duplessis, if the lady be, as the tribunal has decided, an *intrigante*, an emissary of Pitt, it would ill become either of us, as sincere friends of our glorious Republic, to aid her escape from the doom she has so recklessly incurred."

"Believe it not, madame," exclaimed Duplessis with wrathful energy. "She is as innocent as yourself of plotting against the Republic. She remained in Paris to smooth the pillow of her dying husband; and who will not admit that that is woman's highest, holiest duty?"

Awkward Duplessis! The ominous frown deepened, and a bright flush, certainly not arising from any pleasurable feeling, tinted the clear olive of Dona Theresa's complexion.

"I am afraid, Captain Duplessis," said she, rising, as if to terminate the interview, "that I cannot successfully interpose in favour of this person."

"Not successfully interpose, madame!" cried the captain, painfully aware that he had committed some blunder, but, from his ignorance of the lady's history, not certain of what kind. "Have I not heard that you are omnipotent with him whose will is fate in this unhappy city? Can it be that such transcendant beauty could plead *in vain* to any being of earth's mould? Impossible! And will you, whom the inhabitants of Bordeaux, of all ranks, degrees, and opinions, pronounce with one voice to be as heroically tender in heart and disposition as you are radiantly beautiful in person, hesitate to exercise that all-subduing power in behalf of a helpless being of your own sex, exposed to the cruelties of ruthless man?"

"Well, Citoyen Duplessis," replied Madame de Fontenay with a brilliant smile, "if you are not a successful lover, you, I am sure, deserve to be one. I will not disparage in your eyes the opinion the good people of Bordeaux have, you say, formed of me. The lady is safe, take my word for it, as if her foot already touched her native soil. Wait for me here. Representative Tallien resides but two doors off: I shall return in a few minutes."

Duplessis poured forth a torrent of incoherent thanks, amidst which the senora gracefully sailed out of the apartment.

She was some time absent, and when she returned, Duplessis, judging from the excited expression of her glowing countenance, feared that some difficulty had arisen which she had not been able to surmount.

"Alas, madame, all is, I fear, lost!"

"Reassure yourself, Monsieur Duplessis. There has been considerable difficulty, in consequence of the peremptory instructions from Paris regarding

this lady; but I am not accustomed to sue in vain. Here is the order for Madame Arlington's liberation. It were well she departed at once. You do not accompany her?"

"No, generous lady; I remain to share the fortunes of the Republic. May He, madame, whom so many of us are too apt in these times to disregard, bless and reward you for this holy deed!"

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Mrs. Arlington was at liberty. As Duplessis, after leaving Madame de Fontenay's house, was hastening towards the prison, he was accosted by a man having the appearance of a tradesman, who informed him that Annette Vaudry had sailed a few hours previously for England. Important as was this intelligence, he was at the moment too much agitated to yield it the attention it deserved. Neither could he afterwards remember the man's name; nor, indeed, whether he had been told it. Mrs. Arlington, as well as himself, concluded he was a relative of Annette, deputed to communicate the news of her departure; and the subject was with some effort dismissed from both their minds.

"Captain Duplessis," said Mrs. Arlington in a voice full of emotion, as she stood, late on the following evening, on the deck of a large fishing-vessel, hired at an enormous price—the produce of some jewels she had successfully concealed in her dress—"I have no words to express the deep gratitude I feel for your generous, your heroic kindness towards me; but if, when this unhappy war shall have terminated, you visit our shores"— The death-like paleness of the features of Duplessis flushed with a sudden hectic, and he gazed with burning eyes upon her face. "If," she continued, slightly averting her head—"if you should then visit England, be assured that nothing that I or my relatives could do to testify our esteem, our gratitude, our respect"—

A deep sigh arrested her words, and she paused in painful embarrassment. The sudden light had faded from the young officer's face, and he was again deadly pale. The coldness of the lady's manner, more than her words, had chilled and disenchanted him.

"A dream, madame," he rejoined in a low, sad voice, "in which it were mere folly to indulge. My best hope is to forget, if forgetfulness be yet possible, the brief, bright vision which has glanced across my path. Farewell! May all good angels guard and bless you!" He jumped into the boat which was in waiting alongside, and was swiftly rowed ashore. A few minutes afterwards, the fisher-vessel was gliding down the Garonne on its course to the Bay of Biscay, where it was hoped a British vessel might be met with, which would take Mrs. Arlington on board; but failing which, the master was bound, at all risks and hazards—so ran the bargain—to make for the nearest English port.

Duplessis watched the receding vessel as long as a speck of its white sails remained visible from the quiet, solitary shore. The scenery around, above him—the pale, silent town—the waving trees—the glancing river, gemmed with the diamond kisses of the glowing stars, reposed in the light, murmuring slumber of a bright southern winter night. Gradually it seemed that the calm beauty of the universe stole in upon and stilled the troubled beatings of his fevered heart and brain. But not from waving tree, nor glittering star-fire, nor glancing river, flowed that soothing calm. Its well-spring was in his own heart, and the holy peace of the exterior world but mingled with and heightened it. The poignant sense of pain and desolation which the lady's

coldness, sweeping across his wounded spirit, had occasioned, yielded insensibly to the tranquillizing, elevating consciousness of having fulfilled a great and holy duty. The day would come, was indeed, he felt, already dawning, when, like a hurt received by a veteran in some great battle, the agony of the wound forgotten, the scar would alone remain to testify that he had participated in the strife and victory. "Ay," he mentally exclaimed, as, on re-entering the town, a showy carriage, containing Tallien and the brilliant Dona Theresa, flashed by, "the time will come, triumphant lady, and that speedily—for this mad anarchy cannot long endure—when the false glare of a vain prosperity, by which you are now dazzled and misled, will vanish as suddenly as it has arisen, to be succeeded by black misfortune and disgrace. Then, oh lady, will the deeds of mercy which you have scattered over your wild, eccentric path, alone remain to shine upon and cheer the else thick darkness. Be prodigal of them, lady, in these your days of power and pride, scatter them with unstinting hand; and then, when all else is lost to you, they will return and illumine with perennial radiance any lot, how dark soever, which may await you in this changing world."

## III.

The man who accosted Duplessis, and announced Annette Vaudry's departure for England, was Pierre Duclos, a working jeweller by ordinary profession, but, since the Revolution had practically abolished those appendages to luxury and *cullotism*, a zealous public-safety-committee-man, at forty sous a day. His wife, Marie Duclos, was a distant relative of Annette; and it was consequently in his house that she sought shelter for herself and the child confided to her. Her fair-speaking relatives easily obtained the confidence of the simple-hearted woman; and Pierre readily undertook the very difficult, as well as perilous task, of negotiating her passage to England. The gold and jewels with which she had been intrusted, Annette, in the guileless pride of her heart, exhibited as an unmistakeable proof of the trust reposed in her by the foreign lady whom she so loved and mourned. The glittering treasure elicited one irrepressible flash of hell-fire from Duclos' eyes; and then, as if afraid of betraying himself, he jumped up from his chair, and hastily quitted the room.

The only surviving child of Pierre and Marie Duclos was a pretty, interesting girl of about nine years of age, named Valérie. In her was centered all of kindliness of heart, all of healthy moral life which long and impatiently-borne adversity, with other demoralizing influences peculiar to the time, had left them. Valérie was the sole oasis which shone upon them from amidst the dread sterility of the past, or relieved the bleak mistiness of the future—the only object which in this world or the next they contemplated with either joy, or hope, or fear. They had both—but the husband more especially, for in woman the divine instincts of faith and love are perhaps never wholly obliterated—accepted with sullen indifference the sad dogmas through which the fanatics of that period proffered to man a safe equality with brutes in lieu of a possibly-perilous immortality. These changes had been chiefly wrought in them since Annette had left Bordeaux. Had she been aware of her relatives' moral condition, she would in all probability have preferred taking up her abode with persons somewhat less untrammelled with old-

world prejudices than they. Pierre's look, when she displayed the money and precious stones, somewhat disquieted her, but the half-discovery came too late.

On the same night that Mrs. Arlington quitted the shores of France, and at about the same hour, Pierre and Marie Duclos sat down to a supper of much greater profusion than they had for several years been accustomed to. The husband ate heartily, but the wife, after one or two efforts to follow his example, pushed the piled plate from before her with an expression of impatience and disgust. The mind of Madame Duclos seemed, judging from her restless demeanour and changing countenance, strangely ill at ease. Presently she started up, and paced hurriedly up and down the apartment, pausing occasionally to listen at the door which shut in the stair leading to the room where slept Annette Vaudry, Valérie, and little Julia Arlington. She was rather a well-looking woman, of about six-and-thirty years of age; but the unquiet expression of her large, dark southern eyes too plainly intimated that peace dwelt not with the spirit which gleamed through them. At last she stopped in her agitated walk, hastily swallowed a draught of wine, sat down, and resumed the conversation her rising had interrupted, in the same low undertone as before.

"What have you done with the—the *médecine*, Pierre?"

"Here it is, Marie. Believe me, it is the only genuine elixir for the woes of life, and silent, but unerring guide to the regions of eternal repose."

"Hush! Speak lower, Pierre. Annette is perhaps by this time awake. I will step and see."

Madame Duclos was some time gone, and when she re-entered the room, her face was paler, her agitation even more violent than before. Her husband again handed her wine, which she eagerly swallowed. It appeared to somewhat calm her, and she sat down.

"*Must* this be done, Pierre? Is there no hope for us save in this dreadful deed?"

"None—none—none!" replied Duclos gloomily. "Even this supper has been purchased with part of the money given me to secure her passage. And what is there in such an act that should startle us? The guillotine daily shears away, amid the applause of all good patriots, the lives of scores of persons, unoffending, harmless, and innocent as she"—

"You should see Valérie, Pierre," said the wife, interrupting his scarcely heeded reply; "you should see Valérie asleep with that beautiful child embraced in her white arms. Their sweet lips touch each other, and they look in the bright moonlight like two angelic spirits sent down from heaven to teach all who look upon them the loveliness of innocence and truth. Oh, Pierre! you and I were children once, as pure, as innocent as they, and now— Oh God, to think that Valérie, perhaps through our example, may become as wretched and as lost as we!"

"Is it not mainly for the sake of Valérie," rejoined Duclos, "that we have resolved upon the deed which you now so strangely boggle at? Would you see *her* houseless, a beggar, cast perhaps a few years hence upon the streets"—

"No—no—no! But oh, Pierre, if but a part of what used to be told us in the abolished churches should, after all, prove true, and this crime-purchased wealth become not a blessing, but a curse not only to us, but to her!"

"Mere superstitious folly, Marie. I hoped these dreams of a barbarous age had been banished from the minds of all reasonable beings. Do you think the enlightened patriots now occupied in regenerating France have not well weighed all such matters in their powerful minds? What said Tallien but yesterday at the banquet of Fraternity:—'The journey of life is over a vast plain teeming with flowers and fruits, for the delight and sustenance of the wayfarers, who, if they are wise, will gather and enjoy them as quickly as they may; for ever nearer and nearer to them gather the moving sands of fate and chance, which a little sooner or a little later will inevitably roll over them, and of their graves make new and smoother paths for succeeding generations—all destined, like their predecessors, to flutter for a while in the sunshine, and then sink into a dreamless slumber, from which no archangel's trump, as priests have fabled, shall ever waken them.'"

"Wo! wo! if it indeed be so, to the wayfarers—for those especially who are mothers, doomed never to behold again their little ones, untimely snatched from their embraces into eternal night, never, never, never to behold them more!"

"Ay, Marie, it is even so. The inscription placed over our new cemeteries—'DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP'—bids us enjoy"—

"The saddest, mournfullest sentence," interrupted Madame Duclos with tremulous tones, "ever written on the gate of death! It was not till the dread creed which it imbodies had cankered itself into my heart and brain, that Marie and Edouard, though so long since laid in their quiet graves, really died to me"—

"Take another cup of wine, Marie," said Duclos, in his turn breaking in upon his partner's discourse: "you are not yourself to-night. There, that will do more to fortify you against imaginary terrors than all the preaching in the world. This philosophy, I say, this religion of men who refuse to be dupes, bids us enjoy, at every cost, the present life; commands us to seize, in the best way we can, all the means of happiness which chance may place within our reach. A golden opportunity now presents itself, and, thanks to our emancipation from childish prejudices, we shall seize it, and thus extricate ourselves, extricate Valérie, from the gulf of poverty into which we have fallen."

He paused, but his wife not replying, he continued, still in the same low cautious tones in which the conversation had been throughout maintained:—"The money intrusted to Annette, with the jewels, of the value of which you know I am a good judge, will amply suffice to establish us handsomely in business at Paris, as soon as order is restored, and then what but a life of comfort and luxury awaits us? Valérie, instead of being a miserable outcast, earning scanty bread by miserable, ill-requited toil, will have her fine talents cultivated, and will shine forth an ornament of the circles she must otherwise serve for coarse food and insufficient raiment."

Madame Duclos' countenance gradually assumed, under the combined influence of the wine and her husband's sophistries, a less pallid and unquiet aspect. A silence of several minutes succeeded the last speech, broken at last by the wife—"She will not suffer much, Pierre?"

"Not at all: she will sleep, and not wake again—nothing more."

"Hélas! Only for Valérie: truly, as you say, this grinding burden of poverty—which the Revolution was to cure, but has not—becomes heavy and crushing in proportion to the number of loved ones who help to bear

it. Pierre, promise me once more that Valérie shall never be corrupted—enlightened as I have been"—

"I do promise, Marie. Hark! you are called."

Madame Duclos rose and tottered towards the door. The summons was repeated, and she ascended the stairs. She soon reappeared.

"Annette is awake. The pain in her side is a little easier, but she wishes to take the medicine at once—in some wine."

"Good—excellent! Pour some into this cup. Morbleu! you waste it half: give it me."

"Pierre," said the wife in a hoarse whisper, "no harm must befall the child. We will rear it tenderly"—

"As you will; but be quick."

Madame Duclos took the cup mixed by her husband, and made two or three steps towards the door, then stopped irresolutely, and replaced it on the table.

"I cannot give it her, Pierre: I should betray myself."

"Then place it by her side; that will do. You do not need a light."

The hellish errand was at last accomplished. The half-slumbering woman swallowed the potion, and then, murmuring thanks to the wretch, who watched her from the half-opened door, sank back upon the pillow. Was it fancy, or did Valérie's soft eyes unclose, and for an instant rest upon her guilty, trembling mother? Duclos and his wife crept stealthily—as if they feared the very sound of their footsteps might betray them—to bed, to sleep, if sleep be possible.

The same silver glory of the night which diffused a healing calm over Duplessis' wounded spirit, and shed its holy, sanctifying light upon the chamber where Innocence and Death reposed, streamed into the room where Remorse and Crime crouched, shuddered, dreamed, only to light it up with a fiercer, brighter terror, in which shadows, woven of the murderers' labouring brain—indistinct, indeed, but terrible—waved their serpent-hair, and shook their fiery whips! Oh, most unhappy pair! What if the sleep ye fondly deem eternal be broken by such dreams as these!

But the terrors of the night are past. It is broad, bright day: and the all-seeing heavens blab not to mortal ears of the deeds they have looked upon. The widowed Mrs. Arlington is fairly on her way to her distant, unchilded home: Duplessis is off to the northern frontier, and will soon be engaged in death-grapples with the foes of France: the deep waters of the Garonne float over the corpse of Annette Vaudry. Surely, then, thou enriched, triumphant Duclos, mayest safely laugh at the notion that there exists a Power capable of reuniting those wide-sundered strands, and weaving of them thy web of destiny!

## IV.

Nine years of fratricidal strife had passed heavily away when the peace, or rather the truce of Amiens, afforded the wearied, trampled world a few months' breathing time. Mrs. Arlington had remarried, and was now Lady Ormsby. Duplessis had attained the rank of general. Time had swept over both of them with healing wings, assuaging the mother's grief for her child,

supposed to have perished with Annette Vaudry at sea, and filling the aching void in the soldier's heart with a new idol—glory! But what had the strong hours done for the Duclos family?—what had the seasons in their change brought *them?*

All, it should seem, that, in the dark days of adversity, they had pined and sinned for—competence, wealth, luxury; the consideration and esteem of the world; a respected position in society—all these they possessed. M. Duclos, the goldsmith and jeweller of the Rue Vivienne, was recognised by the *élite* of the Paris *bourgeoisie* as a thoroughly respectable citizen; his wife as a pattern of grave, conjugal propriety; and his only child, the pretty light-hearted Valérie—already contracted to Auguste le Blanc, eldest son of the Sieur le Blanc of the Boulevard des Italiens, one of the richest notaries of Paris—as the most charming and amiable of daughters. Happiness, then, if happiness consist in the things they so eagerly desired, is obtained, however foully played for. One would suppose so; and yet it can scarcely be content and peace that have so early changed the thick, black tresses of the wife to scanty gray, and stamped those heavy furrows on the husband's haggard face! Why, too, do they start with such quick terror, if strangers suddenly accost them? Do they tremble lest the Garonne should give up its dead—for how else can accusation reach them? "These fears," they continually repeat to each other, "are childish and absurd. No eye but ours looked upon the deed; and the body of the victim has been long since resolved into the elements. Thus impenetrably shielded from retribution, why should we permit ourselves to be haunted by such shadowy terrors?" Why, indeed? There appeared no logical reason that it should be so; and yet those shadowy terrors, illogical as they may be, all their fine reasoning could not dissipate nor scare away. They, on the contrary, daily, nightly grew and strengthened; sat at table with them, accompanied them even in their noontide walks, crept with them to bed, suggesting such fantasies! .... Oh, Duclos, what were the inflictions of toil, hunger, cold, compared to the tortures of such nights as these!

The love of both father and mother for their graceful Valérie had also grown and strengthened, until it amounted almost to idolatry. The only happiness they knew—and that but fitful and evanescent—was in contemplating hers. Scrupulously had they concealed from her the creed of despair by which their own minds had been dwarfed and perverted—their own lives stained and debased. Valérie at least should have a future, if but an ideal one. Existence should not be with her an avowedly objectless journey ending in a tomb. So natively good and kind was the disposition of Valérie, that even the doting indulgence which anticipated and gratified every whim or wish she formed, failed of corrupting her unselfish nature. Gentle, pious, affectionate, gay-hearted, she shed a light of gladness around her which mitigated, if it could not subdue, the gloom which—Valérie's only grief—constantly enshrouded her parents.

The deep tenderness and love which Valérie had always manifested for the beautiful orphan, who had dwelt with them since the sad death of Annette Vaudry, was one of the most amiable traits of her character. Julia or Julie, as she was called—she passed with the world as Valérie's cousin—who was now more than twelve years of age, gave promise of a beauty as radiant and exquisite as that of her mother, and her talents for drawing, music, even dancing—that apparently intuitive faculty of Frenchwomen—were far supe-

rior to her own; but not one emotion of jealous inferiority ruffled the placid bosom of Valérie. On the contrary, one of her chief pleasures was to dilate upon the fresh graces and beauties which, according to her, were daily springing up and expanding in her beloved companion and protégée. Happy was it for Julie to be so loved by one so potent in the household as Valérie. Both husband and wife, but Pierre Duclos especially, instinctively dreaded and disliked her. "How," he would frequently mutter, "how can we hope for peace while that living memorial of the past haunts us with her accusing presence? If Valérie were not so bound up in her"— And then evil thoughts would flit across his brain, analogous to the dark patches which hurry athwart a menacing sky, harbingers and portions of the thick blackness which will soon shut out the heavens. The suggestions of his clouded mind did not as yet fortunately harden into shape and action; and Julie, nestled and sheltered in the arms of Valérie, slept in peace and safety.

Julie had been told by Valérie that she was the daughter of English parents of high degree, one of whom—so Annette Vaudry had said—was buried at Père la Chaise; and the other had perished by the guillotine at Bordeaux. One of the favourite haunts of the two friends was to that picturesque burial-garden, to shed tears and scatter *immortelles* upon an unmarked grave, which, from certain evidence extracted from the good-natured guardians of the place—not perhaps of much value in a court of law, but more than sufficient for minds willing to be deceived—they believed to be the earth's resting-place of Julie's father, Mr. A. More than the first letter of his name they knew not. If Annette had ever mentioned the name to Valérie, she had forgotten it. Monsieur and Madame Duclos of course affected equal ignorance. Indeed, any allusion to the subject was rigorously, and, even to Valérie, menacingly interdicted. The initial letter was found on the fly-leaf of an English Book of Common Prayer taken out of Annette's box, at the foot of some tender lines evidently addressed to her infant daughter by Julie's mother, previous to setting out upon what they deemed had proved her fatal journey to Bordeaux. Those lines, now almost obliterated by frequent tears—of little consequence, as every letter was deep-graven upon Julie's heart and memory—were subscribed "Julia A." The brilliant castles in the air that Valérie would build for her young friend on returning from these votive excursions! How some day, now that peace was proclaimed, and in some way not very distinctly mapped out, Julie's grand relations were to be discovered. Julie, of course, proving to be one of the very grandest of grand Miladis, possessed, like all Miladis, according to juvenile French notions, of millions upon millions of guineas—those all-powerful guineas with which the terrible Pitt so cruelly beat and sank the French navies, and, worse than all, the gentle Valérie sighed to think, strove to blow up the First Consul—besides innumerable castles all now desolate, and waiting to fire off all their guns on their lost mistress's arrival. Then how, after Julie had taken possession, and been crowned a Miladi in Westminster Hall, or St. Paul's church—Valérie did not pique herself upon precise historical accuracy—she would return to delightful France, and build a splendid château near Paris, so as to be able to reside near that city of delights at least six months out of every year; and ultimately—there could be no doubt upon this point—marry the handsomest son of the brave French officer— Ah, if they only knew *his* name!—who, according to Annette, so gallantly, but, alas, so vainly, risked his life to save that of

her mother! Such were Valérie's innocent and unselfish day-dreams of Julie's future lot. On returning home one evening from this favourite walk, they found Monsieur and Madame Duclos in a state of great agitation; and the first address to them was a harsh command that, for the present at least, Julie should on no account leave the house without either Monsieur or Madame Duclos' especial permission, nor even enter the front shop. She must confine herself strictly to the back apartments and garden. This strange prohibition, dictated, they hinted, solely in Julie's interest, Valérie warmly but ineffectually remonstrated against, as an act of unjustifiable caprice and cruelty. For once her parents were deaf even to *her* pleadings; and, accompanied by Julie, she withdrew in sorrowful indignation to her chamber.

No wonder that Monsieur and Madame Duclos exhibited symptoms of unusual alarm and agitation. For some time past, the daily more and more striking resemblance of Julie to her mother—they had both seen her when before the revolutionary committee at Bordeaux—had given form and substance to the undefined terrors by which they were inexorably pursued; and an incident which occurred about half an hour previous to the return of Valérie and her companion from their evening walk had, like a flash of lightning suddenly revealing to a benighted traveller the abyss upon which he is advancing, placed in an instant before their eyes the extent and imminence of the peril by which they were menaced. General Duplessis was returned to Paris, and had twice, on horseback, paced slowly before their shop, gazing in as he passed with an expression which sent their blood in tumultuous eddies through their veins. This officer who, Duclos was aware, had been made prisoner by the English, but had strangely obtained his almost immediate release by exchange, had, several years before, made minute inquiries at Bordeaux, doubtless by the instigation of Madame Arlington, and had, in consequence, traced him to Paris, and there called upon him for explanations relative to the sailing of Annette Vaudry for England. The answers, long before prepared, had been apparently satisfactory; but what if the general—whom the peace had again brought to Paris, and who, being on the First Consul's staff, would doubtless remain there—chanced to see Julie? That, indeed, were ruin! Great numbers of English visitors were also crowding to France, and was it not probable, nay, almost certain, that Madame Arlington would come over and personally institute a more minute and searching investigation? And if Julie were seen and interrogated, what would become of the plausible story he had told of her embarkation with Annette in Jacques Bazire's vessel, fortunately lost with all hands on board in the very nick of time? The danger was palpable, imminent, and must, at all hazards and sacrifices, be provided against. In the mean time, one evident precaution suggested itself: Julie must be strictly confined within the house, at all events until a renewal of the war—not a very remote probability, according to generally-accredited rumour—should again chase the English from the soil of France, and recall Duplessis to the frontiers.

The conference of Duclos and his wife was that night long and gloomy, and bitter words of reproach and recrimination, now no unusual occurrence, passed between them. "Safety alone in another crime does he say?" murmured Madame Duclos as she left the room. "Alas! alas! a fresh serpent wreathed about the heart will yield peace as readily as a new crime will safety!"

"Oh, why do you weep, *chère mère?*" said Valérie, embracing her mother, who, thinking she slept, was bending over her in tearful agony. "Why, always when Julie and I sleep together, do you come in, separate us gently, but with averted head, as if you could not bear to see us slumbering in each other's arms, and then silently weep, as if your very heart would break? Often, often, mother, have I watched you whilst pretending to sleep. Oh, mother, tell me, tell your own Valérie, what hidden grief it is that so disquiets you?"

"Am I not soon to lose you, Valérie?" replied the agitated woman: "is not that a cause for tears?"

"Lose me, mother! Ah, now you are jesting. Is, then, the Boulevard des Italiens so far from the Rue Vivienne? And must not a long twelvemonth elapse before even that slight separation can take place? You, too, kind and dear mother, who have permitted Auguste to solicit his father, because you think your health is failing, to abridge that delay one-half. Oh no, it is not that! Forgive me, dear mother, if I offend you, for you have often bidden me never to mention the subject, but I remember that when Annette Vaudry came to our house in the Faubourg of Bordeaux, that"—

"What, what do you remember?" gasped Madame Duclos as her daughter paused, frightened at the wild expression of her mother's face.

"Only, dear mother—oh, do not look so strangely at me, I do not mean to offend you; but I remember how poor, how very poor we then were, and I have sometimes thought that father may not now be so rich as he is supposed to be."

"Nonsense, my child: your father is even richer than he is believed to be. Now, love, go to sleep: good-night;" and kissing her daughter fervently, the mother left the room.

Valérie, as she sank back with a sigh upon her pillow, slightly disturbed by the motion the sleeping Julie, who turned murmuringly towards her. "How beautiful she is," thought Valérie; "and as true and gentle as beautiful. But, ah me! I fear neither father nor mother love her as she deserves to be loved; and when I am gone, perhaps— At all events, I shall be always near her; and Auguste says if she is unhappy, she shall come and live with us. Dear Auguste!"—and with the thoughts suggested by that name mantling about her heart, the gentle maiden sank to sleep.

## V.

Time wore on; the truce of Amiens was rapidly drawing towards a close, and Duclos' long ill-humour was sensibly abating, when one day, just as he was leaving his counting-house to partake of dinner, an English lady and gentleman, evidently persons of condition, entered the shop, accompanied by General Duplessis. "Is the master of this establishment within?" demanded that officer of one of the assistants. He was answered in the affirmative. "Then have the goodness to inform him that General Duplessis wishes to see him."

Lucky for Duclos was it that he had arisen from his seat and approached the window overlooking the shop just as the strangers entered. He thus obtained a few minutes' time to rally his startled energies. He recognised

Julie's mother in an instant. Time had not in the slightest degree dimmed that brilliant loveliness; and the shade of melancholy regret which rested changefully upon it, but increased its fascination. Duclos intuitively guessed the errand of his ominous visitors. "They had doubtless been making renewed inquiries at Bordeaux. Yet what had he to fear? What evidence could be brought against him? The jewels had been all long since reset in a manner to defy recognition, and disposed of. Detection by that means was impossible. Why, then, need he disquiet himself? There was no cause for apprehension—none, positively none, if Julie could be kept out of sight. There lay the peril: he had long felt so; and but for Valérie, and his panic-stricken wife, would have long since"—

The entrance of the shopman to announce the general's message interrupted his hurried soliloquy. "Tell him I will wait on him immediately," replied Duclos, without turning his face to the man. He then went to a cupboard, poured out, with trembling hands, a large glass of spirits, and hastily swallowed it. Colour came gradually back to his pallid cheek, and he walked with tolerably steady steps into the shop.

"We wish to speak with you privately, Monsieur Duclos," said the general.

Duclos immediately led the way to his counting-house. He placed three chairs for Lord and Lady Ormsby and the general, and remained standing himself, as if respectfully awaiting their commands.

"Monsieur Duclos," said the general, with brusque military curtness, "you told me, when I called on you three years ago, that Annette Vaudry, with this lady's daughter, embarked at Bordeaux for England in Jacques Bazire's vessel, which, past question, you well knew foundered in the bay. Now we have every reason to believe that this story of yours is absolutely false."

"False, General Duplessis!"

"False, Monsieur Duclos! You told me you paid the large sum agreed upon for the passage-money to Jacques Bazire the day before he sailed. Now his wife persists that she never heard of any negotiation by any person with her husband for such a purpose; that when he sailed, he had no intention whatever of going to England; and that, moreover, the stores on board were nothing like sufficient for such a voyage."

"The negotiation, general, was necessarily, as you must be aware, strictly private and confidential. Besides, Jacques Bazire was, if possible, to put his passengers on board a cruiser in the bay, then covered with them."

"Plausible, plausible, Monsieur Duclos," returned the general with the same rude curtness, "but not at all convincing to me, especially accompanied, as it is, by that nervous twitching at the corners of your mouth."

"General, you insult me."

"Perhaps so. Moreover, Bazire's family persist that if he had received such a sum of money as you say was paid to him, they must have known of it. He would not have taken it with him to sea; it is absurd to suppose so; and his family, at his death, were in a state of poverty almost amounting to destitution. You perceive, Monsieur Duclos, that a mystery hangs over the affair which you would do wisely to clear up; otherwise"—

At this moment, the door conducting to the inner apartment opened, and Madame Duclos, utterly ignorant of *who* it was detaining her husband from his dinner, entered to remind him that it had been for some time waiting for him. "Pierre," she began, with the handle of the half-opened door in her

hand, "the sooner you can"— when her eyes fell upon Lady Ormsby and General Duplessis. The words died on her tongue, and she stood gazing upon them in terrified amazement.

"What is there in this lady to scare you so, good woman?" said the general after a minute's pause.

Madame Duclos did not answer, but her bosom heaved tumultuously, and she caught at the door-post with her disengaged left hand for support.

"Marie," said Duclos, hurriedly approaching her, himself shaking with nervous terror, "I will come to you almost immediately."

"Yes—yes—yes," gasped his wife, partially recovering herself. "I know —I understand—I"— And with a great effort, she tottered back into the passage, closing the door after her.

"Very singular behaviour of your wife this, Monsieur Duclos," said General Duplessis, eyeing him sternly.

Duclos, after a few moments, stammered something about his wife being subject to fits; unheeded, however, by the general, who was conversing with Lord and Lady Ormsby in low and earnest tones. Duclos stood leaning with his arms upon his desk in a tumult of conflicting terrors.

"Monsieur Duclos," said General Duplessis, turning towards him, "it is right I should inform you that it is this lady's impression, I should rather say her *hope*, that Annette Vaudry, aided by yourself, has concealed herself, with the child confided to her, in order to be able to retain the very large amount of property imprudently intrusted to her. If this be so, I am desired to say that if the child be only restored, no harm shall happen to either of you; no question be asked respecting that property; and that a further large sum shall be paid *you*, if, by your means, the recovery of Mademoiselle Arlington should be effected."

Duclos was about to reply with renewed assurance—perceiving, as he instantly did, by the nature of the proposition, that neither Lady Ormsby nor the general had fallen upon the right scent—when a voice was heard from the inner apartments calling for assistance to Madame Duclos. It was Julie's voice; and at the same moment a light step was heard swiftly approaching along the passage towards the counting-house. Should it be Julie! Duclos shook like an aspen, and his very hair seemed to lift itself with sympathetic terror. The door opened: it was Valérie! The reaction of his blood flushed his face purple. "Well—well," he gasped.

"Mamma has fallen down in a fit, and blood is gushing from her mouth. Oh, come at once, papa."

Lord and Lady Ormsby rose immediately. "We shall see you again to-morrow, Monsieur Duclos," said General Duplessis. The three terrible visitors then withdrew, and Duclos, leaning heavily on his daughter's arm, tottered to his wife's assistance.

The next fortnight was spent in vain attempts on the part of General Duplessis and Lord and Lady Ormsby to frighten or bribe Duclos into compliance with their wishes. The jeweller had recovered his momently-shaken assurance; and, confident in their inability to bring any tangible accusation against him, defied alike menaces and prayers. He even threatened in his turn to prosecute them for defamation, should either presume to whisper any thing against his fair fame. Duclos was the more emboldened in this course, from the certainty that now existed of the immediate rupture of the

truce of Amiens, which must necessarily relieve him at once of the presence not only of Lord and Lady Ormsby, but of the far more formidable Duplessis. Be not so jubilant, oh, Duclos; the shadow of death, in which you have so long walked, still points, be assured, with its unerring finger towards a felon's bloody grave!

"I quite agree with you, Henri," said M. de Liancourt, to whom his nephew had been relating, during dinner, the substance of his fruitless interviews with the jeweller of the Rue Vivienne. "Much graver suspicion than Lady Ormsby seems to entertain attaches to this Duclos, notwithstanding his affectedly-indignant protestations and plausibilities. I have seen the daughter of whom you speak, at Le Blanc's, a patient of mine. His son, Auguste, is, I believe, contracted to her. She is a fair, graceful girl, of something more perhaps than eighteen years of age."

"Yes."

"She was no doubt living with them at Bordeaux; and if so, must have seen and probably conversed with Annette Vaudry."

"If foul play has been, as I suspect, practised towards the woman, that girl is, I am certain, ignorant of it. Her brow is too candid, too open and unclouded"—

"That I do not at all dispute, Henri," interrupted the uncle; "but she might unconsciously, if adroitly questioned, make revelations that would perhaps put us on the right track. Depend upon it, if Annette Vaudry was destroyed for the sake of the property intrusted to her, this young woman, then a girl of about nine years of age, must have been hoodwinked by some story or other, differing in all probability from that which these people would palm off upon you and Lord and Lady Ormsby."

"Possibly; but how to question her?"

"Leave that to me. I was at Le Blanc's yesterday, and I remember hearing that Valérie Duclos was to be there to-morrow, to witness the troops file past to the review in the Champ de Mars. I will drop in, *par hazard*, as it were, and seize a favourable opportunity of putting a few leading questions."

"Do so: and yet it seems hardly fair to render a child instrumental in her parent's destruction."

"Nonsense! Consult the jurisconsults upon the subject, and you will alter your opinion. But to change the topic: is it certain that war is about to recommence?"

"No question of it. The sword of Marengo will cut the knot which double-tongued diplomacy but the more entangles."

"*Peut-être!* But the sword, you will please to remember, is also double-edged; not unfrequently smiting the smiter. Did you notice—but of course you did, for with all your philosophy you see, when she is present, nobody else—how the eyes of the proud English beauty flashed with indignation and defiance as the First Consul poured forth his fiery denunciations of England to Lord Whitworth? No chance for you there, Henri, even were she not married to Lord Ormsby."

"Perfectly true, De Liancourt, and happily, for all you may fancy, I have long ceased even to wish that it were otherwise. The enthusiastic passion with which she inspired me, and but for which I doubt that the star of the Legion of Honour would now glitter on my breast"—

"It is true, then," interrupted the physician, "what Murat told Josephine the other day, that a lady's glove used to occupy the place now covered by that new bauble?"

"Perhaps so, though Murat was but a puppy to babble of it there. But what I would say is, that the delirious passion I once felt is sobered down to a sentiment of calm admiration and respect, illuminated and sanctified by the proud consciousness that I once rendered her, at some hazard to myself, an essential service; a service, however, which she more than repaid by her prompt and successful exertions, through her influential relatives, to extricate me from an English prison and restore me to freedom and a brilliant career in life."

"I am glad to hear you speak so, Henri, for I was afraid the wound cankered still. You reaped the reward of a generous action; and I firmly believe, though I don't go to church quite so often as I might, that there are few seeds cast upon this field of time which do not bring forth fruits, each after its kind, in due season. I greatly respect the lady myself; and we must endeavour, short as the time is, to discover and restore the lost child. *En attendant*, it is time for you to be off to Malmaison, and for me to attend to my *clientèle*.

## VI.

The gay city of Paris awoke the next day in the clear splendour of a brilliant morning of spring, and the feelings of the excited people were in harmonious accordance with the delightful season of flowers and sunshine. The streets, the boulevards, the squares, as the day wore on, flashed in the varied splendour of military pomp and pride. There was to be a grand review of troops in the Champ de Mars by the First Consul, followed by a ball in the evening at the Tuileries; and brilliant equipages, crowded with bevies of fair women; and mounted officers, fiery-hot with speed, as if bound upon a world's deliverance, dashed incessantly along in all the glory of lace, feathers, and stars. France was again about to cast her brilliant and victorious sword into the balance wherein trembled the destinies of nations; and who could doubt that a long career, thick strewed with wreaths and stars, and ending with a conqueror's diadem, awaited the as-yet-uncrowned chief of glorious France!

The British embassy had received their passports, and were hastily preparing for departure. Lord and Lady Ormsby intended to journey in Lord Whitworth's suite; especially as there were already whispers abroad of a design, afterwards carried into effect, of arresting the numerous English persons then in France, and detaining them as prisoners of war. General Duplessis had made his final adieus to Lord Ormsby and his disconsolate lady, fervently promising at the same time that no effort should be spared to effect the discovery of the lost child.

The sunshine and joyance of the day penetrated and lighted up with strange gayety the sombre abode of the Ducloses. Both husband and wife appeared in unwonted spirits, almost cheerful indeed. The danger, long dreaded, had been met, and successfully evaded. Lady Ormsby had either already left Paris, or was immediately about to do so, her suspicions apparently removed, and convinced, it should seem, of the fruitlessness of any

further search for her daughter: Duplessis, attached to the Consul's staff, would leave the next day for the Grand Army: there would now be ample leisure to devise some mode of safely disposing of the sole source of future danger—Julie. Valérie would soon be happily married, and then all necessary precautions taken, they might hope to sleep again at nights, and really enjoy the wealth they had purchased at so dear a price.

"Quick, Marie," exclaimed Duclos, addressing his wife; "this is a great holiday for us as well as for the rest of the world. The carriage will be at the door in a few minutes. A few rides in such glorious weather will soon restore your strength. The evil day, Marie, is past. This Providence, whose mysterious fingers you began to fear were busy sharpening the axe for our destruction, has, you see, either bungled the business, *or*, which is more probable, has never heard of our little affair!"

Madame Duclos sighed, and changed the conversation to a more agreeable topic.

"Valérie wishes to take Julie with her to the Le Blancs. There is no danger, Pierre, now in complying with her wish. The lady is as good as gone, and Duplessis will be too busy to heed any thing but the manœuvres and the Consul."

"*Peste!*" exclaimed Duclos, in an irritated tone; "I wish Valérie had not taken such a fancy to that girl."

At this moment Valérie, charmingly dressed in white, and her hair, as became a youthful *fiancée*, jewelled with pale spring flowers, entered the room with the elastic step and joyous aspect of youth and happy love. The parents looked with delighted eyes upon their graceful child. No wonder Auguste le Blanc should so eagerly petition for an earlier day than had been at first named for his union with that fair girl, so lustrous in her young joy and innocence!

"What do you say, *mon père;* that you wish I did not love so much our beautiful Julie? Ah, you cannot be serious!"

Pierre Duclos kissed the fair, clear brow of his daughter, and, evading her question, told her she might take Julie to the Le Blancs with her.

"Thanks, thanks, dear papa! O jour trois fois heureux! Adieu, *maman;*" and, embracing her mother, the light-hearted girl flew up stairs again, to hurry and assist Julie in her toilet.

The pomp and circumstance of the grand review had passed and repassed before M. Le Blanc's house, and the shadows of the trees which dotted the Boulevard had begun sensibly to lengthen, when M. de Liancourt, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, quietly glided into the apartment, and mingled with the gay party assembled there. Valérie and Auguste le Blanc were seated on an ottoman, somewhat apart from the rest of the company. There was a roseate blush on the maiden's cheek, and her lips were parted with a gratified smile; for her ear had been drinking in her lover's felicitations on having at last obtained his parents' consent to their more speedy union. Suddenly Julie, who was standing at the window, turned round and called Valérie to witness the passage of the First Consul, who, surrounded by a brilliant staff, was galloping towards the Tuileries. The action gave M. de Liancourt, who had been admiring the graceful elegance of her youthful figure, and the perfect Grecian outline of her head, a full view of her features; and he started with uncontrollable surprise. "It is doubtless, then,

as we suspected," he mentally exclaimed. "Annette has been sacrificed, and the child by some caprice preserved!"

The company began to separate, and De Liancourt, feeling he had not a moment to lose, approached Valérie.

"Paris, mademoiselle, has exhibited a brilliant spectacle to-day."

"*Magnifique!* No place in the world, Auguste says, could present scenes so imposing and so gorgeous!"

"Auguste is right. In only one feature is this glorious Paris, in my opinion, deficient: the river is scarcely worthy of the splendid quays and bridges which border and span it. If one of our southern rivers, the flashing Garonne, for instance, were substituted for the Seine, Paris would be perfect!"

"The Garonne! Oh, yes—how well I remember that glorious river. I am, you know, a native of the Gironde—of the immediate neighbourhood of Bordeaux, in fact."

"Of Bordeaux! Then perhaps, my dear young lady," rejoined M. de Liancourt in a low caressing voice, "either you or your parents may be able to give me some information respecting a person I am in search of, and of whom that young lady," pointing to Julie, "forcibly reminds me. This way, if you please, mademoiselle. Don't be jealous, Auguste; I will not detain your charming mistress more than a minute or two."

"If I am not greatly mistaken, my dear Mademoiselle Duclos," continued M. de Liancourt in the same silvery, insinuating tone, as soon as they had reached a recess at the further end of the apartment, "you can afford me information which will greatly increase the marriage-portion your worthy father means to bestow upon you. That young lady, Julie you call her, do you know any thing of her parents?"

"Alas, yes, monsieur! Her mother, an English lady, an *employée* of the terrible Pitt, was guillotined at Bordeaux. Her father died in Paris, and was buried, Annette told me, at Père la Chaise."

"Annette Vaudry?"

"The same: you knew her, then?"

"Yes. What has become of her?"

Valérie hesitated. Her father and mother had solemnly enjoined her never to speak of Annette, or she would endanger not only their safety, but that of Julie, who might be seized, and perhaps sacrificed as the child of a foreigner convicted of crimes against the Republic. For the same reason she knew her father had privately interred the body of Annette. But the "days of the Terror" had been long since past; and people now said that the Republic itself was about to be quietly got rid of. There could be no danger now; and if dear Julie could be benefited by any revelation she might make, restored to her relatives maybe, just, too, at the time when her own marriage would deprive the beautiful orphan of her best friend—

"Why do you hesitate, my dear young lady?" said De Liancourt soothingly, and as if he had divined her thoughts. "Would you not, if you could, promote the interests of your young friend?"

"Oh yes, indeed. Well, then, Annette Vaudry died at our house in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. Mamma gave her some medicine, which she desired should be obtained, and poor Annette never woke again after taking it. I slept with Julie in the same room, and chanced to wake up just as mamma had placed it by her side. My father buried her privately, for fear of those terrible revolutionists."

"Is this all you know, mademoiselle?" said the physician with averted head and in an agitated voice.

"Yes: except that in Julie's *livre de prières*—an English book—there are some lines addressed to her by her mother, signed Julia A."

"Enough, mademoiselle," said De Liancourt, turning again towards Valérie: "I am satisfied. You will be rejoiced to hear that I have every reason to believe I know the family to which your friend belongs. It is a very distinguished one. But as, mademoiselle, I *may* be mistaken, it will be better, in order that no possibly false expectations may arise, not to mention the matter at present either to her or to Monsieur Duclos. Adieu, mademoiselle; I shall see you again perhaps this evening; at all events, to-morrow."

"The infamous wretches!" murmured De Liancourt as he reached the street. "I pity this poor girl though sincerely; but it cannot be helped. Let me see: Miladi Ormsby and her husband are, I dare say, gone by this time; and where the deuse to seek Duplessis now? *Allons*, if I can find nobody else, a commissary of police is always to be had. But I doubt even now that we shall be able to convict the miscreants."

Valérie was overjoyed that her dear Julie would be restored at last to her country and friends. Her own happiness rendered her doubly generous. The contrast between her own felicity and Julie's adverse lot would no longer chequer and rebuke her joy in her own prospects. And what gladsome tidings she had to communicate to her parents! The consent of the Le Blancs to her more speedy union with Auguste, which she knew they both, but her mother especially, so much desired; and the discovery—for Valérie would not entertain, for all Monsieur Liancourt's warning, any doubt on the subject—of Julie's relatives. Rich milords no doubt, else why had an addition to her marriage-portion been hinted at? What a day of joy! what motives for thanksgiving! "Auguste," she added aloud, her sweet eyes humid with emotion, and placing her hand frankly in his, "we will go to church at early service to-morrow morning; it is quietest then, and my heart, *bien aimé*, is full."

When Valérie and Julie arrived at home, neither Monsieur nor Madame Duclos, nor any of the household, had returned from the Champ de Mars. They were both tired, Julie especially, and Valérie proposed that they should rest themselves, before changing their dresses, on the *canapé* or large sofa in the alcove at the end of the *salon*. She wished her mother to see the rich white Brussels lace veil Madame le Blanc had presented her with, previous to taking it off. They lay down on the canapé, Julie encircled in the arms of Valérie, and her drooping head reclined upon her shoulder, Valérie having first drawn and carefully closed the thick curtains, which, as is frequently the case in French houses, divided the alcove—occasionally used as a bedroom—from the rest of the apartment. "They will think we are not returned, *chère* Julie; and we shall afford them an agreeable surprise in more senses than one." Julie soon fell asleep in her friend's embrace, and Valérie contemplated with tender admiration the sweet features of the beautiful girl, kindled into almost seraphic loveliness by the golden sunset, which streamed in through the open casement. "If papa and mamma could see her now," she murmured, "surely they must love her, and treat her kindly when I am gone, should Monsieur de Liancourt's anticipation prove illusive. I will show her to them as she is."

## VII.

For about half an hour no sound was heard in the house but the soft lullaby sung by the gentle and happy Valérie over the angel sleeping in her arms. At length a key turned harshly in the lock of the front-door: Valérie knew it was her parents, as the servants of the establishment would enter by the back-way, and she instantly ceased her song, the last she was ever destined to pour forth on earth! Monsieur and Madame Duclos, having carefully refastened the door behind them, slowly ascended the stairs, and entered the salon.

"They are not returned," said Duclos in a querulous voice, as he supported his wife's feeble steps towards a couch. "Sit down, and let us talk over affairs quietly, now that we have a few minutes to ourselves. In the first place, what a dusty, scorching, altogether vexatious day it has been!"

"How Duplessis glared upon us, Pierre, as he rode by!"

"He did. There's mischief in that man; but I tell you, Marie—and some decision *must* be come to—the only instrument which he can wield to our injury is that wretched Julie. Would that she were in the same grave with Annette Vaudry!"

"Oh, Pierre, would that I, would that you, had never entered the path which has conducted us to this fearful strait! That we had died, if need be, of hunger and cold, rather than have purchased this living death by that inhuman deed!"

"The past, Marie, cannot be recalled."

"Alas, no! but it may perhaps be partially even yet atoned for. Let the lady have her child, and this miserable wealth, too, if she will, which neither cheers, nor warms, nor helps us."

"Why do you persist, woman," cried Pierre Duclos fiercely, "in these eternal and unavailing lamentations? They weary me. After all, it was your hand that administered the poison to Annette, not mine."

"And do *you* reproach me, Pierre, with the crime which you suggested, counselled, urged me to commit? Did you not mix the fatal cup, and spite"—

"Silence, woman! Hark! some one is knocking at the front-street door!"

They paused to listen, and as they did so, the curtain which shrouded the alcove suddenly opened in the centre, and Valérie, pale as despair, rigid as death stood before them!

Had the earth suddenly yawned beneath their feet and displayed the nethermost abyss, the horror of that moment could not have been surpassed. There stood glaring at each other those three unfortunates—stunned, overwhelmed, conscious only that a universe had crumbled at the feet of each, and that all for which they had lived, toiled, sinned, hoped and loved for, was lost! lost! lost! for ever lost!

"Valérie! at length gasped Duclos faintly, recovering from the shock, and staggering towards her with outstretched arms. "We did but jest, Valérie—but jest, dear Valérie—nought else"—

"Approach me not!" shrieked the wretched girl, shrinking with horror from him. "Touch me not! Oh God! God! God!" she continued, tossing her arms wildly in the air, "would that I had ne'er been born!"

The knocking at the outer door was repeated louder and more imperatively than before.

"Hark!" she exclaimed with frenzied eagerness; "hark! the ministers of vengeance are already at your heels. Fly, fly, wretched man! Fly, O wretched mother, from the doom about to burst upon you."

"You rave, Valérie! We did but jest, I tell you; and even were it otherwise, what evidence can be adduced"—

"Listen, murderer!" cried the maddened girl, springing forward and grasping him by the wrist, and at the same time casting off Julie, who, terrified and bewildered, clung to her gown. "Listen! *I, I*, your daughter, your Valérie, have betrayed you to the scaffold; have repeated the whole hideous lie which you palmed off upon me to De Liancourt; told him that *I* saw the fatal cup administered to Annette! Oh, now I comprehend it all, and a thousand things beside, so dark and bewildering before! And I tell you, he is already at the door with the officers of justice!"

Again the thundering summons echoed through the house, and a stern voice was heard to exclaim, "Ouvrez! De par la loi!"

"Mother, you hear!" shrieked Valérie, franticly clasping her mother's knees; "you hear, they demand admittance in the name of the law! Fly, fly from the scaffold your own child has raised for you!"

The mother moved not, spoke not. The fascination of sudden terror held her rooted to the spot in dumb amazement.

Once more the stern summons was repeated, and then followed the rending and crashing of wood. They were breaking down the door.

A wild imprecation burst from Duclos as he glared bewilderedly around, as if in search of some means of defence or escape. His brain was in a whirl; and he could no longer calculate or reason upon how far Valérie *could* have committed him.

"Silence, Pierre!" exclaimed Madame Duclos, recovering her speech; "and if you can, save yourself! Here, through this open casement! The next house is empty, and you can pass along, as you did yesterday in chase of the bird. The opening between the houses is not wide. Hasten! *my* hour is come, but you may yet escape. Imbecile," she continued with bitter emphasis, as her eye marked Duclos' progress along the sloping roof; "he does not even yet recognise the hand that has crushed us beneath the very idol we had set up in his stead. Ah," she exclaimed with a sudden shriek, "he has missed the leap! O God, forgive him!" She turned from the dread sight, sick to death, and, as she fell into her daughter's outstretched arms, the life-blood jetted forth in a copious and rapid stream. At the same instant the door burst open, and the room was filled by the officers of justice, followed by De Liancourt, Duplessis, and Lord and Lady Ormsby.

An hour afterwards, Valérie was alone with her mother. A confession, drawn up by the commissary of police, more for the sake of establishing the identity of Julie Arlington than for aught else, had been signed by the dying woman; and Julie, obliged to be torn from her beloved friend's arms by force, was already on her road to England.

No sound was heard in the room save the ticking of the *pendule*, reminding the expiring sinner how rapidly the few remaining moments left to her were passing away. "The foreign lady, Valérie," she murmured, "said, did she not, that she would provide for and shelter thee?"

"Yes; but oh, my mother! think not of me—I shall need no shelter—but of yourself think! oh, think, while it is yet time!" Valérie held a crucifix before the swiftly-glazing eyes of her dying parent: she did not appear to heed it: but at last a flash, as of parting intelligence, beamed forth from her upwardly-directed eyes; her hands were feebly joined together, and faintly murmuring, "Pardon, Dieu juste et tout-puissant, pardon!" she sank back, and expired.

The fall of Duclos was partially broken by an instinctive clutch at a flag hung out in token of rejoicing from one of the windows of the house towards which he had leapt. It was rent away by his weight, but the violence of his descent was materially arrested; and he fell, stunned, maimed, bleeding, but still alive, upon the pavement. A number of passers-by instantly gathered round; and while they were debating what had best be done with the sufferer, officers of police hurried up, and Duclos, still unconscious, was carried to a fiacre, and driven off to prison. Arrived there, a surgeon examined his hurts, prescribed the necessary remedies for reducing the swellings of his broken limbs, and without pronouncing any opinion upon the probable ultimate result, withdrew till the morning; and Duclos, who had fully recovered his senses, was alone with the dark silence.

Alone, but for the thronging shapes which his disordered imagination conjured out of the thick blackness by which he was surrounded: mocking fiends that hissed in his shrinking ears all that he might have been—all that he now was—all that might in the future, in the great "perhaps," await him. "Can it be," murmured the despairing wretch, pressing his outspread hands upon his eyes and forehead, as if to shut out those torturing fantasies, and still the palpitation of his throbbing brain—"can it be that the old creed of a superintending Providence is, after all, true? The grave has not indeed given up its dead to confront and convict me; and yet, how strangely has vengeance, perhaps death! dogged at my heels, and at last surprised and clutched me! No, no, no! it is impossible; it must be a mere dream of dotards! Life, life! this beloved life! to which one clings so eagerly even in the last extremity! Life, the crowning fact and achievement of a universe of atoms, have I not heard and read a thousand and a thousand times is but the necessary result of a particular organization of senseless matter, which, destroyed, disorganized, life perishes necessarily and eternally! . . . . The reasoning seems hardly so clear now as it once did. There should be priests of unbelief appointed; salaried professors of the creed of annihilation to sustain and console their votaries in these cold, dark moments."

The entrance of two persons with the embrocations and other appliances ordered by the surgeon interrupted his troubled communings. Their task occupied a considerable time; at the end of which an opiate was administered to the patient, and he sank into uneasy slumber.

He was awoke in the cold gray light of the morning by the entrance of a young man, one of the surgeon's assistants, with whom he had been slightly acquainted. His mind was calmer now; the agonizing pain of his wounds had entirely left him, and renewed hopes of life, of escape from the meshes of the blind, if iron law, flushed his haggard cheeks with a faint hectic, and partially relit his sunken eyes.

"Courage, Monsieur Duclos!" exclaimed the young man; "courage, mon ami. This little affair may not have so very bad a termination after all.

Monsieur Duval will be here in about an hour, and the operation will be over in a twinkling."

"Operation!"

"Parbleu! it is your only chance! Ah ça," continued the custom-hardened student, coolly lighting a cigar, and entirely heedless of his auditor's consternation, "that was an awkward business to come to light so unexpectedly; but as you are rich, and can fee the lawyers well, I think you have still a chance if you survive the operation. There is no *corpus delicti;* and whether your daughter's evidence, supported by Madame Duclos' dying confession, will remedy that defect, is, I should say, though I am not much versed in such matters, a nice point—a very nice point indeed."

"My wife!" gasped Duclos. "Is Marie dead?"

"Parbleu, to be sure she is; and here," added the young gentleman with a very discontented air, as he extinguished his cigar, and thrust what remained of it into his pocket, "comes Monsieur Duval, nearly an hour before his time."

"Is amputation inevitable?" demanded Duclos in a faint voice, as he watched the surgeon examine and count the bright instruments which one of the young men that accompanied him was ranging on a table that had been brought into the cell.

"I will tell you directly," replied the surgeon coldly, as, after ascertaining that nothing had been forgotten, he approached the pallet, and removed the bedclothes. The examination lasted but a few seconds. The covering was replaced, and M. Duval looked with stern meaning in the patient's face.

"There will be no operation required, Monsieur Duclos. Mortification, as I apprehended, has already supervened, and you have but a few hours to live."

A cry of uttermost despair burst from the miserable man, as he sprang up in the bed, and glared like a wild animal at bay at the unmoved surgeon.

"Edouard, put the instruments carefully up. Shall I send you a priest, Monsieur Duclos?" Duval added with a slight sneer. "They are re-established, you know."

The only answer was a yell of agony from the wretched being, as he fell back on his pillow, and buried his face in the bedclothes. A minute afterwards, Duclos was again alone with the dread silence, and within the now visible shadow of death. The shadow grew and deepened, and in a few hours the silence of mortality had become eternal.

"A terrible but not utterly hopeless parting of an immortal, but stained and defaced soul," writes De Liancourt in his diary, from which much has been already quoted, "for there mingled with his dark fancies wailing expressions of repentance and remorse, and trembling hope, awakened doubtless by the tones of a sweet angel-voice which in those last moments, as throughout his life, alone had power to soothe and calm his gloomy and perturbed spirit."

Auguste Le Blanc, ignorant of the calamity that had befallen him, repaired in the morning to the early service of the church of Saint Rocque. Valérie had been there, the old *quêteuse* told him, about an hour before, had said her prayers, and departed. With a beating heart the lover hastened to the Rue Viviesne. He did not see Valérie; but as he turned homewards with dizzy brain and reeling step, he no longer wondered that the flowers and blossoms, worn yesterday with so much modest pride, were now

scattered, faded, and scentless at the feet of the Christ. The world he felt had closed on Valérie.

Even so! Within a month of the death of her parents, Valérie Duclos entered a convent of the strictest order, distant about twenty miles from Paris. The property her father died possessed of was transferred to one of the Paris hospitals.

"I have frequently attended," remarks De Liancourt, "the chapel of the Benedictine Convent when it was opened upon occasions of high church festival, attracted chiefly, if not solely, by the interest excited in me by the gentle, pure-minded daughter of Duclos. I seldom saw her, and but once, I think, spoke to her; but I could always recognise the tones of her sweet, patient voice in the beseeching choral harmonies which at intervals of the service arose from the veiled nuns; and I knew that the winged canticle, as it went up to heaven, ever bore with it the soul-supplication of that meek, guileless trusting child for the guilty, but still loved, authors of her being. Long after the public worship had concluded, the silent prayer ascended from the self-immolated votary, kneeling in unclouded faith, hope, charity, before the altar of the Saviour, whose loving, pierced hands are, as she believed, ever stretched forth to bind up the broken heart, to heal the bruised spirit. I was present on the day when Valérie, having concluded her novitiate, finally separated herself from the world. The irrevocable words were pronounced amidst the hush of a numerous congregation, attracted by the sad story of her trials and her virtues; and I, for one, felt that a purer, a holier sacrifice had never been offered on the altars of the religion of sorrow, of hope, and love."

## VIII.

About eleven years after these events, and only two days after peace had again unsealed the ports of France, an English travelling-carriage, containing Lord and Lady Ormsby and Miss Arlington, was driving with hot speed along one of the principal highways of that country. It drew up at the gate of a convent.

"Am I too late?" said the younger lady, addressing the superior of the convent, who had been apparently expecting her.

"I think not, mademoiselle; but you have not a moment to spare. Follow me."

The superior or abbess of the convent led the way, and Miss Arlington, passionately weeping, followed. "There," said the guide, pointing to one of the dormitories, "there is your friend:—she desired to see you alone." An instant afterwards, the long-sundered companions were in each other's arms.

"Valérie, beloved friend and sister, do I arrive but to behold you thus?"

"Thou kind, beautiful Julie!" replied a sweet voice, most musical, though scarcely louder than a whisper, while a smile, reflected from the angel-faces bending in love over that holy death-scene, illuminated the pale, wasted features of the speaker—"how could I be found in a more blessed state than in sight of heaven, and encircled in those dear arms?"—The smile did not pass away; and Julie, fearing to disturb her by a breath, continued to hold her in her mute embrace. The superior, who had followed with noiseless

steps, at length touched her arm: "Your Valérie is in heaven! She waited but to bid you farewell."

Valérie had frequently expressed a wish to be buried by the side of her unhappy parents, who, thanks to the energetic influence exercised by Duplessis and De Liancourt, had been interred in the consecrated ground of Père la Chaise. This religion of the tomb—felt and acknowledged by all, but chiefly by gentle and loving natures—which seeks to reunite within the circle of the grave the sundered kindred and friends of life, was of course readily complied with. She sleeps beneath a simple marble monument, erected to her memory by her beloved Julie, which bears only her baptismal name, and the expression of a prayer, which, during life, the superior said, was ever on her lips or in her thoughts:

"AGNUS DEI QUI TOLLIS PECCATA MUNDI MISERERE NOBIS."

The tall cross by which the tomb is surmounted flings in the calm evening sunlight its consecrating shadow over the plain slab by its side, and *immortelles* cast by the hand of affection or of reverence upon the daughter's grave fall, not unfrequently, upon the last resting-place of Pierre and Marie Duclos—an emblem and a hope!

Julie Arlington, for many brilliant years a peeress of the realm, and still the life and grace of the distinguished circle in which she moves, has never ceased to think with regretful tenderness, and with a chastened spirit, amid all the glare and grandeur of her position, upon the modest virtues, the grievous trials, and the final recompense of Valérie.

# EDUCATION OF THE CITIZEN.

IN a country where supreme political power has, after many struggles, come into the hands of the citizen, he would show himself insensible to the importance and responsibility of such a possession if he did not take some pains to educate himself for its proper administration. If, as must always be the case, the scheming and propounding of measures lie with a few, their admission or rejection is in the power of the many—the wisdom of parliament is the wisdom of the sovereign people. For if a man be not a ten-pounder, a justice of the peace, a city magistrate, a member of corporations or trusts, an owner of land, mills, ships, or of cash in general, a member of parliament, or a cabinet-minister, he is at least an individual of the mob, whose political influence is perhaps older than any of these, and, whether we like it or not, never becomes extinct. It is therefore a matter of some consequence that the notions of a citizen education, and of citizen colleges, should begin to be entertained. Mere outbursts of enthusiastic patriotism have in these days little to do with the security or the well-being of our fatherland.

It is a self-evident truth, although sometimes lost sight of, that the first thing requisite to make a good citizen is honesty and integrity of purpose, and a constant readiness to sacrifice self-interest to the common welfare. Every one knows that no society can prosper if each member looks solely to his own interests in the narrow sense that we mean by the term selfishness; and we have seen one of the most influential writers of our time throwing his powerful ridicule over the political theories which profess so to arrange a community of rogues, that by balancing and mutual checks, its collective actions shall be wise and honest. It would not be easy to say with how little virtue or disinterestedness a state might keep together; but without a certain portion, no public difficulty could be weathered through. No doubt it is desirable, considering human nature, that public services should have their sure reward, so that even the selfishness of men may contribute to the good of the community. Many such services are rewarded; and as social arrangements improve, the certainty of some sort of return to the authors of public benefits will increase. But as yet we cannot dispense with philanthropic impulses and self-devotion.

In considering, therefore, the kind of education proper to man as a citizen, we presuppose sound dispositions and moral culture, which are demanded alike for every position in life. But good intentions, and the

activity to render them into deeds, are very far from being sufficient to make a good member of society; indeed, without knowledge, skill, and judgment in addition, they may produce incalculable evil. A man deciding on a question he does not understand, handling a tool that he is not practised in, seeking an end without knowledge of the means, is an agent to inspire terror: he belongs to "the dangerous classes" of society. In daily life, simpletons no less than knaves are the objects of our dread. Both in their immediate and ultimate effects blunders may be more disastrous than crimes. The question then arises—What branches of knowledge are requisite to confer political wisdom upon the many? In this, as in many other cases, we can discriminate between a general education and a special education—the last of the two being the most difficult to define.

Since good statesmanship and good citizenship must consist in deciding what are the ends to be pursued by general society, and in determining on the adequacy of the means for attaining those ends, there is evidently implied a clear intellect and a sound reasoning faculty, an appreciation of what constitutes evidence or proof, an aptness to be ruled by whatever is found to be true—in other words, every thing that we include in such descriptive phrases as rationality, sound judgment, clear-headedness, foresight, appreciation of consequences, the distinguishing of semblances from realities. Whatever knowledge or discipline, therefore, gives a man a clear hold of the real events of life, and the true properties of things, together with the power of making correct inferences about them, is of importance to the citizen-ruler, just as it is essential to success in the smallest undertakings of private interest. Polished manners, poetic enthusiasm, or oratorical talent, are not the true qualifications for political ascendancy.

With regard to the acquirement of a clear judgment in affairs, it is to be remarked that the reasoning faculty may be *naturally* strong in a man, and may be rendered effective by no other express training than the unavoidable experience of actual life. Such highly-gifted native reasoning is not unfrequent in the world, particularly among the Teutonic races.

With respect to the artificial training of the reason, there are various means to be found in use. There may be a good home and school discipline in the processes of accurate observation and correct inference on whatever comes before the view. There may be a grammatical training in languages. There may be an early discipline in the exact sciences, constructed as these are according to the highest perfection of reason: such sciences as mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history, and physiology, the human mind, logic, &c. There may also be what is called a professional education, embracing medical, legal, or theological science. Independently of any of these means, a very considerable degree of training is conferred in the more enlarged business operations—in conducting farms, manufactures, trades, and traffic—in dealing with bodies of men, or with a great variety of characters under difficult circumstances. In cases like these, accuracy of premises and soundness of conclusions are enforced by a kind of experience where failure is a loss, a sophism—ruin. Lastly, a man, by being merely an interested spectator of important proceedings, and by keeping company with rational men, may become trustworthy and prudent in general character.

Of all these methods of artificially training men into rationality of con-

duct and of views, the most powerful is a course of discipline in the great fundamental sciences—in mathematics, physics, chemistry, physiology, and the human mind. These sciences, in so far as they have progressed, express the rigorous course of nature's proceedings in the classes of appearances and events to which they respectively relate, and they accustom the mind to the aspects and peculiarities of what is really true and certain in the world. There is one science that is, as it were, the concentrated essence of rationality of these sciences—namely, the science of logic: and it might be supposed that by administering this, pure and unmixed, we would bring about, with the least possible delay, the perfection of the reasoning powers: in other words, Whately, Whewell, and John Stuart Mill are to be the primary instructors of the sovereign people.

The scholastics did actually think so, and acted accordingly. But in our day, which can boast of a science of logic far superior to theirs, the best judges do *not* think so. Doctrines of such an abstract nature as the most general laws of reasoning and of evidence cannot obtain a footing in minds not furnished with a very considerable amount of other knowledge to serve as examples of their application; the exemplifying knowledge must be much more bulky than the exemplified rules. For one grain of logic, we should have at least twenty grains of the natural sciences, or of the actual experience of the realities of the world. The human mind cannot be instantaneously coerced into new intellectual habits by administering to it a subtle concentrated essence. Great is logic, and in the long run it rules all things: everybody should be welcome to study it; nevertheless, *it* is not made for the million.

Even as to the reason-cultivating power of the leading natural sciences, there are certain cautions to be observed. We must not, for instance, as at Cambridge till lately, be restricted to the most abstract of them all—the branches involving the fewest possible of nature's laws and operations; nor be content with having gazed on a few flash experiments in chemistry or electricity; nor suppose that a profound grasp of the shapes of leaves and corollas, or the ability to distinguish quartz from limestone, must necessarily qualify us to disentangle the maze of history, predict the tendencies of foreign affairs, dictate the tenure of land, or judge of the education of a people. Those who have faculty and leisure for a large scientific education should certainly study mathematics like a Cambridge man, and follow it up with all the subsequent sciences of physics, chemistry, and life; and by these last they will acquire a set of habits as valuable in their kind as any that mathematics can give. Those of less leisure or aptitude might obtain a good reason-diet as well as a rich store of interesting objects and pictures, from a course of physics, chemistry, and natural history, preceded by as much arithmetic and geometry as it is convenient to realize; supposing an adequate degree of application, with the assistance of tolerable masters.

But it will be asked by some—What is to be said for classics and the ancients in the present connection? This we would venture to answer briefly as follows:—*First*, the grammatical discipline imparted under the Greek and Latin tongues has undoubtedly a favourable action on the reason. *Secondly*, the classics, as a whole, enrich the imagination and imaginative feelings more than they cultivate the judgment, and are therefore a luxury

and an ornament rather than a necessary of life. *Thirdly*, some men have, in the study of Aristotle and Plato, acquired a considerable dialectic or logical culture—as, for example, Dr. Arnold, according to his own account; but to assert that the reasoning operations of these great minds are as good models of sound intellectual procedure as the reasonings of equal minds living in the more mature age of the world is to hazard an exceedingly reckless statement. *Fourthly*, some parts of the classics will be found useful in the *special* education of the citizen; but these are the parts which a knowledge of the original tongues is the least necessary for getting hold of. *Fifthly*, there is much in the writings of the ancients that has been systematically perverted so as to create prejudices against changes and improvements loudly demanded by our modern circumstances. It is to be hoped, however, that such works as "Grote's History of Greece" will in time serve to wipe away this reproach.

We trust that it has not been forgotten all the while we have been speaking of the means of preparing men for discussing public affairs, that it is by the very same matured and cultivated reason that they are qualified to carry on their private affairs with discretion, and to stand out of the way of their neighbours doing the same.

We now come to the more difficult inquiry—What is the special education of the citizen? That is to say, in addition to the cultivation of a sound reasoning faculty, and the acquisition of a general insight into the world—What is the particular species of knowledge or information that qualifies for deciding the questions now referred to the sovereign people?

It is evident, so far, that it must be a knowledge of human society, and must amount practically to a power of discriminating between the things that enable society to prosper, and the things that obstruct its prosperity. But on this head, "Where is wisdom to be found?" What book embraces it, what teacher imparts it; in which of the classes in schools or college is it to be acquired?

It can scarcely be said that there exists as yet a compact body of complete information as to the workings of human society. Many works of high repute have been produced on particular departments of social welfare, such as the writings on political economy or on the means of favouring the production of wealth or material abundance. But what we prefer attempting at present is, not to make up a catalogue of books on social subjects, but to draw up such a sketch of the field that has to be explored as will give a place for whatever information is valuable, and assist in discriminating among the masses of rubbish the particles of genuine worth.

The information relating to human society, the experience of past and existing communities, and the infinity of distracting opinions on this experience, lie recorded in books, which are either *histories*, having reference to what is past, and to the succession of events, or *geographies*, statistics, surveys, and pictures, giving an account of the situation and manner of existence of congregated human beings over the surface of the peopled earth at the present time. Many thousands of volumes are taken up by one or other of these departments. It is evident, therefore, that to make the study of the human race and human society possible, not to say easy, we

must be enabled to select out of this vast wilderness such facts and opinions as may be of use to ourselves; we should require to possess a "philosophy of history," and of society, if by that is meant a collection of general ideas and general laws, that would furnish both a *principle of arrangement* and a *standard of value* to historical and statistical information; something to guide us both in organizing the materials we already possess, and in following out researches into the present and past condition of nations and peoples.

In order to simplify the complex subject of human society, it is of advantage, in the first place, to distinguish its interests and activities into two fundamental classes: into those relating to ORDER, and those relating to PROGRESS. By ORDER we understand the stability, security, and harmony of the collective arrangements and institutions of any society at any one time; the fulfilment of the great purposes for which men keep up society, so as to produce individual contentment and hapiness, or at least a general acquiescence in, and compliance with, the regulations of the governing powers. By PROGRESS is meant the change from one set of arrangements to others which call into exercise and gratify a higher and nobler order of human feelings and capacities, or diffuse more widely among the community the standard of elevation achieved for the few. The methods of maintaining Order are totally different from the methods of promoting Progress; and although the two interests are, on the whole, not only compatible, but mutually indispensable, they often appear in temporary collision. All change unsettles for the time, and may produce a certain amount of disorder, which, in the opinion of the parties interested, may be sacrificing more than the proposed improvement is worth. Order is, of course, the first thing to be attended to; otherwise we should have general destruction and shipwreck both of the present and the future; but so long as the human mind is capable of suggesting improvements, there should always be openings for admitting them into our practice—that is, our system of Social Order will not be Order unless it admit of Progress. In an enterprising community, the progressive classes, the men of originality or genius and their adherents, arrayed against any existing system, are capable of effecting its overthrow. Let us therefore, first, spend a few words of illustration upon the Conditions of Order.

In any complex machine, the different parts must not only be good in themselves, but be well fitted to one another, and none must be wanting; the machine then goes on well, and may be said to be *in good order*. In like manner, the life of a man may be said to be orderly when every thing contributing to health and happiness is regularly supplied, and when, at the same time, the wishes and desires extend no further. On the other hand, our life is in disorder if we can neither provide things suitable for us, nor keep off things deleterious. A person may require wine in a teetotal age; or animal food, and be a Brahmin, or be supplied exclusively with compositions of oatmeal. One man is liable to rheumatism, and he has to wear a kilt: the special gift of nature to another may be a delicate hand, and he is a barrowman: the greatest pleasure of a man's life may be music, and his wife may break his flute on his head.

There is no difficulty in extending the notion to society when we consider what are its characteristic operations. A captain, for instance, carries a

commission from his sovereign to take the command of a ship: the crew refuse him. A tax is imposed, and John Hampden and others resist the payment. A service-book is sent down to constitute the worship of the Scottish nation, and the country is up in arms against it. These are obviously instances of disorder; and, moreover, they plainly point out the exact definition of disorder—namely, disobedience to the supreme authorities. *The one thing essential to every society, great or small, is a government.* When that is set up by any association of persons, a society is constituted; when that is dissolved, the society is at an end. Resistance to the government is an attack upon the society; successful resistance is the downfall of both; and when the society means to exist again, it must reconstitute a government. If it wishes a permanent existence, it must make its government sufficiently powerful to put down every act of resistance to its determinations and decrees.

As the institution of government is repeated in many shapes throughout an extensive and complicated society, so is the possibility of disobedience and disorder. There is not only the supreme central unity of the civil government, or temporal sovereignty, and its numerous deputies and subordinate authorities, but also innumerable local and voluntary societies, carrying on important affairs, and demanding strict obedience. We have, moreover, the spiritual government, which dictates the more elevated duties of life, and administers consolation for its irremediable ills. The great Family system involves a government which cannot be violated without very disastrous effects. The organization of labour originates the relation of master and servant. The process of education in the school creates the relation of teacher and pupil, which must be a relation of rule and obedience. Whenever men meet together for any common object, they find it indispensable to erect a temporary head or ruler, and submit themselves to his authority. A society may be very wretched, and its business very badly conducted; but so long as authorities are everywhere duly constituted, and fully obeyed, it cannot be said *as yet* to be in disorder.

Such being the *appearances* that enable us to recognise Order or Disorder, it becomes necessary to inquire what are the conditions that produce the one or the other. Any thing that throws light upon these must be very valuable to every one concerned in maintaining a society. The subject is one to be kept specially in the view when we read history, or the accounts of the state of nations or societies. We shall therefore now attempt to indicate a few general principles, by way of showing into what shape the doctrines of Social Order have been put by thinking men.

1. It is essential that the government, whether political, moral, or spiritual, should ground itself upon motives that are all-powerful with the people. It matters little what the motives are, or whether they owe their power to nature, to circumstances, or to express education. For example, the Chinese government rests upon the paternal principle, which in the people is educated into an unusual degree of strength. The emperor is the father of his subjects, and opposition to him or to any of his subordinates is filial impiety, and is regarded with horror. Having once established a system of education and a style of conduct by which the filial virtues are intensely cultivated, the Chinese government may be considered as very securely grounded upon its identity with parental sway; and disorder can

never arise until the people acquire sufficient intellectual insight to perceive that the identity is false and sophistical.

Many governments have reposed on a divine right, and have been secure so long as the people retained submission to the Divinity, and believed that the allegation of divine sanction was well-founded. But if, either on the one hand, the divinities themselves are renounced in a fit of impiety, or, on the other hand, the relation between existing powers and the divinities is denied, there is nothing to prevent revolution or disorder from happening. Not only the Catholic church, but the European monarchs, had their titles at one time made to rest upon divine authority, which support was actually pleaded for our own Stuart kings.*

In a people whose character tends strongly to clanship, like our Highlanders, the head of a clan possesses a very secure tenure of authority. Among men differently constituted—as, for instance, among the Teutonic nations—such a pretension could not sustain the arm of power.

In the rudest stages of society, among savage tribes whose public life is war, hunting, and plunder, the strongest, and bravest, and most knowing is made the leader; and neither divinity nor hereditary claim could of itself maintain a dynasty.

A government may often trust much to its having been long established. Custom or habit is very powerful in men: in certain mental constitutions that are not rare it is almost omnipotent; and rulers have in many cases presumed far upon this principle.

The surest of all foundations of government is the direct approbation of the community: obedience will then be spontaneous and certain. The government may be a very bad government—may do very unwise, unjust, or ruinous things—but if none of these displease the people, it will be supported. Unless violent differences arise within the community itself, or offence be given to powerful foreign nations, a people ruled by their own consent will enjoy internal stability. It by no means follows, however, that they shall enjoy the highest social prosperity.

The worst foundation of government is physical force, or a standing army, which, when used as the sole support of the supreme authority, requires to be made up of foreign mercenaries. Soldiers derived from the people themselves must share the popular feelings, and cannot, unless of a base and servile race, be turned against their own blood and kindred.

A government may do much for its own permanence by controlling the public education, and suppressing every kind of knowledge that might lead the people to form opinions against itself. The continental despotisms practised this policy. By a censorship of the press, and the maintenance of a check on imported literature, they kept away from the people the theories and examples of free governments. If communication were less abundant, if the free countries were remote and insignificant, and if the spontaneous thoughts of men did not suggest inferences hostile to despotism, this species of policy might have been more hopeful than it has actually proved to be.

Probably no government ever maintained itself yet upon the ground of

* The hereditary priesthoods of the Greeks and Romans maintained their position in consequence of divine descent.

its *merits* alone. It has almost always happened to pre-eminently good rulers not to be appreciated in their own time.

The French writers on politics are accustomed to distinguish between Material and Moral Order; meaning by the first the preservation of individual rights and privileges, and the full enforcement of the law against wrong-doers; and by the second, the *willing* submission of the people, and their full approbation of the constitution and doings of the government. Grumbling, discontent, and dissatisfaction, expressed or unexpressed, are opposed to Moral Order; actual outbreaks and open defiance threaten the maintenance of Material Order.

2. We may lay down as a second fundamental principle of Social Order—that the extent of freedom permitted to individuals should be in proportion to their fitness, natural or acquired, to do of their own accord what is required of them by society.

In the education of the young, we begin by controlling them in every thing they do. As their intelligence and self-control are developed, they are allowed more and more latitude. They have leave to choose their own sports and consult their own tastes when it is seen that they can keep themselves out of harm's way. When they have grown somewhat older, and shown the possession of average discretion, they may wander from home for whole days, and carve out their own employments and recreations, and in a great measure regulate the routine of their existence. In short, they obtain more and more of liberty, according as it is presumed that the self-directing force within them has been turned to the rectitudes and proprieties of human life.

It is now believed by many that the domestic slavery of the ancients was indispensable for breaking in savage humanity to habits of regular industrial occupation. In those rude times, if a man was allowed liberty of employment, he chose war, or hunting, or plunder, or something that was fiery, exciting, and brief. The promise of bed-and-board and pocket-money could not induce people to toil steadily from six to six at the dull drudgery of the plough, the loom, or the oar; hence compulsion had to be used. But the moment that self-interest became powerful enough to create propensities to labour, it was time that the compulsion should be withdrawn. Freedom is a nobler state than slavery, and human beings ought not to be prevented from the exercise of their most elevated capacities. The modern workman can choose his own master and possess his own home in opposition to slavery; he can choose his residence in opposition to serfhood; he can choose his trade in opposition to castes and corporate restrictions; he can rise to be a master in opposition to the exclusiveness of ranks; and we find that with all this freedom the work is done, and better done, and the workman's life rendered happier.

But it is unquestionably true, that in proportion as a free range of action is permitted to individuals, the risks of disorder are multiplied; hence an eye to security and stability generally suggests the keeping up of restraints. To preserve existing religious beliefs and observances, it has been common to punish and put down all dissent: to maintain the civil constitution, the liberty of free discussion on political questions has been generally denied, and public meetings and popular agitations put under restraint: to shut the doors against irregular and troublesome ambition,

high offices have been expressly restricted to some narrow, hereditary body: to prevent combinations and plottings against authority, the people's sports and out-of-door motions have at times been subject of authoritative regulation. The keenest and most sensitive parts of human nature have been violently crossed by regulations issued in the name of good order; and it would be perfectly absurd to suppose that all these restrictions have been superfluous stretches of arbitrary power—they were suggested by the necessities of Order, and became illegitimate only when Order could be preserved by milder methods.

Liberty of conscience (when people have consciences) is rightly considered the most indispensable of liberties; and yet there may have been many periods when it could not be conceded without great hazard to public security. When the subjects of a state have that degree of education that they will not use their liberty of thought to take up with doctrines incompatible with the existence of society, the ruling powers can have no pretence for restraining this important attribute of humanity.

It is a very natural mistake to confound liberty with popular power. Liberty has often been the result of the popular acquisition of power, but the two are not identical. Liberty of conscience and religious observance, liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of doing good to our fellows in our own way, liberty of education, liberty of choosing our occupation, liberty of using our gifts and talents to advantage, liberty of doing what we please with our own, liberty of trading, liberty of guiding our own movements—all these we may have without any vote in the appointing of the government, and we may fail in securing many of them under a popular constitution. So long as a large proportion of our fellow-citizens would abuse to a ruinous extent any one of these precious privileges, we must be for the time content to forego them.

The illustration now given of these two great principles may serve to point out one of the ways in which history and the experience of nations may be useful to our political education—namely, by showing us how the foundations of government and the extent of freedom are related to the security or insecurity of societies; and in general, by teaching us that one object of our study ought to relate to the means made use of in any community for the maintenance of its Social Order.

We must now pass to the consideration of Progress, which means the passage from one state of social existence to another, in which human nature has its desires and capacities elevated, and their gratification more perfectly secured. Amid the bustle of movement and change, it is desirable that we should be able to apply the scale or standard of real Progress, and clearly discern whether we are going forward or backward; for it would be easy to assign many periods of retrograde activity in the history of the world.

*Civilization* is the sum-total of all the progress achieved by human society, and we may therefore conduct our exposition of Progress under the title of the *Elements* and *Tests* of Civilization.

An exact definition of Civilization has been recently supplied by our great political thinkers. That given by Guizot—namely, "the improvement of the individual and of society"—is perhaps best known; but it is not the satisfactory one.

Let us first indicate a few things essential to human existence and happiness that are *not* Civilization. In the first place, Civilization is *not* natural advantages—such as land, sea, rivers, mountains, climate, fertility, mineral wealth, variety of vegetable and animal species: it is *not* the goodness of our bodily or mental constitution: it is *not* mere good fortune favouring our exertions: it is *not* individual dexterity or skill in the shape of an incommunicable gift: it is *not* temporary fits of heroic virtue, devotion, courage, or effort, even though a whole generation should be exalted in character thereby: it is *not* mere emotion: neither does it mean happiness, in the common sense of that vague word, any more than the greatness of an individual man means that he is happy. Happiness, if it be understood to signify satisfaction, serenity, contentment, arises from the proportioning of our desires to our means, and of our attempts to our abilities, and may be present or absent in every stage of human elevation and culture. The apostle Paul was miserable because his brethren the Jews would not partake of the benefits that he was sent to dispense; Alexander was miserable because he had only one world to conquer; the Irish ditcher, with seven squalid heirs, is miserable because his shilling a day is not two shillings; but no one would assert that the three situations are equal, or that it were irrational to prefer the one to the other. Lastly, Civilization is *not* Social Order.

Civilization is *the permanent improvement that man has effected on his condition by his own intelligence and exertions.* It is the artificial half of our existence. Nature has given us so much; whatever we have added, by the use of our contriving and creative capacities, is Civilization. Genius (or intellectual originality) and Civilization define one another: but the definition will be best supported by the detail.

We shall therefore now endeavour to enumerate, with a brief accompanying comment, the separate portions or streams of Civilization, under the following eleven heads:—

1. The first head is the Industrial Arts: the methods of handling to advantage the material resources and agencies of the globe. Our readers are well aware of the three grand divisions of this department—the agricultural, the commercial, and the manufacturing; or native production, distribution, and transformation. It is comparatively easy both to understand the course of Progress in these arts, and to appreciate their degree of advancement at any one time.

The lowest state of humanity that we know of, or can well imagine, is the condition of the fruit-eaters, such as the Guanacas of the Orinoco, who derive their entire subsistence from the sago palm. They eat its fruit and bark, drink its sugary sap, and from the fibrous stalks derive cordage and weave hammocks, which they suspend from the branches of the trees like birds'-nests—these operations constituting their entire industrial life, a life which could hardly bear comparison with the existence of the ingenious and laborious beaver.

In advance of the fruit and root-eaters are the fishers and hunters, who must possess *tools*, and therefore be included in the career of industrial improvement. If there were not many other virtues in man besides the skilful handling of material objects, Franklin's definition of him as a tool-using animal would be unsurpassed in faithfulness; for his tools are what

show his industrial intelligence, and the history of machinery is a vital portion of human history.

Among the earliest benefactors of the race are the tool-devising, machine-inventing men—those who taught the formation of bows and arrows, of huts, cordage, and mats, of cutting-instruments and hammers; who commenced working in wood, stone, and metal, in skins, teeth, bones, membranes, and fibrous manufactures; who found out the properties of fire, and extracted the juices of plants; who discovered combinations of savoury food; who brought into use the mechanic powers, and hit upon the first applications of wheel-movement; who gave the earliest models of land and water-carriages; and revealed the astonishing innovations of chairs, tables, and bedsteads.

To pass from fishing and hunting wild animals to the keeping of permanent flocks in the Tartar fashion is accounted a great step, but to settle in a place and till the ground is a far greater. This involves not only the possession of additional tools, (besides a considerable advancement in many of the other elements of civilization,) but great knowledge of the properties of vegetables, due to the long and patient studies of superior men, and to many abortive attempts to plant, and sow, and improve upon the spontaneous operations of nature. Subterranean production or mining seems to have been always in advance of super-terranean agriculture.

In comparing one state of *agriculture* with another in regard to comparative advancement, we must attend not only to the character of the tools or implements, and the soundness of the methods, but also to the acquisition of germs or seeds, and the increase of vegetable varieties. We find, for example, that many of the most important field and garden vegetables of our own country were introduced within the last three or four centuries. Some kind of corn, the vine, the fig, and the olive seem almost to exhaust the agriculture of the Jewish patriarchs. Keeping this point in view, a work like that published by Charles Knight on "Vegetables Used for Food" must be regarded as a valuable portion of the history of civilization.

The Industrial Art of *Commerce* is perhaps, of all the elements of civilization, that on which it would be most superfluous to say a word at present. How it follows up and gives perfect scope to agriculture—is improved by every improvement in the mechanism of carriage, in roads, vehicles, and draught power—calls into existence a vast multitude of business arrangements and devices, money, credit, weights and measures, arithmetical calculations—demands freedom and security against violence—creates a numerous and energetic class of men—and expands with geographical discovery—is well known to all readers of the newspapers. In a word, the steps by which commerce has improved, and the tests of its actual progress, are sufficiently understood by a British public.

It is, in like manner, difficult for us to avoid having a vivid conception of the nature of *manufacturing* improvement. We hear daily of the creation of new manufactures, and of devices by which the fabrication of articles already in use is quickened, and their cost reduced.

Improvements in the handling of capital, such as the institutions of banking and joint-stock, affect all the Industrial Arts equally. New

methods of book-keeping, and improved forms of transacting business, also work for the common good.

On the whole, it is evident that the law of the evolution or increase of Industrial Civilization is the addition of device to device, and of one experimental suggestion to another, through the instrumentality of the superior intellects that have been engaged in the various operations. And of late the sciences have had such a degree of advancement, as to become applicable to the arts, and by their assistance the progress has been immensely accelerated. Chemistry is come into play in agriculture; mathematics, astronomy, and various other sciences have improved commercial conveyance; and mechanics, general physics, and chemistry have been essentially concerned in creating large regions of manufacture.

The methods of fostering and furthering industrial improvement are therefore very obvious. Encourage individual ingenuity by good patent-laws, (a thing yet to be done,) diffuse accurate scientific knowledge, and carry on the general exploration of the world and its resources.

The state of this branch of Civilization in any place or time is likewise apparent by observing the character of the material necessaries, conveniences, and enjoyments diffused among the people; how they are fed, clad, housed, and carried from place to place; and whether the commonest of the people have come to enjoy comforts and refinements as well as the more opulent. So that, in answer to such questions as, "What to read?" "What to write?" "How to observe?" in regard to ages and nations, we should say, for one thing, their Industrial Civilization.

2. We shall take next in order the HEALING ARTS, or the methods devised by human intelligence for restoring or maintaining the healthy action of our wonderful frame. Man's industry exerted on the rich and fertile earth brings forth a large array of material products, which he must learn to apply according to their various powers of acting on his living system; and considering the abstruseness of the action that goes on between the bodily organs and the things that feed, sustain, and rectify them, we are not to wonder that the adjustment of the one to the other has been one of the most difficult problems which humanity has had to grapple with. And yet how much of the sadness and pathos of human life has been connected with the hopeless irremediable disorders that have prematurely terminated the lives of the large majority of every generation since the very beginning of the race!

In forming a judgment as to the degree of advancement of any people, it is exceedingly pertinent to inquire to what degree they have progressed in the operations of healing. There are three departments of the art under which inquiries may be separately made. First, *Pharmacy*, or the knowledge of substances and influences that act medicinally or healthfully upon the human body. Of course, the more that we search among natural products, and acquire trading connections with the wide earth, and work out manufacturing operations, the greater will be our acquisition of such substances. In other words, the Industrial Arts supply one class of the resources of health and healing. It is, however, requisite to ascertain by observation and experiment the precise actions and powers of each—a very complicated and laborious process, on which men have gone far astray, and indeed at this hour it may be said that we have attained

very little satisfaction on the subject. A second branch is *Physic*, or the power of judging of organic derangements, and of applying from the Pharmacy appropriate remedies. This demands an intimate knowledge of the human constitution, of its morbid changes and their symptoms. The third is *Surgery*, which treats of local derangements, such as wounds, sores, and injuries of particular parts of the system, for which the natural application is something external. Here there is a large assortment of tools demanded, and great skill of eye and hand to use them upon such a precarious material as the human framework.

The rude ages of the world were not only destitute of drugs, from the poverty of their resources, and very ignorant of the human system; but they lay under a heavy load of falsehood and perverse conceptions in regard to the cure of disease. For example, we find that charms, incantations, relics, pilgrimages, and magic have been part of the Materia Medica of all nations up to a very advanced stage of their progress. It must have been very difficult to acquire any genuine knowledge of the course of disease, and of the real powers of remedial agencies, while these things were believed in. The progress of medicine behooved to be exclusively empirical until the physical sciences had made some progress. It is true that surgery could be very much assisted by an accurate dissection of the body; but medicine rested exclusively on experiment until very recently. It may be said that physics, chemistry, and physiology are just commencing to throw light upon the Healing Art.

Compared with the past, the medical skill of the present day is very high; compared with the future, rather low. The highest gift of the physician is to economize to the uttermost the forces of the constitution, or to maintain the health under the uttermost possible amount of expenditure of its powers. The prevention of disease is now expected at his hands, and not the cure alone. The sanitary department of civilization is likely to afford large scope for the labours of our legislators for a long time to come.

3. Following out as well as we can some sort of natural order, we shall name the TRAINING ARTS as the third branch of the stream of Progress. These of course have reference exclusively to living beings, which all pass from their germs to their mature state through slow successive stages. Unassisted nature sustains the course of a very large proportion both of vegetables and animals; but in the more complex classes, the skilled interference of man is highly advantageous.

We have in this department a certain portion of the Agricultural Art; next Gardening, which, as distinguished from field-culture, is highly artificial, or in other words has been very much improved by the application of human intelligence. The rearing of the Lower Animals is still more subject to human control. We regulate the breeding, the food, the motions, and acquired habits of all our domesticated creatures, and can thus produce types of character quite different from what Nature left to itself can do. Lastly, we have acquired a vast range of methods for guiding the education of Human Beings. We have first a system of Physical Training, or of securing a healthy, vigorous, and enduring bodily constitution. *Secondly*, the Arts of Intellectual Training in languages, sciences, habits of thinking, &c. *Thirdly*, Moral and Religious Training, to develop the affections, sentiments, habits of obedience, and the like. *Fourthly*,

Technical Training—the teaching of special arts, or capacities and endowments for performing particular functions in human society. *Fifthly*, Esthetic Training, or the Polished Arts and accomplishments.

The ancient world had made very high progress in every one of these departments. The rearing of vegetables and animals seems to have been well understood, and the *methods* of educating human beings were probably little inferior to those of modern times. The Greeks and Romans could make an athlete, a soldier, an orator, a dialectician, a statesman, a man of virtue and piety according to the notions of the time, as well, as if not better than, we can do. Both ancient and modern times have produced individual teachers of extraordinary merit; but a system of teaching that shall be uniformly successful in the hands of average men is yet far distant. Recent years have seen much progress in the art of conducting primary schools, and there is a certain amount of advancement creeping into the middle schools or academies. There is likewise considerable discussion on the subject of university improvement, but it can hardly be said that any great stride has been taken in this department: the curricula of study still point to a bygone age totally different from our own. As to the departments of moral training, instruction in the arts generally, and, above all, the formation of superior minds, we are not aware of any improvement of which the Christian era can boast as far as *method* goes: the things actually taught in these departments are undoubtedly progressive.

The Training Arts, like the others we have spoken of, owe their improvement for the first three or four thousand years of the world to empiricism, or experiments of trial and error. When the sciences have been carried forward to a certain pitch, a new and far more rapid career commences. But the sciences of living beings—Vegetable and Animal Physiology, and Psychology (science of mind)—are even in our day in a very youthful state, and only to a small degree capable of making effective suggestions to the training profession. We may, however, venture to say that it will not be long ere these sciences be fit to make a very decided interference in the arts we are now discussing. In the mean time, let all encouragement be given to the improvements actually on the wing; and even the universities should not be despaired of.

4. Our next head of Civilization is a very extensive and complex department—the Arts of Social Intercourse.

Of these, the foremost is *Language*, whose origin and laws of progress are still obscure, although great progress has lately been made in the study of them. There is also much misconception as to what are the merits or demerits of any given language. The prime requisites of language or common purposes, are to have a name for every nameable thing, and not to use the same name for different things. But as the progress of observation and thought is constantly bringing forward new objects of consideration, it is essential, in order to satisfy these requisites, that a language should be flexible and fruitful: that it should readily yield, by a combining process, new terms to express the new things. Hence the praise bestowed on the Greek and German, and the unfavourable view sometimes taken of the English, which has increased on the spoil of other tongues. In addition to a stock of names, there must be a mechanism for joining them together when we express a group of related things or a series of actions

and events, or when we construct chains of connected thoughts. This demands inflections, conjugations, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, and so forth; to which the same criterion of merit can be applied as to the vocabulary—that there should be a distinct, unambiguous mode of expressing every relation that can exist among things. In this particular our own language is tolerably good, being free from the cumbrous system of inflections by which the ancient tongues accomplished this end. Another virtue of a language is to sound agreeably, and be easy of utterance, without being highly sonorous or prominently melodious. Music of speech is a great virtue in poetry, song, and eloquence, but may become an obstruction in the intellectual and business age of prose.

Next to oral is written language, whose grand instrument is an alphabet invented in the depths of unknown antiquity, and very little altered during the revolutions of three thousand years; and yet, as regards our own use of it, there is probably nothing in all our usages so much in need of improvement. We violate every principle of a sound alphabetical system more outrageously than any nation whatever. Our characters do not correspond to our articulations, and our spelling of words cannot be matched for irregularity and whimsical caprice.

The last department of Language is the right use and combination of natural and artificial speech, so as to communicate the thoughts and feelings of one man to another man with the greatest exactness and the smallest possible expenditure of the instrument itself—that is to say, the rhetorical art divested of artistic intentions, and merely looked upon as teaching the best methods of attaining faithfully the end of inducing some given state of mind upon the persons addressed. This marvellous power was carried to a very great height among the ancient nations; but fell away in the middle ages amidst the difficulties of new languages, and has been gradually rising for the last two or three centuries among European nations. In spite of much declamatory reference to the seventeenth century, the arts of expression (exposition, narration, description, oratory) have very much improved in our country during the last two hundred years, and are still susceptible of very great additional progress.

The second branch of the Arts of Social Intercourse includes *the material machinery of social operations*. Among these we place the immense instrument of the press, whose progress is visible to our daily sight, and the whole system of conveyance by land and water at present improving under the shape of steamboats, railways, and electric telegraph. We include also public buildings, and their perfect adaptation to all the purposes of congregated men—Churches, Public Halls, Theatres, Law-Courts, Exchanges, Club-Houses, &c.; the perfect arrangement and organization of Towns in regard to streets, squares, public walks, markets, shops, situation of public buildings, and so forth. Nor should we omit the diffusion of time-keepers. In all these matters, the history and course of improvement among ourselves are well known. But much has yet to be done, and in some things we are vastly inferior to the ancients. Our public halls are often badly constructed for hearing, they are never well ventilated, and the mode of arranging the interiors is frequently ill combined for effect. Club-houses and opportunities of reunion and intercourse have also to be very much extended. We purposely exclude from our present view ornament, decora-

tion, and the other artistic accompaniments of which all these things are so highly susceptible.

The third of the Arts of Intercourse includes *the methods or artifices by which we are directed to any place, person, or thing that we desire;* as, for example, almanacs, city directories, maps of towns or provinces, tourists' guides, geographical and other dictionaries, and the like; also the facilities afforded for finding out people of certain qualifications, such as register-offices for servants, public advertisements, and the transmission of testimonials, open competitions, &c. It is of prime importance to society that every office should be filled by the most qualified person, and that every person should get the office he can fill best. But very little can at present be done to satisfy this condition; even where no partiality exists, the ways and means are mostly wanting. Very large improvements remain to be effected in this department.

A fourth branch under the same head regards the *Forms and Methods of Social Co-operation.* When people meet together for a common object, they choose a chairman, regulate the speech-making, and decide by majorities. When a company is organized, the members contract obligations by the formality of signing their name. These things were devised early, and probably still admit of progress.

The last of the Arts of Social Intercourse is the very large department of *étiquette*—manners or modes of external behaviour. This, too, should present a history, a progress, and a succession of devising minds. The essence of agreeable manners is a constantly-maintained expression of sympathy, attention, deference, and respectful feelings in all the intercourse of life: the individual suppressing his own peculiar egotism, and acting with a view to the gratification of his fellows. To have the behaviour of men regulated according to this great idea, is a prodigious accession to the happiness of human existence; and the education for this end is carefully attended to among every refined people.

There are few things easier to discover or ascertain than the general methods of agreeable and respectful behaviour; since they are, or ought to be, accordant with nature's instinctive expression of sympathetic and deferential feelings. In short, the theory of good manners is not far to seek; if we want a book on it, the "Chesterfield Letters" are at hand, and are as perfect a system of instruction as could be produced on the principle that the chief end of manners is to get on in the world.

It is very interesting to observe what progress a people has made in the courtesies of life; to see their style of behaviour, not merely in general intercourse, but in the habitual relations where egotism and familiarity take a larger swing—as in the family circle, in the intercourse of master and servant, among those engaged at a common employment, in the operations of buying and selling, with teacher and scholar, between officiality and commonalty, in deliberative assemblies and social amusements. We require also to note the style of treating offences, feuds, and animosities, whether by an appeal to brute force, by sinister cunning, by abusive language, pistol-duel, the cut direct, refined sarcasm, or ready forgiveness. Nor should we omit the manner of criticising and commenting upon individual character and conduct either in private society or by public organs.

The conventional ceremonies and modes of acting in the conduct of

social entertainments, invitations, visits, marriages, births, deaths, congratulations, condolences, celebrations of victory, triumph, good fortune, popular festivities and demonstrations, installation into high office, receptions of men of state, rank, or reputation, holidays—are a portion of the external physiognomy of nations, and we are thankful to the historian and traveller who record them.

Such being a summary of the wide province of etiquette, we have only further to remark in what its progress consists, or the criterion by which its degree of advancement must be judged. The line of genuine improvement is from the pompous, cumbrous, stiff, formal, and insincere, to ease, delicacy, clear expression, and, above all, truth and sincerity. We require to reconcile more and more the pleasing of others with freedom to ourselves, and the testifying of good-will to all with the expression of our own convictions, and the preservation of our self-respect. There may also be remarked the gradual perfection of the instrumentality of language and action for keeping out of view the disagreeable, and presenting the agreeable objects of thought and conception.

With regard to the Arts of Social Intercourse, on the whole, it should be borne in mind that their improvement brings into increased action all the other elements of Civilization, and ought therefore to be specially prized and encouraged. Language and conveyance are the channels through which inventions and intelligence spread over communities and reach to the ends of the earth.

5. The fifth element of general Civilization is POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS. Of these, and of their merits and demerits, and the principles on which they should be judged, and the stages that they pass through, we must speak very shortly and inadequately. We are the less concerned at this, that our main object is to drag prominently forward ten distinct elements of progress and well-being that are too often kept out of view by the prominence given to this single element.

Of Political Institutions, the foremost is *Government*, whose business it is *to manage all interests that are general or common to the whole society*, as contrasted with interests that are partial or individual. It ought to control the material resources of the country—its land, water, mines, harbours, &c., against individual abuse; to promote agriculture, mining, fishing, trading, manufacturing, by wise provisions: it should regulate the material arrangements in building towns, public works, roads, &c., so as to aim at the general health and comfort of the subject: it has to lay down rules for securing to every individual the fruits of his honest labour in the commerce of life, by instituting true weights and measures, by a money coinage, and by a uniform and just interpretation of bargains, obligations, and contracts: it is called upon to declare the succession of property abandoned by death: it ought to prescribe the relative duties of all situations in society—master and servant, buyer and seller, parent and child, &c.: it should superintend and promote public instruction: it is peculiarly responsible for the maintenance of Social Order, and the defence against foreign aggression: it should also be the patron of Civilization in all its departments. Government has, moreover, to clear away the obstacles that may stand in the way of the execution of its regulations on all these points. The apparatus by which it does this receives the name of Law and Legal Ad-

ministration. The obstacles are of two sorts—misunderstanding, and wilful resistance. For the former, a *civil code* is constructed; for the latter, a *penal code;* and for both there must be a system of *procedure.*

It is not very difficult to appreciate the goodness of a government, or the progress made by a people in bringing about good government, if we try its acts on all these heads, and ascertain how well it effects each distinct object; considering at the same time at what expense it works, what money it requires, how many lives it has to sacrifice, what is the severity of its punishments, what its restrictions upon liberty.

The progress in government has been generally from the despotic towards the responsible and the popular; from restriction towards liberty; from incapacity towards skill. In its popular stage it can improve only as the people improve.

Next in importance to the government is *the Organization of Labour,* which consists in separating the parts of complex operations, and assigning distinct portions to individuals, in creating a system of superintendence of various ranks, and in putting the faculties of each individual to the best account. By labour we do not mean solely production or material industry, but every department of exertion—government, public defence and war, education, healing, art, literature, &c. The reader is aware how striking is the progress that has been made in this head; but very much remains to be done. It is to the practical and experimental genius of humanity chiefly that we owe this progress; but much furtherance has been derived from theoretical expositions, especially since the time of Adam Smith.

It would be convenient to include in our inquiries as to what has been done in this branch, an inspection of the state of the relations of the workman to the master.

The third great Political Institution is the *System of Ranks.* There are natural ranks and artificial ranks, and the coincidence of the two is perfection, and the proximity to it progress. Natural rank proceeds upon two ideas—extent of influence, and immediateness or pressingness of function. Thus, to take the descending order, we have the supreme governor, the heads of departments of state, members of legislature, supreme judges, rulers of provinces, magistrates of cities. Or ascending, we have artisans, foremen, masters, men of capital or property, bankers. So in the army rank is strictly extent of command. If a man has by his talents or services acquired great unofficial influence over many people, he has thereby a natural rank. Teachers also rank in proportion to the elevation and sweep of their subject. But the second idea, "immediateness of function," must limit the first. The scientific genius who controls and elevates the whole future of the race must nevertheless, in his own day, stand beneath the minister of state who is responsible for the security of the present; while Napoleon is swallowing up the nations, Wellington is the chief of men. So in point of worldly rank the clergy should be inferior to the civil dignities of analogous range of command. Artificial ranks are arbitrary creations of the government, such as our titled nobility, which may or may not accompany some of the circumstances that confer natural rank—namely, state employment, property, wide superintendence, public recognition. The settlement of ranks must depend ultimately on the temper and notions of the general public that has to respect them; and an

observation taken as to the actual foundations of rank, or the principles on which men are valued in any one case, will be a test of the elevation of the general character of a community.

But perhaps the most important of Political Institutions is the *Family System*. The rearing of children is the universal element and essential feature of the family. But in its high state of improvement this institution performs many other valuable functions. It brings about an economical co-operation in procuring and enjoying the means of subsistence; maintains the old, the weak, and the sick; develops the warm affections, and multiplies the feelings that enter into and enrich the current of life; and softens the blow of disaster or misfortune. On the other hand, it creates a new sphere of selfishness, occasioning quite as much of unfair play in the actual world as individual ambition.

The most instructive feature in the revolutions and progress of the family institution is the position of the woman. At first bought as a slave to be a drudge, then used as a pleasant but silly companion; for a long time intensely courted for her fascination, yet ruled with absolute power, and deprived of independent rights, woman has come in these latter times to be more nearly the equal of man in the domestic circle, and to have more of an independent existence. It is not to be supposed that a movement so persistent as this has been has reached its term in our own particular generation; and we may require to be prepared for still further alterations in the position occupied by women in the world. The necessity of allowing them greater freedom of occupation is beginning to be generally admitted, and we cannot too soon reduce this idea to practice.

We request attention next to *the Spiritual Power*, whose mode of organization in any state is a feature never to be omitted in a survey of its civilization. The definition of the spiritual power that will apply to all history is, a body of men to dictate and enforce the duties of life, administer unworldly consolations to its ills, sustain the nobleness of human conduct, expound the nature of the supreme powers, and assist in serving and propitiating them. Much as the *doctrines* taught by the priestly order have changed, its own political organization has not presented many varieties of structure. In Greece and Rome the temple services were conducted by privileged families of distinguished origin, or by the leading men of the state; the other spiritual functions were not properly organized at all. Among the old Jewish patriarchs, as well as in Egypt and in China, we find civil and spiritual power administered by the same persons. Again, among the Jews, in India, Persia, and Assyria, in the Druidical times, and in modern Europe, the spiritual power was a separate order of men having a hierarchical subordination, and in most of these instances the offices were hereditary. The real progress has been from identity of civil and spiritual power to distinctness, not to say independence; from the hereditary to the elective system; and from impassable distinctions of rank to a free opening for talent. In Greece and Rome the spiritual functions were degraded into subservience to the base uses of the civil despots, who could also prop up spiritual tyranny by physical force. While this state of things lasted, individual freedom was liable to very cruel disturbances—a thing more felt by our ancestors a few ages back than by ourselves.

The sixth and last of the leading Political Institutions is the *Organization for Public Instruction*. This includes the primary schools for elementary education, the higher or grammar schools and academies for middle education, the universities and schools for the learned professions, schools for the fine arts, and institutions for the promotion of learning and science by original discovery. The scheme of such an organization belongs to the middle and modern ages, and the leading European nations are at present at work to realize it. France and Prussia have done much; our own islands, especially if we except Scotland, very little. It is not the character of this country to set up local institutions except by the participation of the localities themselves; a circumstance that makes our operations slower but more acceptable than the arbitrary ordinances of a central authority.

6. Such are the main elements of Political Civilization; and from them we pass to our next branch, which is MORALITY, or the theory and practice of the Moral Duties and Virtues. This feature is so liable to fluctuate from age to age, that it is difficult to recognise the particular thing in it that is permanent and progressive, and entitled to be called Civilization. The largest half of morality has, in fact, more to do with Order than with Progress. To see the changes that have come over nations in this important element, we must advert to the specific heads or divisions into which it resolves itself.

In the first place, there is *Personal Morality*, or the line of conduct by which each individual life is rendered, on the whole, most successful, happy, and great. This, like every other branch of morality, involves knowledge, intelligence, or sound judgment, on the one hand, and the power of self-control on the other; an intellectual element and a motive element. The particulars of prudence are obviously such as—attention to health, diligence in business, living according to one's means, acting upon clear foresight in all operations and enterprises, laying up store for the time of need, availing one's-self of all the circumstances of one's situation in attaining the highest possible cultivation of mind and character. This personal morality is vastly stronger in some people than in others, as is well known. The intellectual element of it increases steadily; the moral and active element has a tendency to grow from age to age, but all violent concussions of public affairs may subvert it for the time. The elevation of the individual or national character is clearly shown by what is the height to which the aim of personal prudence reaches, or what things are desired as the full and entire satisfaction of life and well-being.

*Social Morality*, the second branch, is much wider, and demands more generous impulses. Its foremost or predominating requisite is the subservience of private to public well-being; just as prudence requires the desires of every hour to be regulated by the interests of the whole life. In the single point of acting to the highest perfection the parts assigned us in *co-operative* society, a great many particular duties are involved—as, for example, being ever ready to restrain all personal inclinations, desires, regards, partialities, and interests; taking pains to acquire the skill needed in our occupations; rigorous truthfulness, or conformity of deed to word, and word to deed, without which all social operations would crumble to

dust; justice and fair play towards our fellows; regularity and consistency of procedure, so as not to disappoint reasonable expectation; not obstructing other men in their functions while performing our own; humility of deportment, and attention to the formal regulations of society. Besides the steady performance of our own proper part, we have to look around us for a little way, and assist those who are suffering from accident, misfortune, or the operations of inexorable general rules—that is, to good service we must add compassion. We have also in the intercourse of life to treat men according to their true worth, without at the same time refusing outward honour to whom honour attaches by the gift of society. We are to give active assistance in preventing social miseries, such as quarrels and breaches of social order; to promote schemes of public good, and labour according to our means for progress and posterity; preserving all the while the harmony and due subordination of the different duties. It must be obvious, from a survey like this, that good intentions without common sense or cultivated intelligence are worthless. In the department of *sympathetic* society we have another range of duties, referring more to the sentiments, affections, and sympathies of others, than to their material interests, which last are the prime object of co-operative society. Domestic morality, the duties of friendship, and kindliness of manner and conduct in general are included in this great department.

In addition to personal and social duties, we recognise a class termed *Moral Duties*. The meaning of moral, when distinguished from social duty, is acting for conscience' sake. Some men have a strong feeling of duty as such, or on its own account; while others—as, for example, Jeremy Bentham—recognise no end of duty but the good of mankind.

The *foundations* on which moral obligations are made to repose are very characteristic of an age, a nation, or an individual. They may be such as —terror of punishment, temporal, spiritual, or eternal; the mere force of habit and education; reverential submission to established authority; a prudence so elevated as to make the personal and social coincide; the promptings of a conscience within; the sentiment of social good; the perception of beauty; or the will of God. The revolutions of opinion that have shifted the foundations of duty have necessarily produced for the time a moral anarchy; and in the present variegated state of the world, it is satisfactory to know that the greater laws of morals may be made to rest on almost every foundation that men can respect or regard.

It is interesting, in connection with the moral development of a people, to observe what is their ideal of true, noble, highest manhood; who is the perfect gentleman, and who is the admired hero of the time. This is a thing preserved us in the literature of all literate ages.

The career of progressive morality has been from the narrow to the wide view of, "Who is my neighbour?" from personal selfishness to tribe devotion, Greek and Roman patriotism, (with the outer world as prey,) and Christian universal brotherhood. In this last stage we are now theoretically placed; but we have much to do in the way of effectively desiring the good of the world, and of determining the means whereby it is to be promoted. There has also been a progress in the duties springing up in the interior of societies—in humanity, toleration, regard to human life, attention to human feelings, and the desire of elevating the character and

circumstances of the least fortunate and most numerous classes of the community. There is, moreover, a gradual improvement in the extrication of morals from casuistry and sinister evasions.

7. RELIGION is our seventh elementary stream of Civilization. This involves, *first*, a system of doctrines relating to the nature of the supreme powers, the manner of Divine interference in the world, the principles of the Divine government, the religious duties and destination of men; and *secondly*, a system of sacred rites—the temple, the offering, the sacrifice, the adoration, the prayer, the periodic observances, the personal rites. The great revolutions of religious belief are well known; and it is easy to lay down the criteria or tests for judging of the social merit of any one religious system apart altogether from the question of its origin. These are—the dignity of the attributes ascribed to the Supreme Being or beings; the consistency of their alleged operations with the scheme of nature and the fact of things; the elevation of the moral system, and the degree to which the ceremonial is made subservient to the moral and spiritual; the transition from the bondage of cumbrous and artificial ceremonies to lightness and freedom.

8. The element of SCIENCE holds a very prominent position in Civilization, and is at all times a most expressive feature. Science comprehends first the group of the fundamental sciences, or those which expound systematically the distinct classes of phenomena that make up the world. These are mathematics, or the doctrines of magnitude and number; the group of mechanics, astronomy, and general physics; chemistry, or the science of atomic affinities; vegetable and animal physiology and anatomy, or the doctrines of life; psychology, or the doctrines of mind; and the science of society. These are so strongly related by a mutual dependence, that the human intellect cannot construct any one definitively till after the construction of all that naturally precede it. Next to these great systematized keys to nature comes logic or the science of method; after which we have many mixed sciences which can be prosecuted apart, but which can include no other phenomena but those that have their laws more or less systematized in the primary sciences; such as natural history, geography, morals, education, jurisprudence, criticism, &c.

The primary abstract sciences above enumerated are the concentration and essence of what has been established as true in the operations of nature. They are the pride of human reason; an assemblage of doctrines snatched from the world chaos, and made consistent with one another; so much of certainty acquired in the midst of uncertainty. When sufficiently advanced to be directly applicable to the industrial and other arts, they convert the crawl of improvement into a race. They are always the greatest instrument of rational culture. In their maturity they convey to the human spirit in a short space an incredible range of insight and acquaintance with nature; the ready appropriation of them can invert the ancient superiorities of age and experience. Giving to man the exact knowledge of his domain, they abolish the debilitating terrors of ignorance, and confer a power of foresight and control of almost boundless extent.

In our own day, the scientific advancement must be ranked very high. The first three sciences (mathematics, mechanical and physical science, and chemistry) possess clearly-ascertained first principles, whose appli-

cation has stood every test; and they have been the source of a very large portion of our industrial greatness. The other three (life, mind, and society,) are less certain, but still so far advanced as to be at least in the way of explaining their respective phenomena by general laws, and of suggesting much practical improvement in medicine, education, and politics, respectively. The science of society has been so far organized by M. Comte, and placed in relation with those that go before it, that it may be safely said the key of politics, and the deepest understanding of social arrangements and changes, are henceforth to be the prerogative of scientific men. Not only has science itself improved vastly during the last three centuries, but the instrumentality of further progress is constantly improving. The science of method, or of sound procedure, is in a high state of advancement, and boasts of such great living authorities as Comte, Mill, Herschel, and Whewell. The instruments of scientific research—telescopes, microscopes, balances, thermometers, &c.—have reached a high pitch of perfection, and the art of manipulation has become delicate and refined to a surprising degree. The communication between scientific inquirers has been facilitated by societies, books, periodicals, and encyclopædical digests.

This is almost the only element of civilization that ought never to be controlled or resisted; which has only one course, and will inevitably pursue it. It is the thing of all others to be encouraged, since its burthen is truth and certainty, the final dissipation of all delusion, deception, and hopes leading to disappointment. What we may actually and confidently expect from the tread of time and the operations of nature, this science informs us of: it is the one word faithful and true to the sublunary scheme of things.

9. The Fine Arts constitute a distinct stream of Civilization; and from its being their nature to put a face of *appearance* upon all things, to construct an exterior framework of life that shall cause a constant flow of lively and pleasant emotion, *their* ascendency is prominently associated with the idea of Civilization.

The artistic or æsthetic character of things is an accident discovered in them, while we are merely in search of utility; but from the pleasure it gives, it comes afterwards to be sought for its own sake. Men raise a tower to be safe from the overflowing flood, or scoop out a rock, or search out a natural cavern for a shelter and resting-place; and they discover that even when the utility has departed, these objects stir the feelings of every beholder; that strangers come from far to see them, and recite their description with excited countenance. The gigantic in nature or in human fabrication gives a feeling akin to Divine power, and men make use of the identity to inaugurate their divinity in a residence suitable to him: structures are built, not for any special convenience, but for this mystic power of physiognomy that thrills the human heart. So the actions and features of man or woman operating in the discharge of very humble duties, in some rare instances strike some onlooker with feelings so intense, delightful and enduring, that he disregards altogether the actual purpose of their activity, and stands gazing at their expression: he wishes the work or speech which is the occasion of the effect to be renewed incessantly, or any thing done that would sustain an action so impressive. All methods are thenceforth taken of multiplying and prolonging this appearance

according to the resources of the time, a line of activity is selected for the actors which gives the best effect, incessant occasion is given for these, others are brought to imitate and diffuse the manner, its best attitudes are expressed by the cunning imitator of form, and a new element of the agreeable passes into life.

In the same way the sounds of the human voice, of the animal creation, of the winds and waters, amid their primary service of indicating the things that are going on around, are felt sometimes, and by some persons, to have an accidental power of exciting strange and fascinating emotions. The more susceptible minds are led forth to search for the circumstances of this superadded effect, to dwell upon it, and with their own vocal powers to imitate it, repeat it, and teach it as a new pleasure given to man; and as there are occasions in human life that seem to call forth like emotions, or to mingle sweetly with them, the two are associated by the artist, who has thus found out strains of melody suitable to joy or wo, to victory or desolation. The accidental discovery of the moving and exciting influence is one step in art, the association of it with a harmonizing circumstance of life is a subsequent process.

Whenever, therefore, the appearances and operations of nature, or works and ways of living beings, possess this power over the feelings, whether because of, or apart from their primary purpose, the genius of man tries all methods of prolonging the enjoyment of the effect; he imitates it whenever he can, either by literally constructing elsewhere copies of the original, or by the ingenious arts of sculpture and painting producing an analogous appearance to suggest the original, or by the still higher effort of educing the picture in the minds of men far away by the use of language. And once set on this vein, the superior minds of the race work up in their own fancy the elements of this super-sensuous effect, and strike out combinations and harmonies of such a complex order, that original nature is so outstripped as to be denied even the poor merit of furnishing the alphabet of the artist's composition.

The Fine Arts may be reckoned up in the following order:—architecture, sculpture, painting, decoration and design, dancing and bodily demeanour, dramatic representations, music, song, eloquence, poetry, refined speech and demeanour. They may produce the different effects of sublimity, beauty, the picturesque, and the ludicrous; and there is associated with these admiration of skill, and the pleasure resulting from the imitation of an original by a totally different medium. Beauty must, however, be the prevailing character of art, even when it is not the primary intention: fine harmonies of combination being essential in constituting any great production, and harmony and like-unlikeliness, wherever occurring, are beautiful.

We have said that science has only one line of real progress. Art, on the other hand, can progress in many different lines, so as to be open to discussion and control by criticism. *Laissez-faire* does not apply to it. It has not unfrequently disturbed the moral order of society, and run many an individual career to wreck. For example, poetry, whether in the ancient epic and drama, or in the modern romance, or in the thousand ways that it has beautified and bodied forth nature and life, has always taken the start of experience and sober reason in forming men's ideas of

the world; and being so often untrue, it has been the means of causing many bitter disappointments and unavailing regrets. Among the different ways, therefore, in which poetry ought to improve, is that of being truer to fact—discarding such fictions as the happiness of childhood, rural innocence, virtue its own reward, as well as purging out the super-sentimental, the horrible, the obscene, the vulgar, and the obsolete.

The arts are sometimes at a stand, as when the life of a people has little æsthetic physiognomy, and when subjects can only be got from the past. Our own age wants romantic and enthusiastic fervours, but has nevertheless much that the artist can use. The absence of community of powerful sentiment is the death of song, but the life of the prose poem or novel. Perhaps the most barren region at the present time is the drama.

Our mechanical improvements have done a vast deal for art, especially for the diffusion of pictures and designs, as well as in the fabrication of musical instruments. It is pleasant to reflect how humanity has advanced in the practice of removing out of habitual sight and contact the directly offensive, and substituting everywhere, along with the convenient and the useful, the beautiful and impressive in art; and to how great an extent we can now enrich the stream of life with emotions of every variety without sacrificing its pressing objects.

10. We shall now follow up our detail of the constituents of Civilization with LITERATURE, which, when curtailed of all we have included in other heads, reduces itself to the two great functions of *Narrative* and *Criticism;* that is, it includes, *first*, the relation and description by language of the scenery and ongoings of the world, general and particular; and *secondly*, every sort of opinion, judgment, commentary, approbation, or disapprobation, in regard to all that is related—the application of the feelings, instincts, beliefs, and first principles of individuals to appreciate whatever comes before their view. Hence, on the one hand, it contains histories, biographies, annals, records, descriptions, anecdote, gossip, stories, co-extensive with the domain of facts, magnified and multiplied in the minds of all onlookers; and on the other hand, the criticism of events, persons, systems, manners, daily politics, as we see in the greater part of our periodical literature, and more transient compositions. In its first department it has something in common with poetry, and in the second it brings in more or less of scientific exposition, in so far as it gives reasons for approving or disapproving of men and manners.

Of all the intellectual efforts of man, the literary effort is the most easy to sustain. It is the only operation of thought that all men can usually improvise. To make scientific researches, or to compose highly-wrought pictures, is slow and laborious; but to describe what we have seen or heard, to give our opinions about it, to maintain a stream of talk on matters of fact, are universal accomplishments. Hence the subjects of literature are the common materials of the sympathetic un-business intercourse of men. Every person has a certain region of affairs that interests himself: he delights to hear and speak about their ongoings, about the people involved in them, and the merits and demerits that may attach to them. Written speech, by extending the sphere of communication with the world, greatly enriches the intercourse of life, as well as the current of

solitary thought. The sources of a nation's talk, during all the hours of social reunion, are an important constituent of its well-being.

Literature progresses in many obvious ways. The mere course of time, with its new operations, and characters, and aspects, adds to its stock. In like manner, the more careful investigation of the past produces enlargement and novelty. New arts, new dynasties, new institutions, new men, new fashions, new advances in every thing, new incidents, have all to be related and commented on. In the next place, it advances with the progress of the general principles of the sciences on which judgments are founded. If our doctrines of morality, or politics, or character, or art, or education, or logic, are changed, all our judgments have to be renewed. Thus we have freshness in our literature, not merely by fresh events, but by new views of the past. A Voltaire comes and alters the whole face of universal history. Johnson moralizes on human life for the millionth time, and people see novelty in his remarks. Whether these changes constitute true progress or not, depends on the character of the new principles, which may possibly be false in science, though believed for a time. The third point in which literature advances is in the art of expression and illustration—this of course is the offspring of the genius of the individual littérateurs. Addison becomes an exclusive model in one age, and Johnson in another; but, on the whole, the choice of language and forms of expression, the copiousness of metaphor and aptly-associated phrases, are progressively extended. Variety is also provided for the varied tastes of men. Apart from poetry, philosophy, oratory, and serious history, the ancients had not a literature. It is only through the copious narrative and gossip of later ages that social parties can be pleasantly conducted by talk alone, the cheapest of entertainments.

11. The concluding division of the great complex stream of Progress is the Art of Living. There is a wide difference between the various arts above described and the one now mentioned, or between man's powers in farming, building, manufacturing, and trading, and his ability to apply the results of all these to his own life and well-being, which is the final intention of such manifold labours. Because we have very much improved the Arts of Life, it does not follow that we have equally improved in the Art of Living. We may increase our abundance of the things that are useful and good without acquiring the skill to apply them in proper measure, and in well-timed arrangement to the highly-complex structure and constitution of our living framework. There is even not a little ground for the insinuation that the multiplying of good things, or really beneficial agencies, is dangerous to our life, instead of helpful; such is the difficulty of rightly applying them to their proper uses.

It is, beyond all question, desirable that each one of us should contrive his arrangements and daily ongoings so as to make the very most of life; to render existence as rich and effective, and great and brilliant, as it can be made; to combine the choicest enjoyments with the most wide-ranging and beneficial activity. Our own nature prompts us to do all we can to prevent pains, distractions, irritations, and terrors from oppressing our daily career. Moreover, we have to make sure never to compromise the future by the present; that the strength and vigour of the morrow shall not be exhausted by the business or pleasure of the day. We need

to learn to avoid all *avoidable* evil, and to support ourselves under the *inevitable* burthens of life. Now it is only by knowledge and skill going along with adequate force of resolution, that we can so use the resources of the world on the one hand, and so control the impulses of our own nature on the other, as to maintain the highest possible pitch of vitality, and cause a constant current of our finest emotions and activities. In possessing the command of our own existence, we have a lordship or a kingdom, if we would so consider it; for it may well employ the highest gifts of a ruler to govern it well; and if we run it to wreck and perdition, great is the fall thereof. If our life go constantly halting and stumbling, if something about us is incessantly going wrong, if our Present is constantly uneasy, and our Future frequently broken up, if we have neither enjoyment nor hope, if we are disappointed by all events—it is plain that our existence is constructed in some fatal mistake, and that we are altogether out of harmony with the eternal law of things. It would be rash to say that any man might be happy and useful if he knew how to set about it, and were possessed of an ordinary degree of determination; but there is no rashness in declaring that a vast mass of human ills could be avoided by a more intelligent arrangement of the scheme of life. It is a great misfortune to come home at night, weary and worn, and in our ignorance to resort to what makes us worse rather than better; to unstring our nerves in the hour when courage and hope are required of us; or to distract our energies when they behove to be combined for a mighty effort.

The Art of Living, therefore, is the method of stretching out the resources of the world to the measure of human wants, desires, and capabilities. Each person has to consider his own peculiar situation and framework, and to select from among his possessions and opportunities what will do most to yield him a grand and beautiful existence. We have all a certain command of what supports and gratifies body and mind: we have our homes, our city, our companions, our books, our means of accomplishment and instruction, our walks and excursions, the face of nature, the inspiration of art, the ongoings of the world, and many other things capable of influencing us to our very inmost being; on the other side, we are liable to burthens and toils, to violent shocks and slow miseries, to weariness and depression, to temptations and failures; and it becomes our task to dispose all these things to the making our lives joyous rather than grievous, powerful and benignant rather than empty or hurtful. We require to adjust ourselves to our situations, and, if possible, to get rid of contradictions and incompatibilities; to avoid attempting what is above our powers, to strike the balance between desire and gratification, and to observe the limit that our strength has placed to enjoyments and pleasures. And if such a reconciliation be difficult, there is the more need that we should know of all the help that lies within our reach, and learn how far the good ordering of our daily and yearly life may be made to go towards rendering it harmonious and happy. Considering the boundless variety of human conditions and human characters, it looks at first sight a very hopeless business to construct an Art of Living, or a set of comprehensive maxims of life-guidance, that shall be useful to every one, and injurious to no one. What common prescriptions can be given to a man of pleasure and a man of ambition, to giddy youth and sedate old age, to a man struggling and a

man victorious, to opposite temperaments and constitutions, to the recluse and the lover of social fellowship?

Now it is perfectly true, that the method of regulating each individual life cannot be exact without taking into account the character on the one hand, and the worldly situation on the other. And hence, if ever our literature shall possess a perfect system of life-guidance, it must specifically allude to all the great varieties of human character and human conditions. But there is such a very great similarity in man's nature in spite of all distinctions, and the outer world presents so much that is the same to every one, that we have room, in the first place, for a set of rules fitting to all places and times, and to every member of our common race. There is an anatomical and physiological identity in our frames; the earth, air and water, light and heat, seasons and vegetation, are common to us all to an extent greater than the whole range of difference that separates man from man. And so far as this similarity holds, we may have a set of universal doctrines—imperfectly understood, it is true, and still less diffused and made known—for regulating our lives to the best advantage.

To see how much there is common to all men in the necessities and requirements of life, apart from the obvious wants of food, and shelter, and sleep, let us reflect how extensive and ramified is the need of *support*, strength, or vigour, in every human condition whatsoever. There is hardly any thing that any human being does—whether it be to work or play, to think or enjoy pleasure, to give or receive, to love or hate, to serve or command—that does not tend to exhaust something about the human system, to bring on some weakness or weariness. Although the varieties of exertion are innumerable, the fatigue falls upon nearly the same organs, and the modes of refreshment and sustenance, and the cautions to be observed, are almost alike for all. The same nerves, the same flesh, the same stomach, suffer from over-excitement, whether in business or in pleasure. Men may be laden in many ways, but the counteractions and props, if we knew them, are very similar for all cases. Here, therefore, is one foundation for a general Art of Living. How valuable it would be to ascertain precisely all the things that can minister to the support of the human frame under fatigue, so that each one might apply to his own case whichever of them he could command! It is well known that a small increase of bodily vigour will often suffice to disperse a whole crowd of irritations and annoyances, and to renovate the entire tone and colour of the thoughts.

In like manner, if the Art of Living were rested on a scientific and systematic basis, it would have to enumerate the various causes of depression and exhaustion, not merely the obvious influences known to every one, but many that are utterly unsuspected by most people. We should thus know to avoid all of them that are not involved in our indispensable duties. So a full and detailed exposure of the whole class of false stimulants, opiates, and undermining excitements, would be a treasure of wisdom to the whole human family.

We have already said that the Art of Living is quite distinct from the various Arts of Production, although these must in general be determined by what is useful to man. But it is distinct also from the Arts of education, social and moral duty, and religious observance. It no doubt links closely with these. It must, for example, often prescribe things to be learned or

acquired, and thus interfere to control education. It is necessarily subservient to our duties, and should aid us in the fulfilment of them. But still it has a field exclusively its own: its purpose is peculiar to itself, and the knowledge on which it proceeds is a distinct branch of inquiry. It is prudence enlarged, so as to include the uttermost compass of our being. Bodily preservation is the primary department of it: the highest possible range of mental elevation and power, rendered consistent with tranquillity and enjoyment, is its highest end. It is, in fact, Wisdom, in the sense most universally understood in all countries and times. The lower animals have this art for the most part included among their instincts. We, too, have instincts, some of an inferior, and others of an elevated order, to guide us a certain way. But our chief monitor is experience or repeated trials, conducted under the guidance of our rational judgments, which lead us to adopt or reject according to the issue of each various scheme. In this way a great store of useful facts and maxims have been accumulated and handed down through the successive generations of man. We are duly told to labour diligently at our callings, to control our passions, to acquire useful accomplishments, to be regular in our mode of life, to lay up store for the future, to be content with what is allotted us; and we are introduced into the games, pastimes, and recreations that exhilarate human existence. We find institutions and manners set up in the world, with a view to gratify and improve our lives, and we are taught to take our part in working under them. There is no lack of devices for sweetening the flow of man's earthly career; and these have actually accomplished their end with a degree of success that would astonish any poor creature launched naked into a primeval forest to act out his drama of life there.

But that the Art of Living has not yet come to great perfection, is testified by the deplorable experience of the human race. The perplexity, and discord, and difficulties of life have been the theme of complaints that ring through all ages; yielding Cynic and Stoic philosophies, self-inflicted tortures and immolations, voluntary banishment from the world, gloomy speculations, suicides, and crimes. It is surely worth while trying whether a better knowledge of the actual course of things, and of the beneficial agencies wrapt up in the womb of nature, may not help, among other causes, to stem such a torrent of despair, and prove the possibility of a great and harmonious existence for man.

Like the Industrial and other Arts, the Art of Living has owed much of its recent improvement, and in a great measure rests its future prospects, upon the advancement of the Exact Sciences:—

The *Arithmetical* and *Mathematical* Sciences have now reached an amazing perfection, and they carry their usefulness into all the arts and ongoings of life. They have also been valuable to the specific Art of Living. Even the small range of arithmetic requisite for enabling each person to balance his means with his expenditure, fulfils an important function. But the most notable application of mathematics to our present case is its serving as the foundation of perhaps the greatest device for improving the tenure of human existence that modern ages has produced—namely, the system of insurances as now practised. This wonderful instrument for alleviating the load of human cares, and quieting feverish terrors and sleepless nights, could not have been set up until the Greek had perfected his

geometry, till algebra had come from the Arabs, and Napier of Merchiston constructed his logarithms.

*Physical* Science (which comprehends the laws of the aggregation of bodies into solids, liquids, and gases; the laws of movement, rest, and resistance to movement, commonly called mechanics; and the doctrines of the four natural powers—gravity, heat, electricity, and light) has attained a very high degree of perfection, and its various branches have been applied, more or less, to improve the Industrial Arts. Several of these branches have also been highly useful to the art we are now discussing. For example, *Mechanics*, in the hands of scientific men, has furnished our modern timekeepers, and made their construction so simple, that they have come to be distributed over the whole face of civilized life. Now, besides facilitating the business of society, these timekeepers are a very great help to our individual existence. They mark out the divisions of our day, and the alternations of our employments, with rigid accuracy; rendering us independent of the illusions of our own feelings in knowing when to work and when to rest—when to eat and when to sleep. They are the handmaids of reason in controlling our life; and we ought to feel grateful for a power, out of ourselves, and infallible in its indications, serving to keep our actions right. But we have other physical machinery, with a like function, although only beginning to be introduced for such a purpose. Thus there are thermometers, for determining the warmth of our rooms, and to put down for ever the petty contradictions that are constantly arising within doors, from the uncertainty of the naked sensations on such a point. To these we may add hydrometers, for ascertaining and enabling us to adjust the moisture contained in the air, which is, next to warmth, the most important property of the atmosphere. The barometer, also, with its aid in predicting the weather, will often save us from the mishaps that would mar many a day's expected enjoyment.

Especial mention deserves to be made, in the present connection, of the Science of *Chemistry*, so new, and yet so comprehensive and so certain. Besides creating entire new fields of industry, and multiplying the diffusion of useful commodities, this science first explained to us exactly our dependence on a pure atmosphere, and specified the change that comes over the air in passing through our lungs. The settled indifference of the human race to such a prime element of existence as fresh air, proves how long it would take to perfect even our bodily condition by the experience of the general multitude. The immortal discoveries of Priestley, Lavoisier, and others, on the different kinds of air, took the lead in the movement that is now beginning to operate for improving the dwellings of the present generation. Chemistry is also commencing to explain the laws of digestion; from which it will gradually proceed to render an exact account of all the changes connected with the absorption and expulsion of material substances from the human system. The arts of eating, drinking, and cookery, universally associated with living well, will one day owe their perfection to this beautiful region of scientific truth.

The science of *Animal Physiology* ought naturally to be the most fertile in application to the art of maintaining high bodily vigour and enjoyment, seeing that it is the principal foundation of the art of healing; and this will certainly be the case when it is further advanced. But even as it

stands, it has made some very valuable contributions to our art. It has pointed out the relation of the different organs of the human body to one another; as, for example, the connection of the muscular system with the nerves, of the stomach with the skin, of the heart and the head. We are thus taught how we can act upon one organ through the medium of another. We may affect the stomach by purifying the skin; and, by regulating our motions and activity, maintain the vigour of the circulation and the clearness of the brain. This allows us a choice of resources in supporting the weaker parts of our frame; he that cannot eat and drink as he ought, may bathe or walk, and by such means save his constitution from impending wreck. Physiology also explains the doctrine of the alternation of exercise and rest, which is perhaps the most comprehensive of all the conditions of health and well-being.

*Mental Philosophy*, professing, as it does, to expound the peculiarities and proceedings of the human mind, ought to abound in useful applications to the art of existence. As Physics, Chemistry, and Physiology have to teach us all the sources of strength and support of a material kind, the science of mind ought to point out clearly all the supporting sensations, associations, and emotions, as well as all that are annoying and hurtful. This has not yet been done in a way to be practically useful. But there are many important maxims which owe what clearness or distinctness they have to the labours of the few scientific men who have as yet applied themselves to the study of the mind; for example, it is ascertained that the happiness and satisfaction of a human being may be directly secured by gratifying his strongest sensibilities and tastes on the one hand, and on the other by giving full scope to the exercise of his greatest powers and capacities; that is to say, *passively*, or by what he feels most, and *actively*, or by what he can do best. This is a general doctrine, which would, if carried out, very much simplify a great many of the questions and proceedings of daily life. The general experience of men has made them always in some degree aware of facts falling under this principle. We are accustomed to speak of a person being in his *element*, when he has his finest and favourite susceptibilities gratified, or when engaged in the pursuits that bring out his highest capabilities; but the comprehensive statement of the principle, simple and almost obvious as it may seem, could not have been arrived at without careful and exact inquiry.

The doctrines relating to congregated human beings, or masses of men living together in societies, including the principles of government, law, social duties, political economy, and civil history, have been proposed to be consolidated into one great branch, to be termed the *Science of Society*, or social science, to follow up the science of the human mind, which very much restricts its attention to the individual. Much good would arise if such a science were to attain any degree of certainty or precision. The society that we live in influences our life as much as the light of heaven or the air we breathe; and an exact appreciation of the effects of all our varied contacts with the world of human beings, is as desirable as to know the virtues of what we eat and drink. We are liable to be very much mistaken in our judgments of the good and evil we derive from companions and societies, from being masters or servants, teachers or scholars, the givers or receivers of benefits, from mixing with the multitude, or retiring

to solitude. The action of society upon the individual is mixed and complicated beyond the power of ordinary sagacity to unravel. And yet if it were explicitly defined, there is nothing in the whole range of the sciences that would be more useful to them that are desirous of sound guidance to their lives. Our sympathies, affections, admirations, and general enthusiasm, in the presence of our fellow-men, are of unbounded effect in elevating and widening the current of existence; but besides that, in this mixed world, the opposite emotions of hatred and antipathy occur to depress and irritate the spirit, these very enlivening influences have their evils and their drawbacks, and it would take more knowledge than we have yet acquired of human nature to control them to our greatest advantage. It is even a disputed point on many occasions how far the assistance that we receive from others in getting through the labours of life is for our good—as in the matter of education, and in taking care of ourselves generally. There is therefore much need for introducing the accuracy of scientific determinations into this important region of human knowledge.

Such are the things whereby we may test the advance of a people, and from whose characteristics we would deduce the methods of encouraging in our separate spheres the progress of humanity. In regard to many of the acquisitions now sketched, much has to be done in merely extending to the many what is as yet enjoyed only by the few.

At the end of this review of Progress, we can lay it down as the most comprehensive principle of Order, that the elements of Civilization should harmonize with one another. This would admit of a wide illustration, which would tend to show that Progress may be so conducted as to menace Order. A nation may be given up to art, like the Italians of the middle age, and disregard social morality; or pride themselves on the perfection of their etiquette, as the French formerly; or set the industrial torrent above every thing, as many say of the English; or be, like the Greeks, unrivalled in genius in every department, but destitute of the power of combination for self-defence. It will often be necessary for far-seeing men to devote themselves to the supply of some great counterpoise overlooked in the general movement, and to bring up the arrears of the neglected ingredients of a healthy existence.

If then, history, statistics, or information about the past or present is to be used for the purposes of political wisdom, or real insight into the stream of affairs, it must exemplify or illustrate in some way or other either the conditions of Social Order, or the operations of the elements of Civilization or Social Progress.

# THE MYTH.

NOT a few of our readers must have observed the frequency with which the noun *myth, mythe,* or *mythus,* and the corresponding adjective *mythic,* or *mythical,* have of late been used in our current literature. These words, we believe, are of very recent existence among us: the noun, at least, has not belonged to our language for more than a few years. It has not been from a mere freak, however, that our writers, discontented with such previously-known words as *legend, fable,* &c., have had recourse to this new name *mythus,* which, after all, is but the Greek word *fable,* or *saying,* written in English letters. The innovation was rendered necessary by the occasion; which was nothing less than the introduction among us of a new and important mode of thinking with reference to the so-called legendary portions of history. This mode of thinking—this "Doctrine of the Mythus," as it is termed—is of German origin. In Germany it is generally regarded as having grown out of the researches of the celebrated Niebuhr, some thirty years ago, in the field of early Roman history; and now, after having led to wonderful results among the German historians and thinkers, it has just reached this country, imported, we believe, in such books as Mr. Leitch's "Translation of Müller's Mythology," and Mr. Grote's "History of Greece." To persons thoroughly possessed with this new and beautiful doctrine, the words *myth* and *mythical* have a precise and peculiar significance, that could not be so well conveyed by the words *legend* and *legendary,* or *fable* and *fabulous.* And though in common use these several words are now often confounded, the preference generally shown for the first-mentioned pair marks a certain popular sense not only of their quaintness, but also of their scientific character. To exhibit this scientific character, to explain exactly what is meant by the words *mythus* and *mythical*—in short, to expound and illustrate the "Doctrine of the Mythus"—is the object of the present paper.

The doctrine of the mythus may be stated in its most general form thus:—*There is in the human mind a tendency, when excited by any particular feeling, to body forth that feeling in some imaginary fact, scene, or circumstance, in the contemplation of which it may find relief; and the strength of this tendency is on the whole proportional to the strength of the exciting feeling, and to the deficiency of already known facts or circumstances that will answer the purpose.* This proposition, it will be perceived, is one of extremely extensive character. It asserts that never is the mind of any human being excited by joy, by anger, by grief, by love, by pity, or by any other feeling whatever, but instantly, and for the most part unconsciously, it begins to invent some

imaginary incident, or train of incidents, of a kind corresponding to the feeling; and in the very act of inventing which, the feeling spends itself, and sinks. To express the same thing in language more vague and familiar: all excitement, all emotion, all enthusiasm, is naturally and necessarily poetic. Or again, borrowing a figure from the physiology of the human body, the proposition may be expressed in this other form:—It is a law of the human mind, that on every occasion of powerful emotion there shall be a secretion from the intellect of a certain quantity of purely fictitious matter, the due supply of which is a sign of mental health.

To illustrate and prove this law—which, when stated abstractly, has certainly a somewhat questionable look—one has only to reflect closely on what takes place every hour in one's own mind. Suppose that a person has received an affront, or has been otherwise discomposed and vexed, during an evening spent in the society of friends and strangers, what does that person do as he walks home alone in the starlight? He walks moodily and slowly: if he is a person of very excitable temperament, he walks fast, mutters to himself, and clenches his hands; he recalls the offending circumstance, rehearses the bitter phrase, and dwells on all the particulars till he has extracted their full poignancy; and in one way or other, according to his peculiar frame and disposition, he exhibits his agitation to the apathetic footpath. But whatever may be his other modes of showing his perturbation, one mode is almost sure to be in active exercise—the mental supposition, namely, and wholly imaginative creation, of possible scenes, positions, or circumstances, in which, if they did happen, there would be a thorough retrieval of all that may have been lost by the unlucky occurrence of the evening, and a thorough indemnification for all the unpleasantness it may have occasioned. As the angry pedestrian strides along, for example, there rise up before his indignant imagination pictures of himself and the person that has offended him, placed in such a position that in the issue the tables would be completely turned; pictures of keen verbal altercation, in which self wins the victory; or, in extreme cases, of physical encounter, or exchanged pistol-shots, with a similar result. Cherishing such images, the angry man branches out into others and others, till at length, lost in a thicket of his own gratuitous fancies, the probability is, that ere he reaches home, he is tolerably composed and consoled, the secreted fiction, so to speak, having carried off the angry humour. Nor is it only under the influence of the emotion of anger that this tendency of the mind to regale itself with pure matter of fiction would be exhibited. It would be the same with a mind under the influence of any other feeling. What crowds of tender images come in the train of Pity: images of comfortless homes, of weeping women, of families made happy by an easy benevolence! Or again, in the poetic power of Love, in the well-known regardlessness of this sentiment for whatever is real and perceptible to third parties, and its exclusive respect for its own self-woven fantasies, have we not an illustration of the same law? In different minds, of course, the disposition thus to indulge in fiction will operate with very different degrees of force—in some very weakly, and in others so as almost to amount to an intellectual disease: on the whole, however, it may be assumed that the strength with which the imaginative tendency works in any particular mind, is a measure of the emotional force of that mind; and that the strength with which it works in that mind at any particular moment, is a measure of the force of the particular feeling under

which that mind is then labouring. And as regards the remaining clause of our general proposition—namely, that the strength of the mythical tendency is proportionate to the deficiency of already known facts or circumstances of a nature suitable for the occasion—this assertion, though hardly susceptible of complete proof, seems to be borne out by the well-known fact, that the mind, when labouring under some strong feeling, will, instead of creating fiction for itself, often seize and appropriate fiction that is already current. The lover, for instance, will select out of a store of songs those that please him most; or, reading a sentimental tale, will find a pleasure in placing himself in the midst of the circumstances it describes.

Considering, now, that the entire waking existence of every human being is but a succession of more or less intense emotional states, we obtain an idea of the enormous amount of purely fictitious matter that must be generated daily in the collective mind of any large society or assemblage of human beings, such as a city or a nation. Several hundreds of thousands, or several millions of individuals, all busily inventing and imagining from morning to night—what a mass of mythical substance would be the result, could the whole be collected! But no such thing takes place as this daily accumulation in a community of the mythical matter produced in the numberless individual minds that compose it. The vast proportion of the fictions formed every day within the limits of any city or community perish without seeing the light, merely falling down and decaying, as it were, in the minds where they grew. Every individual is quite capable of distinguishing between the arbitrary conceptions or images that are perpetually welling up within his own mind under the influence of the successive emotions that sway it, and those other conceptions or images that are conveyed inward to his mind from the solid external world. The former class of images or conceptions he merely entertains and sports with, the latter he believes and assumes to be true. He therefore keeps the former to himself, letting them rise and fall, and come and go, and flit across the canvas of his fancy, but not offering them to others as representations of real occurrences; but the latter he treats very differently, announcing them with confidence, and proceeding upon them boldly and unhesitatingly in his intercourse with the world. Occasionally, indeed, a person tries to palm off a fiction of his own for a fact, but this is a conscious deceit, easily recognised upon examination. Sometimes, again, a person weaves together designedly a number of the arbitrary images and conceptions that have arisen in his own mind, and presents them to the world, not as real circumstances, but only as a romance or story that may please all without deceiving any one. This is the business of the poet, or the writer of fiction. But different from all the three kinds of fictions that have been mentioned; different from those fictions that die and decay daily in the minds of individuals; different, also, from the deliberate falsehoods that are promulgated for a purpose; and different, finally, from the conscious and elaborated creations of the poets and romance-writers—are Myths or Mythi, properly so called; namely, those arbitrary conceptions or imaginations which, disengaging themselves somehow from the minds that produced them, are projected outwards upon society in perfect good faith, and are received by society as true statements and narratives.

In this definition of the Mythus, properly so called, it is involved that in every society where new myths arise and are circulated, there must exist these two conditions: *first*, the presence of some myth-originating person or persons

—that is, some person or persons so peculiarly constituted as to be unable always clearly to distinguish between the arbitrary ideas or conceptions that arise spontaneously within the mind, and those determinate impressions that are derived from experience—confounding, on the contrary, the one with the other, and accepting both as of equal credibility and value; and *secondly*, a widely-diffused myth-believing tendency—that is, a widely-diffused disposition to receive without inquiry stories of the particular class to which the current myths belong.

The first of these conditions is the more difficult and unlikely of the two, according to our modern notions; and yet one might safely assert that there does not at this moment exist any community of considerable extent in which it is not fulfilled. In every community, even the most civilized and rational, there are exceptional individuals, possessing the abnormal structure of mind that we have described; incapable, that is, of always discriminating between what is real or objective, and what is merely ideal or subjective; confounding the conceivable with the true, and disposed often to believe a thing, simply because they *think* it, as firmly as if they saw it happen. This tendency sometimes manifests itself as a disease or an accident—as during delirium tremens, or under the influence of opium. Sometimes, however, it is chronic and permanent, in which case we are accustomed to call the subject of it a mystic, an idealist, a dreamer, a person of strange fancies, a seer, a monomaniac, and such like. Persons of this peculiar character are by no means necessarily of inferior intellect or culture; on the contrary, there have been instances of such mystics or idealists among men of the highest powers, and even of the most sagacious and practical understandings. Robert Blake, the painter, used to see apparitions so distinctly as to paint from them. Fourier, the celebrated founder of the Phalansterian school of French Socialists, was a man of the same stamp. With great and accurate powers of observation and logic, he conjoined an implicit reliance on certain extraordinary intuitions that were peculiar to his own mind, and of which he could give no account—as, for example, that the world would last precisely 80,000 years, and that God had originally peopled the globe with sixteen races of men. In short, in every society there exist men of all degrees of ability and worth in other respects, who are so constituted that they will, with the most perfect good faith, declare things to be real that are not real in the common sense of that word—that is, not perceptible to universal experience, or even in contradiction with it. Nay, the great majority even of ordinarily-constituted persons are liable to the same hallucination, if only they are inordinately roused and excited by any feeling. Such persons, of whatever intellectual *calibre*, are myth-originating persons; and the unreal stories which they propagate, believing them to be true, are mythes. Sometimes the myths that they propagate may have a nucleus of fact—that is, may consist of a real occurrence of the outer world bedded in the fantastic or ideal matter which arose in the mind of the mythist at the instant that the occurrence was contemplated—as, for example, if a person, seeing a man tumble from a precipice, but seeing also, as he imagined, a supernatural agent in the transaction, were to spread the report that a fiend had thrown the man over. Frequently, however, mythes have no nucleus of fact whatever, and are from beginning to end pure phantasms.

Turning now to the other condition of the social propagation of a mythus —namely, the existence of a credulous or myth-believing tendency in the

community at large—let us consider what would be the fate of any particular mythus projected into modern society out of the interior consciousness of any myth-originating person. This would evidently depend on the nature of the mythus itself, and on its relation to the whole mental condition of the community it was offered to. If the mythus was altogether of an odd and silly character, it would be received with laughter; if it was generally offensive, it would be denounced as a lie, even though its author were in earnest; if it involved the element of the wonderful and impossible, it would be rejected by the cultivated and skeptical part of the community, but would probably find acceptance with the many, especially if promulgated by a man of power and energy; and, finally, if perfectly plausible in itself, and at the same time extremely accordant with some prevailing feeling or opinion, it would in all likelihood be adopted by the whole community, with the exception of the few who were accustomed systematically to set aside every statement not supported by positive testamentary evidence. Thus, therefore, while a considerable proportion even of published mythi—as, for example, those odd fancies of Fourier—would, in virtue of their peculiar and unpopular nature, be either nipped in the bud or confined within a very narrow circle of believers, others might, in virtue of their blinding grandeur, or of their exquisite adaptation to the existing state of the public mind, pass at once into universal beliefs. In such cases, not at all uncommon where society at large, agitated by some powerful special feeling, seizes with avidity on a mythus or story thrown out by some one person, adopting that mythus and making it its own, society itself may be regarded as the creator of the mythus. As the individual mind, when labouring under any strong emotion, relieves itself by inventing imaginary scenes and incidents imbodying, and, as it were, dramatizing that emotion; so it would appear the mind of a community, when charged with any aggregate mass of sentiment, relieves itself in like manner by secreting exactly similar matter of fiction. That some one member of the community, more forward and myth-inventive than the rest, should speak first, and lead the way, is a mere accident; the minds of all the others were straining in the same direction; and no sooner is the word spoken than it becomes a kind of corporate suggestion, to which no one possesses more claim than another. It might even happen that the original suggestion of the story by the individual might be a trick, a deliberate falsehood, or, as it is called, a hoax; or, again, the first assertion of the truth of the story might involve no deceit whatever, but might proceed on a mistake, a misreport, a defect of language, or such like, as in the schoolbook-tale, where the sick man, who has vomited "something as black as a crow," is at length reported to have vomited "three black crows;" still, even in these cases, by adopting the story in good faith, and thereby assuming the authorship of it, society may give it the character of a myth. On the whole, however, it is best to conceive the mythus as from first to last an expression of assured belief, and therefore to define it thus:—A *mythus* is a fictitious story, either supernatural in its character, or perfectly rational and probable, arising, first, by a natural process in the mind of some individual overcharged with some opinion, theory, or feeling; accepted by that person in perfect good faith, and confounded with the positive results of his own experience; and finally blazoned abroad, and adopted by society at large, and especially by those who are already under the influence of the opinion, theory, or feeling it im-

bodies, as a true and genuine narrative of facts. In contradistinction to the mythus, thus understood, it has been proposed to define a *legend* to be (what we have already described as a mythus with a nucleus of fact—namely) a story in which some real occurrence is bedded and wrapped up in a mass of purely fictitious matter, added out of the mind itself at the time that the real occurrence was first contemplated. In other words, a *mythus* is a fact wholly created by an idea, or made, so to speak, to its order; a *legend* is a fact viewed through the medium of an idea, and narrated under its transmuting and distorting influence. The distinction, however, though in some respects serviceable, ought not to be too rigorously insisted on; as, in practice, much error would arise if it were always required to separate between what is mythus and what is legend, according to the foregoing definitions. Finally, it is to be observed that both mythus and legend are in their nature accumulative and prolific. A mythus or legend already flung forth from one mind may become the nucleus round which other minds may deposit new mythical layers with the same good faith, and thus myth and legend may go on, mingling and growing, till at length the result is a perfect medley, in which, amid whole heaps of pure matter of fiction, there may be but a few grains of genuine and literal fact.

All this, which it is necessary thus to state abstractly first, will be rendered more clear and credible if we take an example. Perhaps the most beautiful illustration yet offered by any writer on the subject, of the way in which a mythus may form itself, and become current even in modern society, is that given by Mr. Grote in a paper on Grecian Mythology, originally published, we believe, in the "Westminister Review," and subsequently quoted by a reviewer of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece" in the "Edinburgh." The example is from the life of Lord Byron. Among the numerous fictions relating to Lord Byron that have been palmed upon the world—"romantic tours and wonderful adventures in places he never saw and with persons that never existed"—his biographer, Mr. Moore, especially alludes to one, believed and propagated by no less a person than Goethe. In a review of Byron's poem of "Manfred," Goethe thus comments on the gloom and despair that appears in all the poet's writings:—

"He (Byron) has often enough confessed what it is that torments him. There are, properly speaking, two females whose phantoms for ever haunt him, and in this piece also ('Manfred') perform principal parts—one under the name of Astarte; the other without form or presence, and merely a voice. Of the horrid occurrence that took place with the former, the following is related:—When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady. Her husband discovered the fact, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one to whom suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron removed from Florence, and these spirits haunted him all his life after. This romantic incident is rendered highly probable by innumerable allusions to it in his poems."

Here Goethe, and with him the whole German literary public, from whose gossip he doubtless derived the story, evidently mean to explain the peculiar character of Byron's poetry, by attributing it to the poet's own remorse for a secret deed of blood, perpetrated in very romantic circumstances. Respecting this mythus (for it is hardly necessary to say it is nothing more) Mr. Grote remarks:—

"The story which Goethe relates of the intrigue and double murder at Florence is not a misreported fact: it is pure and absolute fiction. It is not a story of which one part is true, and another part false, nor in which you can hope, by removing ever so much of superficial exaggeration, to reach at last a subsoil of reality. All is alike untrue—the basis as well as the details. In the mind of the original inventor the legend derived its birth, not from any erroneous description which had reached his ears respecting adventures of the real Lord Byron, but from the profound and vehement impression which Lord Byron's poetry had made both upon him and upon all others around him. The poet appeared to be breathing out his own soul and sufferings in the character of his heroes; he seemed like one struck down, as well as inspired, by some strange visitation of destiny. In what manner, and from what cause, had the Eumenides been induced thus to single him out as their victim? A large circle of deeply-moved readers, and amongst them the greatest of all German authors, cannot rest until this problem be solved: either a fact must be discovered, or a fiction invented for the solution. The minds of all being perplexed by the same mystery, and athirst for the same explanation, nothing is wanted except a *prima vox* (first word.) Some one, more forward and more felicitous than the rest, imagines and proclaims the tragical narrative of the Florentine married couple. So happily does the story fit in, that the inventor seems only to have given clear utterance to that which others were dimly shadowing out in their minds: the lacerated feelings of the poet are no longer an enigma; the die which has stamped upon his verses their peculiar impress has been discovered and exhibited to view."*

In the history of the propagation of this mythus, so beautifully commented on by Mr. Grote, we see clearly the coexistence of the two conditions that we have described as necessary in the propagation of all mythi—the presence in society of some myth-producing person or persons, and the prevalence of some largely-diffused popular feeling to which the myth will be welcome. As regards this second condition, Mr. Grote has sufficiently explained the matter when he speaks of the profound and vehement impression that had been made by Byron's poetry upon the German reading-public, of the "large circle of deeply-moved readers" unable to rest until the problem of the poet's gloomy character has been solved, of the "painful vacancy in their minds" waiting to be filled. Regarding the manner in which the particular myth in question happened to be produced, Mr. Grote has, perhaps, expressed himself too briefly and lightly. That Goethe himself should have been the man to originate the myth is not at all likely, considering his character; and, besides, he quotes the myth as having been related by others. It must have been, as Mr. Grote says, "some one more forward and felicitous than the rest" that imagined and proclaimed the tragical narrative; some one, that is, of the hundred thousand deeply-moved German readers of Byron. But when we come to fix our eyes on this "some one," and to catch him, as it were, in the act of originating the myth, we are perplexed by the difficulty of the thing, and find ourselves puzzled by various ways of conceiving it. We may either, in the first place, imagine the existence somewhere in the German literary world of some abnormal individual such as we have described, some obscure Blake or Fourier, not always capable of distinguishing the phantasmagories

* Extract from Mr. Grote's paper quoted in "Edinburgh Review."

that arose spontaneously in his own mind from the information he received from without, and therefore quite likely to promulgate the story of Byron and the Florentine lady, in perfect belief, if only he had anyhow been led to conceive such a thing in his own forgetive brain; or, again, we may suppose some perfectly sober and normal person so roused and excited at some particular moment by the Byronic frenzy, as to become for that moment a phantasmagorist; or, not less probably, we may fancy some deliberate liar, or some practical joker, concocting the story and spreading it, in which case it would only properly become a mythus when it reached some mind that thoroughly and implicitly believed it, and gave it forth again as true; or, finally, we may regard the whole story as a superstructure gradually raised on a mistaken speech or phrase, as if some one had at first said, "I should not wonder if Byron had had some terrible love-catastrophe in his own life of the kind he is so fond of describing," some one else had then added the suggestion that "Byron was once at Florence," and so on, till at length the story, converted out of the hypothetical into the real, had reached Goethe's ears, and assumed its final shape under his pen.

Having thus, we trust, with sufficient clearness and fulness expounded the doctrine of the mythus in its general form, and as it is rooted in the very structure of human nature, it remains for us now to carry the doctrine forth into history, and to exhibit its wonderful efficacy in disintegrating the traditions of the past, and separating the false in them from the true.

In entering on the subject of the critical application of the doctrine of the mythus to history, we have to add a new proposition to those already offered regarding the mythus. It is this:—*That the facility with which myths arise and propagate themselves, and consequently their abundance, increase, both as regards the world in general, and as regards individual nations and communities in particular, as we ascend from the present into the past.*

That the mythical productiveness of the early ages of the world must have been greater than that of the latter, and that, on the whole, there must have been a regular decrease in this respect from the primeval ages to the present time, is theoretically evident on three grounds—*first*, because the myth-originating tendency must have been stronger, and the myth-originating class of persons more numerous in the early than in the modern world; *secondly*, because the myth-believing tendency must have been stronger, and the myth-believing portion of the species larger; and, *thirdly*, because the myth-detecting instrumentalities must have been fewer and less efficient.

To receive a full impression of the reality and importance of the first two of these statements, one must endeavour to shake off modern habits of thought and feeling, and to transport one's-self back into that state of mental childhood in which our race was when it started on its long career. "That human nature is the same in all ages" is a profound truth; but another truth which must be rigorously taken along with it is, that no two ages have been precisely alike in their methods of intellectual procedure, in their ways of looking at things, or in their general conceptions of the universe; and that it would be the height of absurdity to interpret any portion of the past according to modern views and modes of thinking.

Fixing, then, our attention upon the primeval ages of the world's history, what do we find? Men essentially, so far at least as appears, of equal mind and faculty with ourselves, with equal and equally varied cerebral powers,

with the same innate moral and æsthetic feelings, the same profound and all-comprehending sense of a mysterious Infinite lying beyond physical appearance; yet, in their intellectual procedure, altogether unlike us. And wherein does the peculiarity lie? Chiefly in this, that they are as yet totally inexperienced and uninstructed; that they have accumulated out of the vast theatre of things no stock of scientific information; that they have but one way of accounting for every thing—the extension, namely, of their own personality to all that they see. As the child will beat the table against which it has struck itself, attributing to the piece of furniture its own sense of life (by no means a proof of bad temper, as parents suppose, but the result of a provisional mode of viewing things which every infant must go through,) so did these early children of the earth transfer into all nature their own feelings, passions, vitality. Every thing was to them alive and wonderful: the trees, the winds, the rocks, the rivers, were all invested with consciousness and will. They knew of but one way in which any thing could take place—by the agency, namely, of personal volition. It was by conscious energy that *they* walked, spoke, lifted stones; it must therefore be by conscious energy that the stream flowed, or the sun rolled through the heavens. Fancy the table-striking child full-grown, with physical, moral, and cerebral faculties all perfectly developed, able to talk, and to walk over miles of country, seeing, not the limited phenomena of the nursery, but a vast panorama of sky, wood, hills, and sea; and yet fancy him retaining and extending to every thing that infantine manner of viewing things that showed itself when he struck the table, and you have a picture of the mental state of a primeval man. He is essentially a Fetichist. Nature is not to him a vast solid aggregation of brute matter, much less a mass of different chemical compounds held together by electric and other forces; it is a swarming and teeming world of living things, amid which he himself walks, also a living thing, giving and exchanging blows with them. Such a phrase, for example, as this, "Heat causes an unpleasant sensation," would not be at all according to his mode of expressing himself; he would rather use some such phrase as this, "Pain is the daughter of Fire;" and that not with any consciousness of allegory, but with complete and literal understanding of the fact in question, in that way, and in no other. Such a word as *cause* is totally modern: it is a meaning into which the human mind has been trained and educated by a long process; and it was quite alien from the primeval human intellect. *To beget* was the equivalent conception. And so, in every thing whatever, human attributes were transferred to external and material things, such as appeared small, ordinary, or mean being invested with an inferior allowance of life and energy; and such as appeared great, terrible, or majestic, with an allowance that made them divine and worthy of propitiation. There was no difference, either, among the ancestors of our race, between poetic language, religious language, and speculative language; religion, poetry, and philosophy were all blended in one fiery and pregnant mode of speech, used by all alike, though more beautifully and forcibly by the superior than by the inferior minds. What we call a moral maxim was a thing unknown to them in that shape: had such a meaning, for example, as "Honesty is the best policy," entered into their heads, and struggled for expression, it would have presented itself in some concrete form, as of gods fighting or of heroes wrestling on the sea-sand.

But how, out of this strange, boisterous, primeval way of thinking, has

the present intellectual condition of the human race evolved itself? The answer is simple: by the incessant activity, from that time to this, of one part or principle of human nature furrowing the way, as it were, in advance of the rest—namely, the scientific or purely knowing faculty. This faculty, the essential business of which it is to bind together or classify things or phenomena that are similar, began to act at the very outset of human existence, and has been acting with regularly-increasing effect ever since. No sooner had it begun to act than it cleared a space for itself out of the universal mass of human conceptions, and implanted itself, as it were, like a leaven into the midst of them. Becoming familiar, for example, with the more common objects of their landscape—the stones they trod on, the withered leaves, and so on—men gradually withdrew from all such common things the human attributes they had at first so lavishly wasted on them; reserving (as under the Polytheistic system of the ancient Greeks and Romans) the dignity of personality only for the large objects and conceptions—the streams, the rocks, the heavenly bodies, and so on. And still as the resemblance between diverse phenomena and the recurrence of the same events, under stated circumstances, continued to be marked, the circle of scientific conceptions became larger, and the domain of reputed life and volition less. At length the scientific method of viewing things came, on the whole, to predominate; the systematic course of nature began in all departments to be recognised; and, one after another, the positive sciences struggled into existence—astronomy, general physics, physiology, psychology, and history. Disintegrated by the growing mass of scientific thought, the ancient uniform faith slowly gave way; and out of the primeval homogeneous language there arose several distinct styles of expression, any one of which might be assumed upon occasion—the religious as one, the poetical as a second, and the speculative as a third.

Applying now these observations to the matter immediately on hand, one sees at a glance how much more favourable to the production and propagation of myths the earlier ages of the world must have been than the later; for the very peculiarity of that primeval mental condition of the human species that we have been describing may be expressed by the single word *mythical*. The mythical way of thinking was supreme among the progenitors of our race. Let a man of the primeval time have conceived what we call a meaning, or have been moved by any feeling, and how would he express it? Mythically, and no otherwise: that is, the imaginary fact, scene, or circumstance, that rose in his mind at the moment, he would seize and fling forth as his statement of what he wanted to say. Thus all speech consisted of myths given and exchanged. Whatever thought arose in a man's mind, whatever sensation varied his consciousness, could be expressed by him only in one way,—namely, *by dragging forth the concrete images, fictions, or inventions, that he felt arise contemporaneously with it*. His neighbour or comrade, adopting these fictions or inventions, understood what he meant by similarity of constitution, and was able to reply; and the speech of all, of rich as well as of poor, and of men of powerful as well as of men of weak intellects, was necessarily homogeneous. As soon, however, as positive science had made a beginning, a change took place: a numerous body of abstract propositions, the result of the observation and generalization of natural appearances, was established in the heart, as it were, of the vague language of temporary sensation; instructed men, recurring again and again to this mass of accumu-

lated truth, learnt to distinguish between those arbitrary conceptions that they had formerly treated as real knowledge, and those genuine inductions of which they had now so many examples. And although the great proportion of mankind were excluded from the direct benefits of such systematic training, yet, influenced by the example, and catching the tone of the instructed, even they assumed a new mode of thinking, and ceased to be purely or principally mythists.

To the foregoing considerations, showing the superior ease with which myths must have been both produced and accepted in the earlier stages of human society, we have still to add another, specified above—the consideration, namely, of the comparative deficiency in early times of instrumentalities for the detection of myths. In the first ages of all, when the mythical way of thinking was universal, there were of course no such instrumentalities; the very idea of them implying the previous existence of a certain amount of skepticism in society, the prevalence among some, at least, of an unmythical way of thinking. The moment, however, that a scientific class arose, instrumentalities were called into exercise for protecting that class from the mythical fictions that were current in society around them. In the first place, the scientific spirit itself was in so far a protection, every man that possessed it being instinctively able to reject all such myths as were contradictory to the established principles that formed his scientific stock. Thus, in the present day, every scientific man has set up a standard of impossibility that would enable him instantly to dismiss as absurd any such story as that still believed (the newspapers tell us) in some parts of England—namely, that a loaf of bread, with a certain quantity of quicksilver put into the heart of it, will, if floated on a river, attract from the bottom any dead body that may chance to be there. But this native safeguard afforded by scientific knowledge itself could not be in all cases efficacious; there being thousands of myths perfectly rational and probable in their nature, and yet as baseless as the most extravagant nursery fable. Very few men, for example, possessed an adequate amount of positive knowledge, or had that knowledge sufficiently at command, to enable them to reject as an impossibility the prodigious story that came across the Atlantic some years ago, that the Niagara cataract had ceased to exist. Hundreds of fully-educated men, had they had their knowledge of the scientific possibilities of the case alone to trust to, must have believed that story. What other safeguard, then, have men to depend on in such cases? This—the habit of permanently avoiding the belief of any statement of fact, however probable, that cannot produce its evidence. By this means it was that the Niagara story was so summarily rejected by many, even at the moment of its promulgation. This habit of always demanding and estimating evidence, is itself the product of the scientific spirit; and, upon the whole, it has regularly attained strength as science has advanced.

The practice of recording events may be regarded as coincident in its origin with the appearance of an unmythical spirit among a certain portion of mankind. No sooner had the practice been begun in any community, than the mythopœic (myth-making) age of that community may be said to have ceased; for although myths were produced in abundance afterwards among the unlettered portions of the population, yet being unsanctioned by the acceptance of minds venerated for their culture, these myths were arrested at the outset, and instead of entering into the body of national myths be-

lieved in by all, were driven back into an obscure existence among the peasantry and the poor. And the higher the perfection to which the art of recording events was carried, the more difficult of course did it become to add a new myth to the ancient national stock. The protection, for example, afforded against myths by the rude stone-carvings of early nations, must have been small in comparison with that afforded by the literary activity of so many able men in the later ages of Greece and Rome; and the efficacy of either must have been insignificant compared with the power exercised by the art of printing. The invention of this art ought to be noted as forming, in this very matter of mythical productiveness, an immense wall of separation between the ancient and the modern world. If even at the present day, as we have seen, myths may be formed and propagated, how much more easily, and in how much greater numbers, must they have been put in circulation in times when there were no printed books and no newspapers, and when the power of consulting records at all was confined to a small minority in every society. The gradual improvement of our locomotive processes has operated in a similar way. The ancients knowing, in the first place, but a small portion of the whole surface of the globe, all round which seemed mere darkness peopled with horrors; and having, in the second place, but scanty means of connecting even such countries as were known with each other, were much more exposed to all kinds of myths relating to distant places than we, to whom the world represents itself as a ponderable mass of land and water, sailed round by thousands of ships, and scored almost everywhere by roads and railways.

To sum up all these general remarks relative to the agency of the mythical spirit in history, it may be said, that in the life of every nation or community left to its own natural career, there is necessarily a primitive mythic or mythopœic age, during which all men express themselves by means of concrete fictions, created according to their momentary impulses; that these fictions, aggregating themselves, are formed by degrees into a mass of mythical substance, incorporating all the common opinions and sentiments of the nation, and serving at once as a poetic element for the imagination, an encyclopædia of knowledge for the intellect, and a code of laws for the conduct; that, gradually invaded by the scientific spirit, which aims at positive conclusions, society moves forward out of this state into a new one, a portion of the community leading the way, and the rest following in their train and adopting their thoughts and language; that society, though thus moving forward, still retains adhering to it a mass of traditional matter that was secreted, so to speak, from its mind in its earlier stage; that thus there arises a certain struggle in every community between its ancient and its modern way of thinking—the former as imbodied in the mass of ancestral myths, and the latter as practised on daily affairs; and that to reconcile the two, all sorts of shifts are tried, till at last the theory of the myth itself is worked out, and the scientific spirit triumphs by becoming sufficiently profound and just to explain and canonize its own opposite.

Fully to make clear all that is here signified, it would be necessary to take the leading races and nations of the world—Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Indians, Chinese, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Scandinavians, Turks, &c.—into consideration, one by one, and to expound in each case a separate mythology; showing how in each nation the same process has been gone through more or less completely, each having begun with a mythic

age, and subsequently advanced out of it. Such an exposition, however, could be attempted only in a work on universal mythology; and all that is possible here is to illustrate a few of the more important aspects and uses of the doctrine of the mythus in the case of one nation. The nation we shall select for the purpose is that of the Greeks; both because, of all mythologies, the Grecian is the most abundant and beautiful, and because in no other is the abstract nature and process of the myth so amply exhibited.

To the mind of an ancient Greek not yet emancipated from the Polytheistic faith of his forefathers, the history of the world, and of his own race and country, presented itself nearly as follows:—

First in order of time was Chaos, huge and formless; out of whom came Gaia (the Earth) and Tartarus (Hell). Then, at the very primal moment of creation, came Eros (Love), the subduer of gods and men. Chaos produced Erebos (Darkness) and Nyx (Night); and Gaia gave birth to Ouranos (Heaven,) overarching herself, and to Pontus, the briny sea. Gaia then married Ouranos, and the offspring of the marriage were:—the six Titans—Oceanus, Koios, Krios, Hyperion, Iapetos, and Kronos (Saturn); the six Titanesses—Theia, Rhea, Themis, Mnemosyne, Phœbé, and Tethys; the three Cyclopes—Brontes, Steropes, and Arges: and the three Hekatoncheires, or Hundred-handed monsters—Kottos, Briareus, and Gyges. Alarmed at the increase of his progeny, Ouranos stuffed them into the cavities of the earth, and kept them there, till Kronos, urged by his mother Gaia, attacked and dismembered his father, from whose blood, as it fell upon the earth, were produced the Erinnyes (Furies), the Gigantes (Giants), and the Melian nymphs, while from part of it that was thrown into the sea sprang the Love-goddess Aphroditê (Venus). Kronos and the Titans were now supreme: and each of them marrying, became the father of a numerous offspring. To Oceanus and his wife and sister Tethys were born 3000 sons and 3000 daughters; to Hyperion and his wife and sister Theia were born Helios (the Sun), Selene (the Moon), and Eos (Morning); to Koios and his wife and sister Phœbe were born Leto (Latona) and Asteria; Krios was the father of Astræas, Pallas, and Perses, the first of whom marrying Eos, begat the winds, Zephyrus, Boreas, and Notus; and the second marrying Styx, one of the daughters of Oceanus, begat Zelos (Imperiousness), Nikê (Victory), Kratos (Strength), and Bia (Force); and Iapetos, marrying Clymene, another of the daughters of Oceanus, became the father of Prometheus, Epimetheus, Menœtius, and Atlas. The children of these unions likewise intermarried, thus giving birth to an enormous host of gods and goddesses. Nor had old Gaia herself ceased to procreate. Taking Pontus for her husband, after the ruin of Ouranos, she bore to him Nereus, Thaumas, Phorkys, and Keto; who again, in their turn, became the progenitors of divine personages—Nereus of the Nereids or Sea-Nymphs, Thaumas of Iris and the two Harpies, Phorkys and Keto of the Gorgons, the Graiæ, and the Dragon of the Hesperides, themselves the parents of still other broods. Meanwhile, from Nyx alone, without a husband, had been produced a numerous race—Thanatos (Death), Hypnos (Sleep), and Oneiros (Dream); Momus (Laughter), and Oizys (Grief); the three Fates—Klotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; the avenging Nemesis; Apate (Deceit) and Philotes (Amorousness); Geras (Old Age) and Eris (Strife), which last was the parent of Ponos (Suffering), Lethê (Oblivion), Limos (Famine), Phonos (Slaughter), Machê

(Battle), Dysnomia (Lawlessness), Até (Reckless Impulse), and Horkos (the Sanctioner of Oaths). Important members of this primeval Pantheon were also Chrysaor and the horse Pegasus, the offspring of the blood of Medusa, one of the Gorgons; Geryon and the half-nymph half-serpent Echidna, the offspring of Chrysaor by one of the ocean-nymphs; the two-headed dog Orthros, the fifty-headed dog Cerberus, and the Lernæan Hydra—all the offspring of Echidna; and, finally, the Chimæra, the Theban Sphynx, and the Nemæan Lion, all the children of the Hydra.

Over this population of gods, goddesses, giants, nymphs, and monsters of strange breed, reigned Kronos, the King of Heaven. He had married his sister Rhea, and the offspring of the marriage was a family of gods and goddesses that naturally took precedence of the others. The three daughters of the family were Hestia (Vesta), Demeter (Ceres), and Hêrê (Juno); the three sons were Hades (Pluto), Poseidon (Neptune), and Zeus (Jupiter); the youngest of all being Zeus, who was at the same time the wisest and strongest. It was not without difficulty, however, that these gods and goddesses saw the light. Kronos, forewarned that one of his children would dethrone him, as he had himself dethroned his father Ouranos, had swallowed every one of them immediately after their birth, except only Zeus, whose safety was insured by the precautions taken by his mother Rhea, in conjunction with her parents Ouranos and Gaia. A stone wrapped up in swaddling-clothes was given to Kronos to eat; and the real child was taken away to Mount Ida in Crete, there to be brought up among the woods. Valiant and great grew up the young god in his retreat; and at last appearing before his father, he induced him by stratagem to vomit up first the stone that had been last given him, (which stone was placed near the Temple of Delphi, where it was to be seen by pious Greeks to the latest ages,) and then the five children that he had previously swallowed. His brothers and sisters thus restored to him, Zeus resolved to subvert the existing dynasty of gods, and to establish a new one, with himself at its head. Then began a fearful struggle: the multitude of divinities, all of whom were relatives to each other, divided themselves into two great factions—the one consisting of Kronos, with the majority of his brothers and sisters, the Titans and Titanesses; the other of Zeus, with his brothers and sisters, and certain of the other older deities who were discontented with the rule of Kronos. Chief among the allies of Zeus were—Styx and her four sons; the three Cyclopes, who forged thunderbolts for him; and the three Hekatoncheires, who exerted their prodigious strength in his behalf. "Ten full years did the combat continue; Zeus and the Kronids occupying Olympus (a mountain-chain in the north of Greece) and the Titans being established on the more southerly mountain-chain of Othrys. All nature was convulsed, and the distant Oceanus, though he took no part in the struggle, felt the boiling, the noise, and the shock not less that Gaia and Pontus. The thunder of Zeus, combined with the crags and mountains torn up and hurled by the Centimanes (Hekatoncheires) at length prevailed, and the Titans were defeated, and thrust down into Tartarus. Iapetos, Kronos, and the remaining Titans, (Oceanus excepted,) were imprisoned perpetually and irrevocably in that subterranean dungeon, a wall of brass being built round them by Poseidon, and the three Centimanes being planted as guards. Of the sons of Iapetos, Menætius was made to share his prison, while Atlas was condemned to stand for ever at the extreme west, and to bear upon his shoulders the solid vault

of heaven."* One other effort, however, had to be made ere the authority of Zeus was complete. Gaia, never tired of bearing children, had married Tartarus, as she had already married Ouranos and Pontus, and the result of this union was a tremendous being called Typhœus, who, had he been allowed to grow up, would have proved a formidable enemy to the new dynasty. Zeus, however, scorched him with a thunderbolt and shut him up in Tartarus.

Now began the reign of the Olympic gods. The three brothers—Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades—shared among them the sovereignty of the universe:—Zeus assuming the æther and the atmosphere, together with the titular supremacy; Poseidon taking the sea and its caverns; and Hades the underworld of departed souls. From the marriages of these gods sprang many others. The progeny of Zeus alone was very numerous. First he married Metis, the wisest of all the goddesses; but forewarned that her descendants would prove stronger than himself, he devoured her as she was about to give birth to a child. The pregnant goddess being thus incorporated with the body of Zeus, he was himself seized with the pangs of labour; and his head having been split open, the goddess Athene (Minerva) issued full-armed from his brain. Other wives of Zeus besides Metis were Themis, Eurynome, Mnemosyne, and Leto. By the first he begat the Horæ or Seasons, by the second the three Graces, by the third the nine Muses, and by the fourth Apollo and Artemis (Diana). The father of gods and men likewise married two of his own sisters—Ceres and Juno. By the former he had a daughter Persephone (Proserpine); by the latter, who was his principal wife, and the queen of all the deities, he had four children—Hebe, Ares (Mars), Eileithyia, and Hephaistos (Vulcan); although, according to some, Hephaistos was begotten by Here, of her own unassisted force. Another son of Zeus, born of Maia, the daughter of Atlas, was the god Hermes (Mercury).

When by these marriages of Zeus, as well as by those of his brothers, &c. the Pantheon was complete, it consisted, according to the classification of Mr. Grote, of the following component parts:—"1. The twelve great gods and goddesses of Olympus—Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, Ares, Hephaistos, Hermes, Here, Athene, Artemis, Aphrodite, Hestia, Demeter. 2. An indefinite number of other deities, not included among the Olympic, but some of them not inferior in power and dignity to many of the twelve—Hades, Helios, Hecate, Dionysos (Bacchus, a son of Zeus by the nymph Semele), Leto, Dione, Persephone, Selene, Themis, Eos, Harmonia, the Charites (Graces), the Muses, the Eileithyiæ, the Moeræ (Fates), the Oceanids and the Nereids, Proteus, Eidothea, the Nymphs, Leucothea, Phorkys, Icolus, Nemesis, &c. 3. Deities who perform special services to the greater gods—Iris, Hebe, the Horæ, &c. 4. Deities whose allegorical origin is more distinctly indicated—Ate, the Litæ, Eris, Thanatos, Hypnos, Kratos, Bia, Ossa, &c. 5. Monsters, offspring of the gods—the Harpies, the Gorgons, the Graiæ, Pegasus, Chrysaor, Echidna, Chimæra, the Dragon of the Hesperides, Cerberus, Orthros, Geryon, the Lernæan Hydra, the Nemæan Lion, Scylla and Charybdis, the Centaurs, the Sphinx, Xanthos and Balios the immortal horses," &c.

Such, in the belief of an orthodox Greek, was the primeval population of the universe—that is, of that portion of the universe of which he was able to

* Grote's History of Greece, vol. i. pp. 11–12. Throughout this sketch of the Grecian mythology, we follow the order laid down in Mr. Grote's admirable work.

form an idea—namely, Greece, and the adjacent lands and islands, with the seas that washed or encircled them, and the overhanging firmament with its stars. As regards the transition from the divine to the human, there was no very coherent legend. The primitive and most ancient form of belief seems not to have implied any such immense gulf between men and the gods as we moderns understand when we speak of creatures in contrast with the Creator, but to have conceived men as the direct progeny of the gods, removed from them only by a certain number of generations, and proportionately weaker. First, gods tenanting the universe, and loving and warring among themselves like mere colossal men: then heroes or demigods footing the earth, and, above all, the soil of the Greeks, and performing stupendous acts of valour worthy of their nearness to the gods; and lastly, men of ordinary mould—some good, some bad, some wise, and some foolish, but all degenerate:—such was the scheme by which an ancient Greek connected the present with the infinite past—a scheme which, though to a modern mind it would be quite unsatisfactory, was to him all that he desired.*

How, then, did an ancient Greek picture the primitive condition of Greece and of the other parts of the earth which were familiar or known to him? He pictured them physically the same as he saw them, or nearly so, with the same outlines of sea and land, the same mountains, rocks, and rivers, the same soil and climate; inhabited, however, not by a uniform population of ordinary men, like those contemporary with himself, but by a population consisting of two parts—1. A vast multitude of inferior men, sometimes represented as autochthonous or earth-born, performing all the common and less honourable functions of life; and, 2, Scattered through them as chiefs and rulers, numerous families of heroes, the direct offspring of the gods; while, lastly, supreme amidst both, moved the celestial gods and goddesses themselves, often leaving Olympus to serve their heroic children, and sometimes even seeking for adventures and new loves on earth to beguile their grand leisure in a too monotonous heaven. This picture of the primitive world and its connection with the gods existing as an established and fundamental conception in the mind of a Greek, there were various legends that came in exactly at this point, imbodying certain notions relative to the condition of the human race at the time when it still subsisted as an undivided whole. Of these the most important was the legend of Prometheus. Two of the four sons of the Titan Iapetos—namely, Menætius and Atlas—having been punished by Zeus, as already related, there remained the other two, Prometheus (the Forethinker) and Epimetheus (the Afterthinker), to act as representatives of the ancient dynasty of gods, and as champions of mankind, against Zeus and his associates. One great service that Prometheus rendered to mankind was in the matter of sacrifice. The gods and men being

* This notion, so characteristic of ancient Greek faith, of a regular chain of connection between gods, heroes, and men, is well illustrated in a passage in the "Iliad," (book ii. verses 100–108,) where Homer gives the history of the sceptre of Agamemnon—"Then uprose royal Agamemnon, holding the sceptre which Hephaistos had toiled at making: Hephaistos had given it to King Zeus, the son of Kronos; Zeus hereupon gave it to his messenger, the slayer of Argus (that is, to Hermes); King Hermes next gave it to Pelops; Pelops afterwards gave it to Atreus, the shepherd of nations; Atreus, dying, left it to Thyestes, rich in flocks; and Thyestes finally left it to Agamemnon." Here are a series of personages the first of whom are gods, and the others only heroic men, and yet a sceptre passes along them from hand to hand.

engaged in arranging their mutual claims and duties, Prometheus divided an ox into two parts, folding up the flesh and entrails in the skin, and making a distinct parcel of the bones and the fat. Zeus, having his option of either, eagerly and stupidly took the fat, which looked the more inviting, but was in reality of small value; and hence ever afterwards the gods were entitled only to the bones and the fat of any animal sacrificed to them. Angry at being thus outwitted, Zeus withheld from mankind the blessing of fire. Prometheus, however, stole fire from heaven, and brought it to earth in the hollow of a ferule. Doubly enraged, Zeus sent down among men a newly-formed woman, made expressly by Hephaistos, and a paragon of beauty, but fraught with all evil and mischief. This woman, whose name was Pandora, was foolishly received by Epimetheus during his brother's absence, and immediately the human race was ruined; for till that moment all the evils, woes, and diseases that now afflict mankind had existed closely shut up in a cask on the earth. The wanton Pandora, however, opened the lid of the cask, and the imprisoned evils, making their escape, took up a permanent lodging in human society. Only Hope remained in the cask, the lid having been put down before this virtue, which might have somewhat relieved the sufferings caused by its companions, could escape. Prometheus was then bound by Zeus to a pillar by heavy chains; and thus he remained for several generations, exposed to the inclemency of the elements, an eagle daily devouring his liver, which again grew during the night.

While, by such legends as the foregoing, the imagination of a Greek was enabled to link, with perfect satisfaction to itself, the primitive world as a whole and its inhabitants collectively regarded with the splendid foretime of the immortal gods, there were hundreds of other legends by which, with equal satisfaction, it could connect the several geographical portions of that world, and their respective populations, with the same illustrious beginning of things. The more remarkable of these legends necessarily concerned the Grecian countries themselves. Mr. Grote, in the first and second volumes of his "History of Greece," has arranged what may be called the leading Grecian or Hellenic legends into some thirteen or fourteen distinct groups, the union of which forms the entire legendary history of the Greek race. It is possible here to do little more than enumerate these groups, mentioning the more celebrated of the names they include:—

1. *The Legend of Deucalion, or the General Genealogy of the Greek Race.*—(Deucalion, a prince of Locris, and the son of Prometheus and Pandora, is saved, with his wife Pyrrha, in an ark or ship during a great flood that drowned all Greece except the highest mountain-tops. He left three children—two sons, Hellen and Amphyction; and a daughter, Protogeneia, who had by Zeus a son named Æthlius. Hellen, Amphyction, and Æthlius were the founders of every thing Greek. Amphyction founded the Amphyctionic Council; Æthlius founded the great Grecian games; and Hellen, through his three sons, Dorus, Xuthus, and Æolus, was the progenitor of the three divisions or branches of the general Hellenic or Greek family—the Dorians coming from Dorus; the Achæans and Ionians from Achæus and Ion, the two sons of Xuthus; and the Æolians from Æolus.) 2. *The Genealogy of Argos, or the Medley of Primitive Peloponnesian Legend.*—(Phoroneus, a son of Inachos, who was a son of the Titan Oceanus and his wife Tethys, was the first important Peloponnesian man. Among his descendants, the most celebrated in Grecian story were—Argos, from whom the Peloponn-

nesus derived this its primitive name; his great-grandson, Argos Panoptes, who had eyes all over his body; the priestess Io, whom Here changed into a white cow; her son Epaphos; Danaos and his fifty daughters, and Ægyptos and his fifty sons; Acrisios and Prætos; Danae, on whom Zeus descended in a shower of gold; her son, the renowned Perseus; and his more renowned great-grandson, the god or divine man, Heracles or Hercules, whose offspring, the Herakleids, were obliged by persecution to quit the Peloponnesus.) 3. *The Legend of the Æolids, or Sons and Daughters of Æolus, the Son of Hellen.*—(The sons were Kretheus, Sisyphus, Athamas, Salmoneus, Deion, Magnes, and Perieres; the daughters, Canace, Alcyone, Calyce, and Perimede. These eleven individuals became the progenitors of various important Hellenic families. Among their descendants were Tyro and her sons Pelias and Neleus, one of the sons of Neleus being the famous Nestor; Admetus, whose wife was Alcestes; Bellerophon, the conqueror of the Chimæra and the rider of the winged Pegasus; Phryxus and Helle, the two children of Athamas, who were carried away by the ram with the golden fleece; the giants Otos and Ephialtes; Endymion, the lover of Selene; Augeas, whose stables Herakles cleaned; Ætolus, the founder of the Ætolian state; Meleager, Leda, Atalanta, and many other distinguished legendary personages, traditions of whom remained in one part of Greece or in another.) 4. *The Legend of the Pelopids, a Lydian Family that settled in the Peloponnesus, and gave it its name.*—(Tantalus, a rich Lydian, with whom the gods often conversed, gave them his own son Pelops to eat at a feast. The gods discover his wickedness, slay him, and restore Pelops to life. Niobe, the sister of Pelops, is married to Amphion, and has seven sons and seven daughters. Triumphing over the goddess Leto on account of the superior number of her children, she sees them all die, and, weeping their loss, is changed into a rock. Pelops comes to Greece, marries Hippodameia, the daughter of Œnomaus, the son of Ares, and Prince of Pisa, and has by her a numerous family of children—Pittheus, Trœzen, Epidauros, Atreus, Thyestes, and Nikippe, besides a natural son, Chrysippus. Of these, Atreus and Thyestes are the most important; the sons of Atreus were Agamemnon king of Mycenæ, and Menelaus king of Sparta; the son of Thyestes was Ægistheus. After the war of Troy, Agamemnon is murdered by his own wife Clytemnestra, who, during his absence, has intrigued with his cousin Ægistheus; and the two paramours remain on the throne of Mycenæ till Orestes the son of Agamemnon slays them. Sisters of Orestes are Electra and Iphigeneia; and his cousin, the daughter of Menelaus and Helen, is Hermioné, names immortal in poetry and the last of the legendary Pelopids.) 5. *The Laconian and Messenian Genealogies.*—(Lelex, an autochthonous Peloponnesian man, and a nymph Kleochareia, produce a son Eurotas, whose daughter is Sparta, who is married to Lacedæmon, a son of Zeus by a daughter of Atlas. Descendants of Lacedæmon are Amyclas, Kynatas, and Hyacinthus—the latter of whom was the favourite of Apollo—Perieres, Tyndareus, Ikarius, Aphareus, Leucippus, and Hippokoon. Tyndareus marrying Leda, the daughter of the king of Calydon, becomes the father of Castor and of Clytemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon; while the same Leda bears to the god Zeus two other children —Pollux and the memorable Helen. Ikarius is the father of Penelope, the wife of Odysseus. Sons of Aphareus are Idas and Lynceus. While thus celebrated is the branch of the posterity of Lelex that descends from Eurotas, the less celebrated or Messenian branch descends from his younger son

Polykaon, who marries the Argive Messené, and whose children occupy the Messenian throne till it is merged in that of Lacedæmon.) 6. *The Arcadian Genealogy.*—(Pelasgus, an indigenous Arcadian man, is the father of Lycaon, whose fifty sons, the most impious of mankind, are killed by Zeus, all except Nycternus, the youngest. The nymph Kallisto, by some called a daughter of Lycan, is violated by Zeus, and bears a son named Arcas, who becomes king of Arcadia, and leaves it divided among his three sons, Azan, Apheidas, and Elatus. Descendants of Apheidas were Aleus, Lycurgus, Cepheus, Augé, Telephus, Ancæus, Echemus, &c.; but the most celebrated member of this legendary family, was Asklepius or Æsculapius, the medicine god or hero, who was worshipped in so many parts of Greece. He was the reputed son of Ischys, the son of Elatus by Crotonis, a nymph who was already beloved by the god Apollo. Machaon and Podaleirius, the sons of Asklepius, were the leeches of the Grecian army at Troy, and from them were descended the numerous Asklepiads so widely diffused throughout Greece.) 7. *The Legend of Æacus and his Descendants; or the Genealogy of Ægina, Salamis, and Phthia.*—(Æacus, a son of Zeus by the nymph Ægina, daughter of Asopus, becomes king of Ægina, Zeus providing a population by changing all the ants of the island into human beings, whence their name Myrmidones. Sons of Æacus—who was the most pious man of his time, and during whose reign was founded the celebrated Æginetan temple of Zeus Panhellenius—were Peleus and Telamon, who, killing their bastard brother Phocus, were banished by their father. Telamon, retiring to Salamis, marries Peribæa, one of the Pelopids, acquires the sovereignty of the island, and has for his son the heroic Ajax; by Hesione, another wife who was given to him by his friend Herakles, he has another son, Teukros, the most celebrated of the Grecian archers at Troy, and the founder of Salamis in Cyprus. Peleus going to Phthia, becomes sovereign there. After many adventures, he is married by the gods to the sea-goddess Thetis, and begets by her the great Achilles, whose son is Pyrrhus or Neoptolemus.) 8. *Attic Legends and Genealogies.*—(Erectheus, an autochthonous Attic man, is adopted and nurtured by the goddess Athené, and conjointly with Athené and Poseidon, becomes a tutelar deity of the Athenian soil: while other autochthonous heroes, such as Marathon, Colonus, &c., hold but a local sway in their respective parts of Attica. Even older than Erectheus, however, was Cecrops, half man half serpent, who reigned in the district of Attica called Cecropia. He founded the Athenian state and constitution; but his line ultimately gave way to that of Erectheus, whose son Pandion left four children—two daughters, Procné and Philomela, the story of whose transformation respectively into a swallow and a nightingale, was a favourite theme of the poets, and two sons, Erectheus and Bates. Among the descendants of these primitive Attic personages were Ægeus, and his son the hero Theseus, the subject of so many legends, the chief of which was that of the war of the Amazons, the offspring of Ares and Harmonia.) 9. *Cretan Legends.*—(Minos and Rhadamanthus, sons of Zeus by the Phœnician nymph Europê, rule in Crete, which till their time had been governed by the posterity of Cres, an ancient native king. The children of Minos by his wife Pasiphae, a daughter of Helios, are Katreus, Deucalion, Glaucus, Androgeos, Ariadné, and Phædra. Pasiphae independently gives birth to the monstrous Minotaur, half man half bull, which Minos confines in a labyrinth constructed by Dædalus an Athenian fugitive. Minos conquering the Athenians in war, demands as a tribute

seven Athenian youths and seven Athenian maidens, as a sacrifice once in every nine years to the Minotaur. Theseus going to Crete, and gaining the love of Ariadne, is able to vanquish the Minotaur, and to relieve his countrymen from the terrible bond, an event afterwards commemorated in many Attic ceremonies. Other legends connect Crete with still other parts of the general Grecian territory, as, for example, with Sicily.) 10. *The Story of the Argonautic Expedition.*—(Jason, an Æolid, the nephew of Pelias, king of Iolkos, is ordered by Pelias to go to Colchis and bring back the golden fleece of the ram that had carried away Phryxus and Helle. He sets out in the ship Argo, accompanied by all the bravest youths in Greece—Herakles, Theseus, Peleus, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, &c. After numberless adventures, they succeed, and Jason returns to Iolkos, bringing with him as his wife Medea, the daughter of the king of Colchis, a woman skilled in magic. The subsequent history of Jason and Medea is a string of fine legends.) 11. *Bœtian or Theban Legends.*—(Cadmus, a hero of Phœnician origin, descended according to some from Agenor, the grandson of Io, is the founder of Thebes: it is his sister Europê that becomes the mother of Minos. Marrying Harmonia, the daughter of Ares and Aphrodite, he gives birth to a son, Polydorus, and four daughters, Autonoe, Ino, Semele, and Agave. The god Dionysos or Bacchus was a son of Semele by Zeus; Autonoe was the mother of Actæon. The Bacchic mysteries were instituted at Thebes while Cadmus still reigned in honour of his divine grandson. The grandson of Polydorus, and his successor on the Theban throne, was Laius, whose son Œdipus is the chief figure in a medley of well-known tragic legends.) 12. *The Legend of Troy.*—(Dardanus, the son of Zeus, founds the Dardanian state; his descendants in one line are Ilus, Laomedon, and Priam, kings of Troy; in another, Assaracus, Capys, and Anchises, Dardanian chiefs. Paris, the son of Priam, having carried off Helen, the wife of Menelaus king of Sparta, there ensues that terrible war which, lasting for ten years, engages the whole of Greece on the one side, and nearly all Asia Minor on the other. The mere list of the names included in this great legend would fill many pages.) 13. *The Legend of the Return of the Herakleids.*—(The great-grandsons of Herakles, Temeneus, Kresphontes, and the infant sons of their brother Aristodemus, returning into Peloponnesus at the head of vast Dorian forces, extinguish the Pelopid line of sovereigns, and divide the whole country among them.) 14. *Legends relating to the later Migrations of the Greek race.*—(These include, *first*, legends relating to various migrations within Greece Proper; and *secondly*, legends relating to the settlement of the Æolic, Ionic, and Doric colonies in Asia Minor.)

Such, indicated with all possible brevity, is the general tenor of Grecian legendary history. Whoever would form an idea of the extent of the whole mass of such legendary matter, or would study the individual legends in detail, or would observe how they are at hundreds of points intertwined and interfused, must have recourse to some special account of Grecian mythology—as, for example, that given by Mr. Grote. Even in the fullest account of Grecian mythology, however, thousands of minor legends must be omitted that were once the food of the Greek mind—legends relating to special families, special spots, special ceremonies, &c. Only the larger and more national legends have come down to us: and even of these we have given but a very incomplete catalogue, taking no notice, for example, of the numberless legends constituting the private histories, so to speak, of the

individual gods of the Pantheon—Zeus, Apollo, Aphrodite, Dionysos, &c. It will suffice, however, if by the foregoing sketch we have conveyed into the minds of our readers a conception of the foretime of the world, as it was imagined by a Greek—commencing with a Pantheon of gods and monsters, living as it were in a compressed space, and terminating in a vast area of Mediterranean lands, covered (and especially the Greek parts of this area) with a swarming multitude of heroes and chiefs, all named, all invested with distinct feelings and characteristics, and all holding fixed places in the general genealogy of existing things. Looking backward, therefore, into the past, a Greek of the age of Herodotus (B. C. 450) would see clearly a certain vista of recorded events, such as wars between different Greek states, and political movements within them, extending (not without legendary additions) probably as far as the first Olympiad, or B.C. 776. Beyond that his eye would rest on a dark gulf; but beyond that again, he would see the splendid foreworld of heroes and warriors, from the later Herakleids up to Deucalion, Phoroneus, Cadmus, &c., the whole coming to a point in Zeus, Kronos, Ouranos, and the inconceivable Chaos, the mother of all things.

Examining this elaborate scheme of Grecian history, what are we to make of it?—How, above all, are we to deal with that immense mass of traditionary or legendary matter that occupies the beginning of it—the time antecedent to written or monumental records? There are but three methods open to us in this case: the *Literal or Orthodox Method*, which accepts the whole as positive and veritable matter of fact; the *Rationalistic or Pragmatic Method*, which pretends, by considerations of probability, &c., to discriminate what is credible from what is incredible, and which aims at extracting from every legend the nucleus of fact which it is supposed to contain; and the *Mythical or Philosophic Method*, which treats the whole as mythus—that is, as purely fictitious matter, secreted from the Greek mind itself under the influence of its peculiar opinions, tendencies, and emotions, with or without external stimulus. A word or two on each of these methods.

I. *The Literal or Orthodox Method.*—According to this method, which was the method of the early Greeks themselves, and of the less-cultured Greeks even in later ages, the whole series of legends, from the first to the last, is to be accepted as positive and literal history; no difference being made between miraculous and non-miraculous, but all being alike venerable and indispensable. The story of Zeus and Danae, for example, or that of Theseus and the Minotaur, was fully and absolutely believed by an ancient pious Greek in all its details, no less than the more plausible and commonplace legend of the return of the Herakleids. Nay, of two legends, the one miraculous and the other common in its nature, the miraculous would be believed by him more firmly, as touching his feelings more deeply. Let the student of history strive, however impossible the thing may seem, to realize this fact in all its breadth and in all its bearings.

II. *The Rationalistic or Pragmatic Method.*—The literal method of understanding the Grecian legends could not last long in a community of any intelligence. As men became conversant with the actual world, as they began to express themselves in abstract propositions, as the theatre of their observations became wider, a destructive influence would begin to work upon the mass of accumulated legend, disintegrating it piece by piece. That old notion that Gaia was a goddess, and the actual mother of children—

could such a notion last in the mind of a man who was accustomed daily to plough the earth, to hurt himself by falling upon it, to treat it as a big, black, brute mass of bruised stones? As the moral maxims of truth, chastity, and temperance began to unfold themselves in distinct dogmatic shape, could men continue to reverence an amorous Zeus, a pilfering Hermes, a drunken Dionysos? As the idea of fixed physical sequences gained strength, could men still credit stories of giants tossing mountains, of women changed into cows and nightingales, of kings' sons restored to life after having been boiled in pots and served up in tureens? It is evident that, even among the earliest Greeks, there must have existed at least a certain quantity of opinion capable of acting like a reducing leaven upon the mass of traditionary faiths. Accordingly, even in the works of the poet Hesiod, whose date is fixed as early as B. C. 700, and who was himself a devout collector and systematizer of Grecian legends, a certain deviation from the orthodox point of view is discernible, a certain practicalness and homeliness that distinguish him from his predecessor, the grand old Homer. In the lyric poets that succeeded Hesiod—Archilochus, Simonides, Alcæus, Sappho, Theognis, &c.,—the same tendency towards the present and the familiar was still more strongly visible. But it was by the early philosophers, Thales, Xenophanes, and Pythagoras, (B. C. 600–500,) that the first decided blows were struck at the popular Grecian creed. Promulgating certain metaphysical conceptions of their own as to the origin of things, these thinkers threw the principle of discord into the midst of the established theology. It would be interesting to trace the progress of this skeptical or critical spirit, as exhibited in their various successors of the great age of Greek thought and literature—the poets Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; the logographers, or legend-collectors, Pherecydes, Acusilaus, Hellenicus, and Hecatæus; the philosophers Anaxagoras, Metrodorus, Empedocles, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, &c.; and the historians Herodotus, Thucydides, and others. Referring, however, to Müller and Grote for a history of the critical spirit among the Greeks, as shown in the different styles of treatment pursued by these writers individually in regard to the mass of their country's legends, it is sufficient here to point out the respect in which they all agree, which is this:—That, accepting the *ensemble* of the legends, the same forming a kind of atmosphere or element out of which they could not transport themselves, they yet took liberties with such special parts of that *ensemble* as discorded with their own special convictions and sentiments. Thus Pindar, who was a lyric poet, and a man of lofty nature, felt himself compelled to reject such legends as were degrading to the gods; the philosopher Anaxagoras, believing the legendary histories of the different Grecian tribes, denied the personality of the gods Zeus, Helios, &c., seeing in them mere abstract ethical or physical notions; and the historians Herodotus and Thucydides, receiving in perfect good faith the general Grecian theogony, from Kronos and Zeus downwards, and assuming this theogony as the basis of their chronological schemes, (Herodotus, for example, dating the Trojan war at about 800 years before his own time, the life of Herakles at about 100 years before that, and the birth of the god Dionysos of Semele at about 700 years still farther back,) were yet constrained by their historical sense to take exception to some of the later legends which professed to record national events. On the whole, it may be said that the tendency of the Greek mind at the period in question (B. C. 500–350) with

respect to the mass of ancestral legends was this:—*To distinguish between the two classes of legends of which the mass was composed—namely, the divine legends, which related specially to the gods, and the heroic or human legends, which related to pre-existing men; to allegorize the former—that is, to deny their literal sense, and to seek some deep meaning in each of them, to convey which it was supposed to have been originally invented; and to historicize the latter—that is, to treat them as disguised or exaggerated accounts of real occurrences.* The disposition to allegorize the divine legends naturally belonged rather to the philosophers, the philosophic habit being to rise to abstractions; the disposition to historicize the human legends belonged rather to the historians; the habit of distinguishing between the two classes of legends was the result of this difference of tendency.

Coming down to the later ages of the intellectual activity of the Greeks—to the times of Ephorus, Polybius, Strabo, Diodorus, Pausanias, Plutarch, &c.—we of course find a still stronger display of the critical or skeptical spirit, as applied to the mass of Grecian legends. The increase of positive information of all kinds had all but enfranchised instructed minds from the literal faith of the early Greeks: and men were obliged either to forswear all allegiance to the dogmata that had once been so sacred, or to adapt them by all kinds of devices to the existing state of their feelings and knowledge. The very conviction that they were losing hold of the ancient creed, and the consequent sorrow in all reverent minds, must have operated on the rationalizing tendency with a stimulus like that of despair. "They are not absurd, these ancient legends of our fathers respecting the gods and the heroes," we may imagine a moral and conservative Greek of later times proclaiming in the ears of his profligate contemporaries, who are to be reclaimed, he thinks, only by the revival of a powerful religious sentiment; "they are quite in accordance with the most advanced reason, if only they are deeply weighed and rightly interpreted." And then, if he had himself undertaken the task of expounding the legends, he would infallibly have branched out in those two diverse rationalistic directions that we have pointed out: he would have allegorized some legends, finding in them the types and symbols of profound and mysterious truths, imbodied purposely in an enigmatic shape by holy men of old; and he would have historicized others, seeing in them poetic or exaggerated statements of real facts. Nor is this case imaginary. The rationalistic method of procedure was universal among the later Greek historians and philosophers. Thus, as examples of the one variety of that method, Cerberus and the Furies become, in the writings of the later Greeks, mere types of the mental agonies of the wicked; the war of the gods and Titans becomes a medley of spiritual and physical sense; Scylla and Charybdis become, the one the representative of bodily desire, the other of mental pride. Again, according to the other mode, the arrows of the "far-darting Apollo," in the "Iliad," become a pestilence arising from the malaria of the Trojan marshes; Æolus, the wind-god, was a man skilled in predicting the weather; the Centaurs were a body of young men who at first trained and rode horses; Actæon was an Arcadian country-gentleman who ruined himself by keeping a pack of hounds; the Hekatoncheires, or Hundred-handed Giants, were three inhabitants of the village of Hekatoncheiria in Upper Macedonia; the winged-horse Pegasus was a fast-sailing vessel of that name; Atlas was a great astronomer; the Ram with a golden fleece that carried Phryxus and Helle across the Ægean was a boatman named Krios, (Ram.) Some minds

naturally preferred the one mode of rationalizing; some the other. The allegorizing mode may be said to have reached its height in the philosophers of the Neo-platonic school, by whom, in their efforts to maintain dying polytheism against Christianity, nearly every Grecian legend was converted into a mere parable or vehicle of profound spiritual meaning: the most extraordinary example of the other or historicizing tendency was a Messenian historian, named Euemerus, who maintained that Zeus and the gods themselves were nothing else than human beings who had once lived on earth, and whose memory had in process of time swelled out into divine dimensions.

The rationalistic method of dealing with the Greek legends, which, we have thus seen, had its origin among the Greeks themselves, and which was by them communicated to the Romans, has continued dominant even to our own times. What has been the common practice of modern writers with regard to the mass of Hellenic legends? To separate the whole mass into two parts—the one consisting of divine legends about Zeus, Apollo, Dionysos, Demeter, &c., which are either to be altogether set aside as polytheistic rubbish, or to be allegorized after the fashion followed by Bacon in his "Wisdom of the Ancients;" the other consisting of heroic and human legends, which, properly arranged, clipped of their extravagances, and combined into union, are to serve as the basis of genuine primitive Grecian history. Of late it has been the habit of writers on classical subjects to throw out of account altogether the first class of legends, simply referring to them as ancient superstitions, and refraining from any connected attempt to derive a rational meaning from them; thus leaving all their attention free for the latter class of legends, out of which they have sought, with all pains, to construct a clear and continuous historical narrative. That is to say, abandoning Gaia, Kronos, Zeus, Here, Aphrodite, the Graces, Pegasus, the Muses, and all the other divine personages that occupied the beginning of the series in the imagination of a Greek, but of whom it would be hopeless to make any historical use as real characters, they have arbitrarily selected some point lower down in the series, where they think the stream of real persons and events commences; and dating their history from that point, they weave it forward as they best can, by piecing the subsequent legends together, and omitting all that is marvellous in them. The point in the legendary pedigree of the Greeks that has been selected as the probable commencement of authentic history differs in different writers; the majority, determined by a desire to make the primitive historical personages of Greece contemporary with the Hebrew patriarchs, have fixed it somewhere between 2000 and 1500 B. C. To give our readers an idea of the scheme of Grecian history thus arising, we shall quote in a succient form a chronological table of personages and events anterior to the first Olympiad, (B. C. 776,) as drawn up by Mr. Fynes Clinton in his "Fasti Hellenici," in accordance with the calculations of the ancient chronologer Eratosthenes:—

| | B. C. |
|---|---|
| Phoroneus flourished | 1753 |
| Danaus and Pelasgus flourished | 1466 |
| Deucalion flourished | 1433 |
| Erechtheus and Dardanus flourished | 1383 |
| Azan, Aphidas, and Elatus flourished | 1333 |
| Cadmus flourished | 1313 |
| Pelops flourished | 1283 |
| Hercules was born | 1261 |
| Argonautic Expedition | 1225 |
| Death of Hercules | 1209 |
| Accession of Agamemnon | 1200 |
| Trojan War begun | 1192 |
| Troy taken | 1183 |
| Orestes flourished | 1176 |
| Æolic Migration | 1124 |
| Return of the Herakleids | 1104 |
| Ionic Migration | 1044 |
| Smyrna founded | 1015 |

Adopting some such scheme as this, (in every scheme the leading era is the Trojan war, and the schemes vary according as the date of that supposed event is determined,) it has been the practice of writers of Grecian history to devote an introductory section or two to the reigns and actions of Phoroneus, Danaus, Erechtheus, Cadmus, &c.; and then, after dwelling at large on the war of Troy, to pass on to the times of Lycurgus, Solon, and Peisistratus, after which records are abundant, and the course is clear.

Now, how absurd this mode of treating early Grecian history is, will appear from the following considerations:—1. The human or heroic legends of the Greeks, which are thus made the basis of real history, rest on absolutely the same foundation as those divine legends relating to Zeus and his associates which the modern writer rejects—namely, on the authority of the ancient Greek traditions, and of the poets who collected them—and differ only in being more plausible in themselves, or more susceptible of adaptation to modern belief. But to accept a story as true, merely because it is plausible, or susceptible of adaptation to modern belief, is to do violence to the first principle of sound historical investigation; which is, that no statement is to be received as true, whether plausible or not in itself, that is not supported by positive evidence. 2. The human legends out of which it is sought to construct a genuine history, are, in their original form, indissolubly connected with the divine legends which it is found necessary to reject; the two classes of legends forming but one Hellenic whole. It is therefore perfectly gratuitous to accept certain persons of the pedigree—as, for example, Hercules and Phoroneus—as historical characters, and to refuse to accept the persons that lie next above them in the pedigree—as the god Dionysos and the Titan Inachos. Who shall tell at which link of the chain truth ends and fiction begins? 3. To alter an ancient legend, with a view to bring it into historical shape; to clip, mutilate, or compress any story, with a view to make it coherent, and then to present the same as a true narrative, is a perfectly arbitrary and unwarrantable proceeding; because even should it be the case that the legend in question is but the poetic and exaggerated version of a real fact, it is impossible for the modern reader to know this, or at least to know what portion of the legend is the fact and what the mere poetic wrappage and garnishment. To narrate, for example, the war of Troy, as hundreds of writers have done, giving the skeleton of the story as it is found in Homer, and omitting only what is called "the supernatural machinery" of the poem—that is, the interpositions and battles of the gods—is to show not only a profound ignorance of the ancient spirit, according to which these battles and interpositions were no mere literary vagaries, but the most real and essential parts of the transaction, but also a mind totally untrained in the art of historical investigation.

III. *The Mythical or Philosophical Method.*—If, then, the mass of Hellenic legends is neither to be accepted wholesale as literal truth, nor to be submitted to any rationalistic process of interpretation, there remains but one method more—that of treating the whole as *mythus;* that is, as an accumulation of fictitious matter secreted from the ancient Greek mind itself, in obedience to mere internal feelings and impulses, sometimes occasioned by, but often totally independent of, external stimulus.

Reverting here to our general proposition regarding the mythical agency in history, we are to conceive the whole period of Grecian life and activity anterior to the first recorded Olympiad, (B. C. 776,) or even anterior to the

time of Hesiod, (probably B. C. 700,) to have been the mythopœic age of Greece, during which men thought and spoke in the mythic style we have described—that is, *imbodied every thing that came into their heads in the form of an action, an event, an imaginary scene, fact, or circumstance.* Over the whole Greek area, in every village, seaboard, or valley, men thought in this way and in no other, coining their ideas and feelings into concrete shapes, pouring out matter of fiction as fast as their senses brought them in matter of fact. Now the feeling under which, more extensively, and at the same time more intensely than under any other, the minds of all then laboured, was that of religious awe—of fear of the supernatural. This feeling, therefore, this universally-diffused religious sentiment, must have been the earliest, the most widely-acting, and the most prolific source of mythical creations. In every petty Grecian locality there would spring up, under the influence of this sentiment, a kind of mythic vegetation—commencing probably in a set of Fetichestic conceptions, relating to the rocks, caves, cataracts, and other conspicuous features of the locality, and ending in a little local mythology, with some one god or demon figuring in chief. Then the different spontaneous mythologies of contiguous localities coalescing, there would be formed various district mythologies, consisting each of the mass of legends native to the district, with some preponderating deity—a Zeus or an Athene—in the midst. And, lastly, the different Greek peoples being of the same lineage, speaking the same language, possessing a similar constitution of mind, and bound together by mutual intercourse, the various national mythologies would coalesce, the whole forming a general Hellenic mythology, in which, while certain very powerful conceptions would rise to the top and become dominant—giving rise, for example, to the imaginary Pantheon of the Olympic gods, with Zeus at their head—there would yet be room for the whole multitude of actually existing deifications, down to the pettiest nymph of a local fountain. Such, philosophically considered, must have been the genesis of the wondrous polytheism of the Greeks; the superior number and beauty of the legends constituting that polytheism is to be accounted for by the astonishing superiority of the Greek genius. It might even be possible, we think, to analyze the Grecian mythology so as to show what Hellenic localities contributed the most powerful conceptions to it, and therefore what Hellenic localities bred, in the primitive Hellenic age, the most poetic and original minds. In such an investigation, Zeus would probably be traced to Crete, Athene to Athens, Dionysos to Thebes, and Demeter to Eleusis.

But it was not the religious sentiment alone, in its special existence, that was the source of myths among the Greeks. Subordinate to that sentiment, and in fact confounded with it, their ancestorial feelings, or feelings of veneration for their forefathers, and their feelings of curiosity as to the origin of every thing they beheld existing around them, operated with exactly similar results. "The curious and imaginative Greek," says Mr. Grote, "whenever he did not find a recorded past, was uneasy till he had created one." That is to say, an ancient Greek, looking at any thing or custom existing contemporarily with himself—an extraordinary rift in a mountain, for example, or a flourishing community, or a peculiar religious ceremony celebrated in some locality—and feeling, just as a modern would, a strong desire to know how that thing or custom had originated, but differing essentially from a modern in his notions of what constituted a *cause*, would, in the very instant, set about inventing some imaginary action, or conjunction of circumstances in the past,

with which the thing or custom in question, being linked in thought, would seem at once explained. The rift in the mountain, for example, would be referred to some primeval stroke of Poseidon's trident; the flourishing community was traced up to some divine founder, whose name was identical with that of the community; the religious ceremony was accounted for by some paction between a god and the inhabitants of the locality where it was celebrated. Be it observed, too, that in no case would the Greek mind rest, in no case would it deem the explanation complete, until it had *established an historical connection or genealogy between the thing to be explained and the primeval world or foretime of the gods, beyond which it was impossible to go.* Hence, to explain any thing fully, meant, according to ancient Greek notions, to exhibit a chain of persons and actions, beginning with Zeus or some of his contemporaries, and reaching down to the thing in question. Nor, in all this, was there the slightest consciousness of fraud or fiction, as there would be if a modern were, in any case, to undertake to explain a present fact by furnishing a string of historic fancies extending backward from that fact to some fixed point of past time. The difference is, that the modern, as the fancies rose in his mind, would know that they were unreal and of no objective weight; whereas the ancient Greek, being able to think in no other way at all than that of incessant concrete invention to correspond with passing feeling, would accept the fancies as genuine matter of fact connected with the affair under notice; nay, if he were a man of poetic temperament, and the fancies came with any degree of heat or enthusiasm, would conceive that they were the intimations of a muse or a god, and that it would be impious to reject them. The invocation, "Sing, Muse," &c., with which Homer and other ancient bards began their themes, was not, as in modern poets, a mere flourish of custom: it was a genuine prayer; and when Homer, at any passage of his "Iliad," found himself conceiving a scene very vividly, he doubtless believed that there his prayer was specially answered.

Imagine now the enormous number of things and practices existing in ancient Greece, upon which the natural curiosity of the Greeks would fasten with a wish to explain or account for them—physical wonders or anomalies, such as rifts in mountains, extraordinary caves, moss-covered boulders, or heaps of masonry; peculiar customs and ceremonies, civil and religious, local and national; permanent social unions and aggregations, under various names, such as clans or *gentes*, tribes, cities, states, confederacies, &c.; imagine each of these things or practices becoming the occasion, or rather terminus, of a string of legends extending backwards to Zeus and his contemporaries; imagine, finally, all these strings of legends flung together, interwoven, ravelled, combed out, altered, and mutually adapted, so as to result in one tolerably harmonious whole; and, so doing, you will have an idea of the manner in which the legendary history of the Greek race was produced. As in the case of the formation of the Greek religion, so generally in the formation of all the Greek legends, the progress would be from the specific and local to the general and national. For example, in that numerous and characteristic class of legends, which occupy themselves with tracing up the origin of particular social or political corporations, to what are called Eponyms or Name-fathers, the legends first invented appear to have been those of the smallest corporations, the more general eponyms not being devised till the occasion for them was furnished by the fusion of the smaller corporations into larger political unities. Thus the probability is,

that the various Ionian states and cities had each its separate pedigree ready before their common character and lineage was recognised by the invention of the imaginary *Ion* from whom they were all descended; so it was not till the common descent of the various Dorian cities was recognised that *Dorus* was thought of; *Achæus* and *Æolus* were likewise probably afterthoughts, rendered necessary by the perception of the unity of the Achæans as such, and of the Æolians as such; and, lastly, it would not be until the general unity of the whole Greek race had been recognised, that the crowning legend could be devised by which the imaginary Ion, the imaginary Dorus, the imaginary Achæus, and the imaginary Æolus were all merged in *Hellen* the son of Deucalion, and the general eponym of the Hellenic populations. In this process of gradual extension and fusion, by which specific and local legends were slowly amassed into groups, the principal agency must have been the mere ordinary progress of human intercourse, the tendency of which it is, first, to associate contiguous villages; then to unite districts; and, lastly, to bring large tracts of country together. But a special influence that must have contributed powerfully towards the same result, was that of the bards or poets. The very function of this class of men, who appear to have existed as a special caste or profession diffused through Greece, was to collate and rehearse legends. Each bard, we are to conceive, planting himself in a particular spot of Greece, would sweep a certain circle round him of all its legends, divine or human; and it would be his task, or the task of the school of bards to which he belonged, to organize these legends, and give them forth again in shape and rhythm. Then as the age of the bards began to cease, and great national poets arose, whose eye could sweep the whole Hellenic horizon, the separate bunches or bundles of legends that their predecessors had accumulated were at their service, and assumed in their hands their final form and symmetry. Thus Homer, who was a native in all probability of the northern part of Hellenic Asia Minor, is to be considered as a poet of marvellous genius, who, coming at the close of the Bardic era, (B. C. 850–776,) and finding myriads of legends partly organized by his predecessors, (there were many epic poets anterior to Homer, or contemporary with him,) grasped them all anew round the great central point of the Trojan war, in which, as a denizen of the Trojan lands, he felt special interest. Hence the story that Homer was the inventor of the Grecian mythology—a story which, if literally understood, is sheer nonsense. Homer was a great poet, who, sweeping the whole Hellenic horizon of its legends, as far at least as he could see from his Trojan standing-point, and firmly believing these legends himself, amassed them in a poem which afterwards acquired among the Greeks a sacred and authoritative character. The probability is, that had a poet of equal genius arisen in any other part of the Grecian world—say in the Peloponnesus—he would have made a somewhat different accumulation of Grecian legends, and chosen a different central point.

The inference, then, as to the manner in which the early history of Greece should be treated, is plain. The whole mass of legends pretending to be a narrative of events prior to the first recorded Olympiad (B. C. 776) is to be rejected as pure subjective fiction. To this there is to be no exception. Phoroneus and Herakles must be rejected as unhesitatingly as Zeus and Pegasus, whose claims are precisely equal; the war of Troy, or the sieges of Thebes, as unhesitatingly as the war of the Titans or the chaining of Prometheus. To attempt to chronologize the legends, or to elicit a connected

history from them, is mere folly and waste of time. This, we are aware, is a disagreeable doctrine. What! it will be said, is the war of Troy a fiction? Did Achilles never exist? Is the story of Cadmus and his Phœnician letters a delusion? Were there no particles of positive truth in that vast mass of traditions that time rolled down to the Greeks of the days of Solon from the bypast centuries; no real personages in that long list of heroes whose exploits, some of them tolerably recent, they sang and believed in? The war of Troy had happened, as the Greeks believed, only four centuries or thereby before the first Olympiad. Is it likely that an event reputed thus recent was but a mere chimera? To all this the following quotation appears to afford a judicious answer:—"Grant that the personages of the heroic legends were real, *as doubtless some warriors and rulers must have left behind them an enduring memory, to which legends could not fail to attach themselves*, could we distinguish, among the names, those which belonged to actual persons, would it follow that the actions ascribed to them bore a resemblance to any real occurrences? We may judge from a parallel instance. In the earlier middle ages, the European mind had returned to something like the *naif* unsuspecting faith of primitive times. It accordingly gave birth to a profusion of legends; those of saints, in the first place, almost a literature in themselves, of which, though very pertinent to our purpose, we say nothing here. But the same age produced the counterpart of the tales of Hercules and Theseus, of the wanderings of Ulysses, and the Argonautic expedition, in the shape of romances of chivalry. Like the Homeric poems, the romances announced themselves as true narratives, and were, down to the fourteenth century, popularly believed as such. The majority relate to personages probably altogether fictitious; Amadis and Lancelot we are nowise called upon to believe in; and of King Arthur, as of King Agamemnon, we have no means of ascertaining if he ever really existed or not. But the uncertainty does not extend to all these romantic heroes. That age, unlike the Homeric, notwithstanding its barbarism, preserved written records; and we know, consequently, from other evidence than the romances themselves, that some of the names they contain are real. Charlemagne is not only a historical character, but one whose life is tolerably well known to us; and so genuine a hero, both in war and peace—his real actions so surprising and admirable—that fiction might have been content with ornamenting his true biography, instead of fitting him with another entirely fabulous. The age, however, required, to satisfy its ideal, a Charlemagne of a different complexion from the real monarch. The chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, a compilation of poetic legends, supplied this want. Though containing hardly any thing historical except the name of Charlemagne, and the fact of an expedition into Spain, it was declared genuine history by Pope Calixtus II.; was received as such by Vincent de Beauvais, who, for his great erudition, was made preceptor to the sons of the Wise King St. Louis of France; and from this, not from Eginhard or the monk of St. Gall, the poets who followed drew the materials of their narrative. Even then, if Priam and Hector were real persons, the siege of Troy by the Greeks may be as fabulous as that of Paris by the Saracens, or Charlemagne's conquest of Jerusalem."* The words in this extract that we have printed in *italics*, appear to contain all the admission that it is necessary to make to those who will insist that there is a substratum of fact in the Grecian legends.

* Paper on Grote's Greece. Edinburgh Review, No. 170.

Are these legends, then, rejected as genuine history, to be thrown aside as useless? On the contrary, they are to be carefully collected and preserved, as possessing a high artistic and historic value. The proper way for a modern historian of Greece to deal with these legends, is to collect them all, as Mr. Grote has done at the beginning of his history, narrating them simply and poetically in their original form, without omission, alteration, or modification, and above all, without any attempt to make them appear credible or rational; and then, having thus laid them down in a mass at the threshold, with no more of chronological sequence in their arrangement than they themselves claim, to quit them altogether, (adding, possibly, such a disquisition as may serve to deepen the impression they convey of the peculiarities of the primitive Greek character,) and to proceed onward in the track of authentic records. There is one way, indeed, over and above that of merely illustrating the character of a nation, in which a national mythology may be rendered of service to history; namely, if, regarding the legends of a nation according to the true philosophical method—that is, as concrete expressions of ideas and feelings—scholars shall ultimately gain such a knowledge of the laws of the mythus as to be able to reconvert individual legends into the ideas or feelings in which they had their origin, each such reconversion being *accompanied by a glimpse of the patch of external circumstances in the midst of which the mythic act took place.* Of this recondite use of myths for the purposes of history, there are examples in Müller and in other German writers: Mr. Grote seems not sufficiently to recognise it. Much, probably, remains to be done in this department.

The general views and considerations which we have thus illustrated at large in the case of Greece, may be transferred to the legendary histories of other nations and countries. It would be specially interesting, for example, to subject to a similar treatment those two extraordinary mythological systems, which, closely resembling each other, differ essentially from the mythology of Greece—the mythology of the ancient Egyptians, with its cycles of myriads of years, and its fables regarding Amen-ra, Isis, Osiris, and other grotesque-shaped gods; and the mythology of the Hindoos, with its similar immense intervals of time, and its Vishnus, Brahmas, Sivas, divine apes, &c. Another mythology, differing both from the Grecian and from the Hindoo, which it would also be interesting to analyze in a similar way, is that of the Scandinavian nations, with its Thor, Odin, and Walhalla of merry beer-drinking gods. To expound these mythologies, however, would require large space; and we must content ourselves with alluding, in conclusion, to two examples of more restricted and special interest.

Every one knows how the early history of Rome was told until the other day, and how it is still told in may of our school-books. How there were seven kings of Rome—Romulus, Numa, Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius, Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus; how the reigns of these kings embraced a period of exactly 245 years; how, in each reign, there happened certain extraordinary incidents—as, in that of Romulus, the rape of the Sabine virgins; in that of Tullus Hostilius, the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii; in that of Tarquinius Superbus, the dishonour of Lucretia, and the consequent revolt under Brutus; how, in the year of the city 245, the monarchy was abolished and a commonwealth established; and how, through a long series of struggles, in which figured such men as Por-

senna, Coriolanus, &c., this Commonwealth became a great Italian nation, the nucleus of the future Roman Empire—such was the narrative that was universally repeated and believed in some twenty or thirty years ago by all compilers of ancient Roman history. Examining this pretended narrative, Niebuhr showed that it would not cohere to any one point; that, in fact, it was a tissue of absurdities and contradictions—Brutus, for example, appearing in it at one moment as a mere youth, and a year or two after as a full-grown man with two sons. He then showed how this pretended narrative had arisen, proving that it was, for the most part, *history created backward;* that is, a mass of ancient Roman myths or legends, strung by the Roman writers upon a chronological scheme prepared according to certain mystical numerical notions; rationalized, to a certain degree, by these writers—that is, stripped of whatever appeared improbable to them; still further rationalized by modern writers, (the personal existence of Romulus, for example, and his quarrel with Remus, being retained, while the story of the divine birth of the brothers, and their mysterious preservation in infancy, was of course rejected;) and thus finally adapted to modern opinion. Expounding all this, and devoting his whole life to the labour of investigating into the real facts of Roman history, Niebuhr gave to the world a new view of the same—a view which, while it made known a mass of circumstances relating to the social and political condition of early Rome, of which even Livy himself had been ignorant, permitted the quaint old legends to resume their proper form *as* legends, instead of being docked and attenuated for the purposes of delusive history.

In consequence of the elaborate researches that have of late been made into the true history of Great Britain, as recorded first in Greek and Roman, then in Celtic and Saxon, and lastly, in Norman and English writers—researches which, if properly turned to account, would enable us to construct a tolerably clear general narrative of the fortunes of our whole island from the times of Julius Cæsar to the present day—it is now almost forgotten that Britain had once a legendary history as absurd as that of any nation. Yet, till the seventeenth century, it was customary to trace the history of Great Britain up to an imaginary personage, Brute, a Trojan, and consequently a contemporary of Æneas, from whom had descended a line of English kings, including Bladud, Lear, Cymbeline, and other personages of poetic celebrity: as well as, less directly, a line of Scottish kings, including Ferguses, Mainuses, and other apocryphal worthies, many of whom flourished before the Christian era.

One question which will naturally occur to our readers at this point it may be proper to say a word upon. "Seeing that mythus is so prevalent and abundant, how is it possible," it may be asked, "for an ordinary mind to discriminate, in the case of any specific story presented to it, whether that story is a genuine fact or only a myth?" To this question we have already furnished a sufficient reply in the course of our general remarks. We shall here, however, recapitulate that reply in form:—

*First*, then, it may be laid down as a rule that all stories that are in the nature of things impossible—as, for example, the story of the miraculous birth of Romulus—are at once to be set aside. Here, however, a caution is necessary. The standard of possibility is not the same in all times and with all individuals—it varies with the degree of scientific insight possessed by

an age or by an individual, and what appears impossible to an age or individual that knows little, may appear quite possible and natural either, on the one hand, to an age or individual that knows less, or, on the other hand, to an age or individual that knows more. To cite one example—the recently-established science or art called *Mesmerism* has brought out into light a number of extraordinary phenomena relating to the physiology of the human mind and body, which, though not admitting us, as unthinking people are apt to suppose, a single inch nearer the mysterious centre of things, have yet wonderfully enlarged our notions of what is real and actually possible, according to the laws of this universe. Now the opinion is, that throughout all history there has been a current of occasional mesmeric manifestation; those singular physiological phenomena that are now elicited designedly and for the behoof of science having formerly happened spontaneously, and in situations where there was no one to note their scientific character. Hence a certain limit to disbelief in stories of a magical nature—stories of oracles, apparitions, trances, &c. Where any such story appears to be supported by sound positive evidence, the rule ought to be not to reject it summarily, but to entertain it interrogatively, in the spirit of the most advanced positions of contemporary science. And this leads us to our second canon.

*Secondly*, every story, however plausible or probable in itself, ought to be rejected, or at least sent back, that does not come accompanied by proper and sufficient evidence; and every story, however unlikely in itself, ought to be accepted, if (which is often a difficult thing to decide) the evidence in its favour is valid and complete. As this leads up to the distinct and very complex question, "What constitutes evidence, and how in any given case is it to be estimated?" it may be thought that the canon thus simply stated is useless. In practice, however, it will be found of immense service, especially the negative portion of it. Were every person, on hearing a story, to speak to himself thus:—"Setting aside the picturesqueness of this story, and my wish to believe it, what evidence is there of its real and positive truth?" the number of myths that are daily put in circulation in society would be diminished to a mere fraction of their present amount; and were our writers of history to restrain themselves by a similar canon, history would soon cease to be the incoherent rubbish it unfortunately is.

# THE SUNKEN ROCK:

## A TALE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE Mediterranean Sea occupies that place in maritime life which it does in geography. Its associations are all of the earth and of worldly things: you enter and leave it as if by a gate, between those pillars of Hercules beyond which all were unknown waters to the ancients. It has none of that grave, mysterious earnestness which belongs to the great ocean, with its protracted solitudes, its nameless conflicts, its dangers unforeseen. To the present day, in truth, the open main and this miniature remain in strong contrast, as two separate schools of experience: for from the sunny rock of Gibraltar to the black and roaring Euxine, the Mediterranean mariner is at best but a coaster or ferryman, a child of luck or superstition, an animal at once simple and cunning—voluptuous like the Italian and Spaniard, or savage like the Greek, the Moor, and the Turk; in short, to use the graphic idiom of a nautical wit, "your *mariner* is always next door to a marine!" He still steers literally by the stars, without need of compass, quadrant, or chronometer, dodging from point to point, sheltering behind the capes and islands, scudding when a gale arises with scarce a rag of sail before it, or hauling it down altogether, and governed by a sort of dumb instinct as to the weather of a region where all is sudden and changeable as in a mountain lake. National character and ideas, all the time, continue here little more modified by seafaring habits, than if each race of men had stayed at home. The Italian or Spaniard in a storm ceases his exertions, wrings his hands, and vows taper after taper to the Virgin for assistance; the Greek rows desperately for the land, and in case of a safe issue, cuts off his hair to holy Nicholas; while the Turk cuts away topsail and topgallant-sail from aloft, instead of furling them, and then commits himself with sullen resignation to his destiny.

During the last great European war, the Mediterranean, of old mingled with human blood, became the battle-field where civilized nations decided their final struggle; and there is this to be said for war at sea, that while it leaves behind no wounded, and arrays hostility in somewhat of a sublimer guise, it at the same time tramples down no harvest-fields, breaks in upon no busy city, and leaves simple cottagers to sleep securely. It was then that Nelson chased the fleet of Villeneuve for months through the

Atlantic in vain, to find him at length back near Trafalgar; and as the contest thickened towards the Mediterranean, it was reduced to the conditions of a drawn duel there, to leave the open ocean free for discovery and commerce, when Napoleon had no more ships to spare. But if Cæsar's legionaries, long ago, were taken by surprise to find their galleys left high and dry at ebb of tide—a trick of Neptune which they knew nothing about before—in this land-girt sea, on the other hand, your sailor fresh from true-blue water has always some new lessons to learn, and perhaps a few of his bluff, thorough-going maxims to give up. From the complicated arrangement of its many peninsulas, promontories, and islands, as well as the very nature of its bottom, the hydrography or ground navigation of the Mediterranean has been at all times precarious, and the accuracy of charts there still more important than elsewhere; so that "a wet-hand lead and a bright look-out" come here almost to exclude those other chief appliances of seamanship which are in requisition as soon as the pilot is dropped and the anchors stowed. The merchant-vessels of Britain and her allies, on their way from port to port, were obliged to sail close together, under protection of their armed convoy, keeping the mid-channel, and following one another in the well-known paths like sheep; the trader more anxious to detect his foe, the man-of-war more eager for his prey or his antagonist, than to notice any object less remarkable; and as for the communication of experience between nations, or from local acquaintance, such information was probably as little in request as it was to be looked for. If, by chance, an unlucky Smyrna-man or a Levant brig, a rich Barcelona barque or a Leghorn hermaphrodite schooner, dropped off in some mysterious way out of the very middle of the convoy, it was attributed to the dark night, to some sly privateer, or to the gale acting upon an ill-formed craft. Even when a fine sloop-of-war, or a frigate or two were lost, and supposed to have gone ashore, or to have foundered with all hands, the fatal spot proved to be one everybody had heard of, and no one mentioned: but they were used to it, and the affair was put down among the casualities.

Captain James Grove, of his Britannic majesty's ship Thetis, was famous even among his sharp brother commanders as a keen cruiser, a daring "cutter-out," but at the same time a cool, prudent hand in carrying his purposes into execution, except that, rather than give in to a Frenchman, of what size soever, he would see himself blown out of the water, or his enemy what the Jack-tars quaintly call "blowed." Added to which, he was a perfect gentleman, and of course a thorough sailor—channel-bred, ocean-bred—in short, bred all over, by actual experience, while knowing the Mediterranean well. Grove was, in fact, one of those first-rate specimens of the British seaman that the time produced, with all his merits and all his defects, among which the present age might probably number the excess of that bull-dog tenacity, and that contempt of abstract views, wherein lay much of our naval success. Most of the cruising-ships on the station were now being recalled, as at this period there was but little left for them to do; and the gleanings of the harvest were reserved for a few men of interest, chiefly young scions of aristocracy, to whom the field was new. Many a gallant spirit that had greeted these bright waters with a smile was going home to rust ashore on half-pay, or amidst the North-Sea blasts,

the long gales which blow fiercely round the southern capes, or the wearisome vicissitudes of the tropics, to remember their Mediterranean days with a sigh. The Thetis had long had her copper washed by its short, sharp waves, so that she daily expected her orders home, and was lying quietly at anchor off the harbour of Malta; when, after the arrival of a new sloop-of-war from England, the admiral's flag-ship one evening signalled despatches, along with the familiar telegraphic numbers, by which Captain Grove's presence was required on board the seventy-four. The thought of home, perhaps more easily forgotten than elsewhere in these regions, with their continual excitement, and their varying temperatures—one gliding almost insensibly into the other—began to realize itself as the captain's gig pulled swiftly towards the line-of-battle ship, hugely looming at her anchors, between the frigate and the broad blue offing of the eastern sea; while the last red glimmer of the sun, dropping behind Malta, brought out its black mass of land from beyond, fringing its outline with crimson, which imperceptibly melted into the purple haze which floated above. The heavy yards of the ships looked whiter, and the buoy over the anchor of the seventy-four was dipping ahead of her in the first pulses of the land-wind from Sicily. The fire of the admiral's evening-gun flashed from one of her ports as the boat lay under her gangway; then were heard the bells from the many churches and convents in the town of Valetta, beginning to jangle musically after its deep sound had boomed away to leeward; the large, clear evening star was out above the dim lights on shore; and the British ensign, with its deep-blue field, and the flag of St. George, with its white ground and red cross, could be seen lazily half-unfolding as they caught the breeze. Then England, with her sober aspect and less brilliant climate, returned as it were mildly, even on such rude hearts as were gathered along the fore-bulwarks of the frigate; for hardy tars might have been seen looking out towards the flag-ship, in anxious speculation as to what was passing there; or clustering together to talk of wives, sweethearts, and friends, and how they might soon be able to spend their prize-money in a good, honest, English way. All were, for the first time for two or three years, stirred up by what looked like an actual turning homewards; not a few swearing, with true nautical caprice, that for their part, "next to your flat-topped houses, your white walls, and your infernal blue sky, they hated your weather that's neither too warm nor too cold!" When the captain's gig had again reached the ship, however, and in little more than an hour her capstan was manned to heave up anchor, her crew were too much accustomed to naval procedure to persist in their home-speculations after a departure so sudden: and the forty-four was soon standing out under all sail to seaward, every one but the commander seemingly in complete ignorance as to her destination.

It was well past the end of summer, when the regular alternation of winds, so familiar to the seamen especially in that region of the Mediterranean, began to be affected by other influences; but, for the first three or four days, the Thetis, with her head turned north-westward, made good progress up the broad channel that intervenes between the Tunisian capes and the coast of Sicily; still receiving the strong southerly air each morning, the western zephyr in the afternoon, and the cool, fresh, north-eastern night-breezes from the distant shores of Italy, spent and weakened in their passage across

the yet ampler waters of the Italian sea, with intervals of light calm, in which her sails would catch hot, fitful puffs, or transient squalls, off the great African desert—memorials of the past sirocco. The frigate, however, was one distinguished for her sailing qualities, and she was already far up towards the wide reach between Sicily and Sardinia, as if bound for Naples, when she encountered a strong *greggalè*, or north-easter, which, after she had continued to beat up close-hauled against it for an hour or two, kept her during the next afternoon and night driving to leeward under her three reefed topsails, and pitching on the short, angry seas till morning, though happily too far from the land to be in any danger. When the gale broke and fell, as it did amidst the quick and struggling light of dawn, the Thetis shook the reefs out of her topsails, altering her course a point or two nearer to its previous inclination; and inspiriting enough it was, certainly, to the sailor's heart in her officers of the watch, as the stately ship buffeted the waves in clouds of white spray from her weather-bow, her long yards dotted with hardy seamen crowding in to descend the rigging, her tall, broad sheets of canvas shaking into steadfastness before the force of the wind, and the female figure at her bows stretching its arm in antique grace over the turbulence below, as if the old sea goddess from whom she took her name were once more seen controlling the forward monsters of the deep, in all their Protean shapes—that brute strength of nature which yields ever to higher influences and to divine behests. While the sun lifted his glorious orb through the scattered mist to windward, brightening the high, wet sides of the frigate, and glittering along the range of quarter-deck guns as she rolled, the wind shifted gradually round in her favour, as the usual morning breeze resumed power, and the Mediterranean surges, though still agitated, soon rose beautifully blue again; the Thetis leaning over as she anew began to urge her former course towards the Italian Channel. The well-known azure peaks of a cape somewhere near Algiers had been purposely brought visible before as a point of "departure;" but with unusual care, as if it was desired that the utmost nautical precision might guide her ensuing progress: and the curiosity of all on board was again excited as to the particular object of the cruise.

The first cold tints of daybreak next morning-watch found the frigate still out of sight of land, although, by the rate of her progress during the last twenty-four hours, far off indeed from where the sun had last risen upon her. The brisk south-westerly breeze continued to sweep across to her larboard quarter, raising the expanse of water into lively, little surges, whose heads were scarce crisped with foam, while they swelled up from purple hollows to glitter in the level radiance, with edges of emerald green; on the ship's other side the whole sea came out, from her very bends to the sky, in one shining semicircle, hemmed by a keener rim of light, beyond which the sun shot up his dazzling orb with a blaze of splendour unspeakable. The frigate was now, notwithstanding the breeze, under what is called easy sail; merely expanding her three broad topsails, jib, and spanker, to its influence, her courses being hauled up in the brails, and the loftier sails furled on the yards: nor, as it brushed the whole wide surface into one rounded floor of sparkling and restless blue, was there any addition made to her spread of canvas; so that the Thetis moved but gently ahead, with every point in her hull and lofty gear sending back the rays of sunlight as they glanced

upon her like one weakened by the arrows of Apollo of old. Her decks, however, were newly washed down; and, as usual before their drying up, the officers and men of the watch alone occupied their respective positions aft and forward; the former, visible here and there about the quarter-deck, looking aloft or seaward with variously-modified airs of occupation, ready for the visit of their superiors; the latter clustered idly in the bows, gazing carelessly over the side, or walking backwards and forwards in the gangways. On this occasion, indeed, among that portion of the frigate's crew now on deck, a greater variety and excitement of feeling prevailed than was externally discernible through the usual repressed manner of British sailors, whose idea of manly indifference is so opposed to all *empressement* as to be sometimes ludicrous. The mixture of dissatisfaction and curiosity was chiefly brought out by off-hand remarks and quaintly-speculative comments on the proceedings of those above them, with an originality which was far from displaying itself in the more restricted calculations of the quarter-deck.

"What are we a-losing this here good breeze for," said one, "an' in a couple of hours more it'll no doubt be dead calm?"

"Ay, 'mate," said a fine black-bearded topman; "but what's the skipper *after?* that's the main p'int, ye know, Tom."

"Well, to my thinking, now," answered another, "I shouldn't wonder if the captain's got nought to do with this here short canvas we're under; an' its all owin' to cautious Carey yonder, the second luff, as is al'ays feared for white squalls of a mornin'. Why, what the blessed *can* we be arter but right up for Naples, Jack?"

"Phew!" said the topman again. "Catch slashing Jim Grove without a cue of his own, or the hooker under canvas *he* don't know about! I bet ye a week's grog, 'mates, he's got word o' some French merchantman, or mayhap a frigate, at sea hereabout; an' afore long, take my word for it, ye'll see some'at smart. Why, bless ye! heels or broadside, the saucy Thetis 'll have her; or if it comes to a cut-out, our skipper's not the man for to say hold on, ye know!"

Every eye was here instinctively turned to the horizon again, one head and another stooping or stretching to see past the complicated hamper of the ship, through which the blue line of distance shone so clear, however, with its superincumbent space of air, that the least speck could not have escaped the experienced glance of the sailors; and all faces were finally raised for a moment aloft to where the look-out, on the foretop-gallant-yard, with his arms folded on the white spar, leant contemplatively over it, like some spectator from a purer sphere; one saw his keen eyes gleam, and his head turn against the blue atmosphere to survey the semicircle behind, from which his voice would have fallen like no earthly call.

"What does *you* think o' the consarn, old Ship?" said Tom, addressing the elder of two stout, salt-looking old tars, who had been rolling to and fro along the gangway in separate conversation, while alternately leaving and approaching the group.

"As how, lad?" said the veteran, endeavouring not to appear too much softened by the complimentary appeal to his authority.

"Why," answered Tom, "here's Jack Brown an' a lot more will have it there's some'at more i' the wind than a trip to Naples this bout; 'cause

why, ye see, jist by reason the craft's got a little less cloth airing nor or'nary! Now, what d'ye make on it yourself, old Ship?"

"Well," replied the old sailor, turning one eye aloft, "it's hard to say, Tom, my lad; cruising canvas it be, ye know!"

"In course," said Tom, glancing contemptuously at his companions; "in course—that's all!"

"Any word of a Frenchman hereabouts?" asked several eagerly.

"Lord love ye, 'mates!" said Ben, "I don't fancy there's two French sticks together almost o' this side the Gut!"

"So says I!" interrupted Tom; "a blue look-out enough for more prizes!" And the eager attention of the circle gave way to a general expression of disappointment.

"You talks o' prizes though, shipmates," resumed old Ben; "an' no wonder either, seein' a man tires o' ploughin' brine for nothing at all. But you young chaps don't think much o' them without a few hard knocks first, or a tough chase; whereas an ould hand like me, why he's seen enough on that 'ere sort o' thing to turn sick of it. Now, as for the war, 'mates, I'm in doubt we've seen the last shares it'll bring us; 'cause why—there was over many a-hauling at it. The sooner we've peace, to my notions the better!"

"That's neither here nor there though, old Ship!" remarked a sailor.

"Why, 'mates," continued the old seaman more significantly than ever, "what 'ud ye think if so be there was more prizes to be got hereabouts nor would buy the whole o' France twenty times over, an' that without never a shot fired nor more canvas set than we has just now; and what's more, without pickin' other folks' pockets? for, d'ye see, I'm blessed if it ha'n't gone to my heart at times for to chuck about them shiners as some poor French devil's lost, an' him doin' no harm to no one, besides bein' clapped in jail ashore, with mayhap a wife and babies at home, mind ye!"

"Why, for that matter," said the foretop-man, although somewhat undecidedly, "mayhap you takes your turn: it's all a toss-up, old Ship!"

"But what's that you says about prizes, Ben?" exclaimed the rest, pressing closer.

"Why," continued he, looking round him, and pointing to the glittering expanse of sunlit waters, "what d'ye fancy this here Middy-tarranean, as we're afloat upon, *is?*" A question to which the puzzled faces of his hearers naturally returned no other answer than to glance around at it again, and back to the speaker. "It's not like the reg'lar oshun, as they calls blue water, look ye, 'mates; 'cause why, I've sailed on it this four year come Christmas, an' never knowed the rights of the thing, till t'other week off Malta I chances for to overhaul a book that the captain's stoo'rd lends me one night, which it let me into the matter. D'ye see, in ould times the whole o' them coasts an' ileyands all round, they'd got as many kings an' empyrores as the whole world has now-a-days; and as thick of towns, steeples, an' natives as Lunnun's self, with more fleets nor they knowed what to do with in sich narrow waters. What's more, they didn't know how to handle 'em; and as soon as a bit of a breeze or a white squall gets up, down they went; besides fighting like so many cats whenever they'd meet. So in course, 'mates, in them days there was nothing but wracks an' ill-luck went on; but bein' as rich as Jews, they didn't mind,

an' they builds more; though through time the craft got smaller and poor, like what ye sees now. Now, if ye just could see under this here sea, or dry up the water, why, 'mates, it 'ud be nothing more but a reg'lar sprinkle o' gould cups an' coins, jowels an' di'monds, and what not. Now here is we right in the track for ould Room, where them ancient fleets used for to steer along shore, an' what I axes is—d'ye think Captain Grove's the man to waste wind, time, an' trouble for nothing?" Here the grizzly-haired old tar squirted his tobacco-juice into the scuppers, and looked round in triumph. "Hows'ever, 'mates,' continued he, "all this an't neither here nor there—for I tell ye what, Ben Bryce a'n't the lubber for to guess i' the dark that fashion—I knows some'at to clinch the matter pretty sartain!"

"Ay, ay, old Ship!" eagerly exclaimed the crowd of seamen at the pitch of interest, and turning their ears to listen more intently, while every eye was fixed sideways on the talkative veteran; "what's that, Ben?'

"Here's the p'int, lads," said he; "you want to know how ye're to get at them treasures below water—why, it's easier nor you think: all you've got to do's just to heave-to and use the lead—the steadier we keeps the better. But in course there's *one* more thing ye need, an' that's how to man-handle them said treasures when ye know where they are! Now, what d'ye think we've got aboard this very hooker, down in the mainhold there?"

"Blowed if I knows!" exclaimed one and another, opening his eyes.

"Well, 'mates," said Ben, "d'ye mind the night afore we left Malta we h'isted aboard a big lump of a consarn, all wrapped up in tarpaulins?"

"Ay, ay, bo," rejoined several, "few 'ud forget it as had a hand in the haulin' of it up!"

"Well, blessed if I'd the least notion what it were, till next night Mr. White the bo'sun let me into the nater on it, 'sides some'at of its make; an' I'm blessed, shipmates, but it's neither more nor less than what they calls a divin'-bell!"

"*What?*—how's that? Divin'-*bell*, old Ship!" were the exclamations of his audience. "What craft's that, Ben?—eh, old Salt?"

"Why," replied he with an air of superior intelligence, "it's a rum consarn altogether, no doubt—bigger nor a battle-ship's poop-lantern: more like the top taken off a small lighthouse. You hoists it out with a tackle from the mainyard-arm, and lets sink alongside right to the bottom, with two or three hands inside of it—pumps in air a one side, and up comes their breath out on the other; and there they stays grabbing at what's below, and overhauling the whole blessed bottom, till such time as they gives the signal to haul up. So ye see, 'mates, when I talks o' prizes to be got under water, I'm not so far out, after all!"

On the quarter-deck, the curiosity had been naturally heightened by the orders left at the end of the middle watch, and which confirmed the supposition of the Thetis having been despatched on some particular service. The second lieutenant, who was in charge, leaned with his arms on the capstan, and one hand on the telescope, with which he had again and again surveyed the distant horizon on every side.

"Nothing in sight yet, at any rate, Neville," said he now to his next in rank, a lively young man in undress uniform, who had left his berth below

earlier than necessary from mere interest in the matter; "and little likelihood of any thing on this track, I'm afraid!"

"Can it be only some of Sergeant Slyturn's affairs, after all, Carey?" suggested the other, using a backname for the first lieutenant, which was occasional in the gun-room, and familiar in the midshipmen's mess; "one of those scientific trips he talks about—eh?"

"Why, no," said the officer of the watch; "*that* can't well be, since, anxious as he evidently seems, I believe Mr. Sleighton knows little more of the affair than any of us; in fact, I have a notion the captain has held it so close just to keep the first lieutenant as long as possible out of it, which makes me think it must be some navigation concern certainly; so hanged inquisitive as he is, and always wanting to stick his finger in every pie of the kind!"

"Yes, of the *kind*," said Neville laughing; "though not, perhaps, if it happened to be some piece of hot boat-work off Toulon! By the by, our reefers have a good joke about him they got from their friends in the *Majestic*, where he was before"—

"Hush! here he comes himself," said the second lieutenant in a low tone; and next moment the gold-banded cap of the first lieutenant appeared above the combings of the after-hatchway. The sunlight sparkled on the epaulette of his left shoulder as he came up the companion-ladder, gazing aloft while he did so, and round the horizon whenever he had reached the deck. He was a slender young man, younger-looking, in fact, than either of his two subordinates; and instead of presenting any ground in his first appearance for the sort of dislike with which he was regarded by his fellow-officers, his features were finely intellectual, though delicate for a sailor's, and an indistinct smile was always playing about his sharp upper lip, that was apt to curl into a kind of sneer when he spoke, at least to his shipmates. The truth was, Mr. Sleighton's father happened to have been in business; and he owed his presence and position in the navy to two things—his having an uncle a member of parliament, who could be inconvenient, if he chose, to the ministry, and his own acuteness and knowledge in all matters, especially theoretical, connected with his profession, derived from good preparatory education at school. This of itself, added to the fact of his having been pushed over their heads, would have tended to produce a misunderstanding between the other officers and him; but Sleighton, unfortunately, had as little the frank, straightforward, and high-minded spirit, which to most of his companions was a thing of blood, as he possessed their off-hand, gentlemanly bearing—or, for instance, the manly dashing figure, and handsome browned face, of either of the two lieutenants beneath him. With these deficiencies, he could scarcely have been expected wholly to conceal his consciousness of intellectual superiority; while the pettier vanity which made him, instead of standing upon this merit, talk of his "uncle the member for so-and-so," and his "brother the sergeant-at-law," not only exhibited the weak points of a new school of naval men, but brought out the worst feature of the old—its supercilious self-reliance: above all, that characteristic which a sailor, from his peculiar habits, dislikes most heartily, is that of what he calls a "sea-lawyer," or one who, instead of ordering, obeying, or acting in his place, resorts to disputation and argument about the matter: and this chanced to be the

tendency of the first lieutenant of the Thetis; while, curiously enough, too, the sailors specially disliked him on the very ground that, in place of issuing peremptory commands like the rest, with perhaps an oath or two—in place of knocking them about, as they called it, and bringing a man "to the gratings when he deserved it"—it was his way, on the contrary, to speak them fair, to reason with them, and, when he could, to substitute milder punishments of an indirect kind for the cat. Still more fatal to his acceptation with the capricious mind of Jack was his sparing use of sea terms; so that, on the whole, Mr. Sleighton could not be said to have many friends on board.

"There is nothing visible yet, I think, Mr. Carey?" said the first lieutenant as he approached, after having taken one long look through the glass.

"Not a speck in sight, sir," replied the other briefly, and touching his cap, while both he and his companion quietly observed the ill-concealed air of dissatisfaction and restlessness which their superior attempted to cover by appearing quite at ease as well as secretly intelligent.

"Ah, well!" said he, stooping to glance into the compass-boxes, "north-east-by-east—that is well, Mr. Carey—so! Half a point more east, my man, as nearly as you can. I see you've got both courses pulled up, Mr. Carey—quite correct, sir!"

"Exactly as I had the orders, sir," answered the second lieutenant.

"We are somewhere about longitude ten and a-half," said the first, as if to himself, "latitude thirty-eight and a-half, say—off the Sardinian coast."

"Indeed, sir?" inquired Carey, trying a random hit: "then we are pretty near in the right quarter, I suppose?"

"Right quarter!" repeated the first lieutenant with a sudden stare; "for what?"

"Why, for what you are expecting, sir, you know," replied Carey with the utmost outward respect, but exchanging looks with Neville on the other side. The lieutenant caught the expression; his keen eyes flashed as he turned away for a moment as if to examine the horizon, but the next instant he gave both the officers a cold, clear glance of indifference, the usual sneer playing about his mouth as he said formally to the one in charge, "The captain will be on deck directly; you will see the men summoned to divisions, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Carey, walking a few steps forward, and calling out, "Boatswain's mates, pipe to divisions there!"

The bells struck to mark half-past seven; the whole crew were next minute crowding up and shuffling together in awkwardly-ordered masses along both gangways; a double column of clean white trousers, blue jackets, and bearded faces, with the ship's name repeated brightly in front of every black-ribboned tarpaulin, while the cross-belted marines drew across before the quarter-deck. In five minutes more, the tall, strong form of the captain emerged from the hatchway, the drums tapped and rolled, the arms of the marines clashed as they were presented, every sailor's hat was off, and the commander stood running his quick, bold eye forward along the crew, aloft to the ship's lofty spars and canvas, out to the blue waters and their horizon, then over the throng of men again.

"Pipe down, Mr. Sleighton," said he, "and let the men get breakfast over

this morning as quickly as possible;" upon which he turned and walked back to the capstan.

The broad white awnings had been spread above the frigate's quarter-deck, and a knot or two of her various officers about the taffrail and the larboard or subordinate side seemed disposed to lounge a little till eight o'clock, but a hint from their commander's manner was sufficient to send all below to their respective breakfast-places, except a small party composed of the first, second, and third lieutenants, who stood on the opposite side of the capstan, waiting deferentially for orders; while the stout, gray-headed, old sailing-master, with some rolled-up charts under his arm, remained close by. The decks were quiet, and otherwise deserted, save by the man at the wheel, a veteran quartermaster near him, a single sailor at the distant bows, and the two look-out men far aloft; the ship still forging slowly ahead through the water, and little else audible but the sound of its light surges plashing before the keel, melting liquidly away from it, and running back along her outer timbers, with the gently-sweeping rustle of the festooned courses about the two lower-mast heads. Captain Grove also held a paper in his hand, which he began to unfold as he leaned his elbows on the capstan, signing to the group of officers to close in where the broad round surface of that nautical machine, like a miniature of the larger natural circumference beyond, extended its brass-rimmed area within the circle.

"Well, gentlemen," said he pleasantly, though with all the easy superiority of authoritative position, "I have a matter before us here which you will join me in managing—for in fact the sooner we get done with it the better, and the earlier we go home. The truth is, gentlemen, privately speaking," and he slighly lowered his voice to a somewhat confidential tone, with a smiling nod, "why, I think the whole affair in itself— Ah, no matter!—at any rate *settled* it must be, though we should box about here till doomsday, like the Flying Dutchman! Now we have a long day before us, gentlemen; fine weather, just the sort required—and— Why, I think, if we set about it, all hands with a will, and in a seamanlike manner, we may put it at rest by to-morrow at farthest, one way or other. The thing is this: there is some report, or rumour, or whatever you like to call it, of a rock, or a shoal, or a bank, or something of the kind, not laid down in the charts, and the Admiralty of course want to know the truth of it. Now what we've got to do is just to find out whether there *is* such a thing or not; and if so, *where* it is: in one sense, a sort of compliment, no doubt, to the Thetis—in another, perhaps rather more fit for some ten-gun brig or other, that can't do better; but the fact is, I always like to do what's expected of me, and do it I will. The affair, in short, is what any seaman can do—it only needs a little care; so let's all be active, gentlemen, look sharp, and what we don't like let's finish as quick as possible, and ship-shape to boot! I'll read you what mainly concerns the point in hand." Whereupon the commander proceeded to read aloud part of his despatch from the secretary of the Naval Board, his usual distinct, manly notes involuntarily falling to a sort of drawling rote as he went on. "'To Post-Captain James Grove, of his majesty's frigate Thetis, their lordships of the Honourable the Board of Admiralty,' and so on—'desiring you to search out and thoroughly investigate,' et cetera. Ah! 'Extract from the ship's log of the trading-brig

*Jane Ann*, of Greenock, Alexander Macnellan, master, kept by Thomas Roger, mate, during voyage home from Leghorn'— Why did the man take round by Sardinia, I wonder?"

"Probably to avoid the French privateers, sir," suggested the first lieutenant.

"Ah, I dare say, Sleighton," continued the captain; "why didn't he wait for convoy, then? But these Scotchmen must always be taking advantage, and poking their long noses where they oughtn't; yet they're too cautious to do more, as you'll see here:—'*April the 26th*, 1813.—Off the island of Sardinia, out of sight of land—weather looked dirty to windward. In first dog-watch stood in till made Cape Carboneray, about three leagues on the starboard-bow, when gave the land a good offing agen by nightfall. *27th*.—Out sight of land. Took the sun, to shape a course round, and made the latitude 38 degrees 50 minutes* longitude, by reckoning about 10¼ degrees as nere as may be. At 4 bells afternoon watch, came on strong gale from north-east and by east—Which refed tops'ls, and put the brig before it, being like to turn out a heavy gale at north. About three quarters of an hour thereafter, saw breakers right under our lee-bow, and went about in good time. Being not come on to blow hard yet, and reesonabli clear to leeward, saw the breakers plain about 1 mile and a ½ off. Calqulated too have run near nine notts and a ½ sinse we took the sun and rekoned longitude. Signed, Thomas Roger, mate; and Alexander Macnellan, master.' Now," said Captain Grove, "all this is pretty particular certainly."

"He seems rather a correct person the mate, sir," observed the first lieutenant.

"*Correct*, my good sir," rejoined the captain smiling; "why, yes, if you don't suppose most of this correctness hatched up to excuse their cursed laziness, or caution, or whatever it might be, in not going about again to see closer; for you'll notice, by their own confession, the gale hadn't come on yet, and they might have sent out a boat, if they had one to swim. Quite an extraordinary correctness indeed for Mediterranean merchantmen, unless they wished to give their owners a notion of their merits, or their friends a yarn about the dangers of the seas—which the good folks send forthwith to the Admirality forsooth! Why, either it might have been the first of the gale breaking in the mist; or, for aught I see, instead of Cape Carbonara, they might have made Cape Teulada on the other side, and afterwards one of those reefs about the islands there." Here the sailing-master unrolled a chart on the capstan drum-head, and pointed them out, with a respectful nod of assent. "But the truth is," continued the commander, "the matter becomes just as important whether or not; for unless such a thing is shown *not* to exist, why, with the best charts made, people won't be able to sleep in their hammocks at night; and we need to have a few of these tales regularly exposed. At any rate, we have our orders to execute; so, Mr. Jones, be so good as show exactly, if you please, where you have the ship's place pricked off on the chart."

"Here it is, sir," said the master, putting his horny forefinger on the spot, and peering closely into it.

* In the Mediterranean, latitude is of course always *north*, and the Greenwich meridian almost everywhere to westward. The theory and instruments of navigation are here also generally less important than experimental pilotage.

"What latitude and longitude do you make it, then?" inquired Captain Grove, looking at the mark.

"Well, sir," replied the old seaman, "as near as I can say since last noon, about thirty-eight, forty, north, by ten and three-quarters east, according to what we found her longitude last mid-watch, sir."

"Rather more nearly ten and a half, I think, Mr. Jones," remarked the first lieutenant.

"I reckon her to've made that much easting since we shortened sail, Mr. Sleighton, sir," rejoined the master.

"Well, well," said the captain, "Mr. Jones is more likely to be right, as he keeps the log, Mr. Sleighton. Then here's Cape Carbonara, Mr. Jones, exactly north-west of us."

"Nigh fifty miles off, sir, Cape Carbonnyraw may be," returned Mr. Jones; "but you'll make it out half that distance off from the mastheads, sir, in this here clear sort of a climate."

"No doubt, no doubt," said his superior; "then *that's* our first landmark. 'Twill take us almost three full hours to get over as much ground close-hauled, under all the canvas we can set, and fast as the Thetis is; however, the more time for looking out. By noon at farthest we shall be up with it, after which we shall probably have a slant of wind off-shore, and can brace round again so as to make a sort of sharp angle on our late track. In which case, gentlemen, we can finish with a cut through it, like slicing through a wisp of hay for a needle! Mr. Sleighton, be so good as see the yards braced up sharp at once, sir, if you please."

"Certainly, sir," answered the young officer, turning, though hesitating for a moment. "Might I be allowed to make one suggestion, sir?" said he.

"Why, you see, Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove, smiling rather coldly, "the whole matter is so simple, so much of a clear coil to any seaman, that— Why, sir, in short, I mean to take the *management* to myself, and—leave my officers to handle the ship—the more cleverly the better, of course."

The first lieutenant turned on his heel, followed by his companions, and next moment the necessary orders were being given; the ship came gradually nearer to the wind as her heavy yards swung round, the confined sheets of canvas aloft fell spreading to the breeze, and she was soon rushing swiftly through the water at more than double her previous rate.

"By the way, Mr. Jones," resumed Captain Grove to the old master, "did *you* ever see or hear of any thing of the kind hereabouts?"

"Well, Captain Grove, sir," replied he, rubbing his chin thoughtfully with one hand, "for my part I can't say I ever did, sir; and one time with another, man and boy, sir, I've sailed in this here Mediterranean a good dozen and a half year! I make bold to say I know this same channel we're in, sir, as well as most; but you'll be kind enough to observe, Captain Grove, that it weren't common for craft to keep so far into the land, in my day at any rate. And after all, sir, I'd never take upon me to go against what a man *sees*, so he *do* see it, seeing it's always hard for to prove a thing's *not*, sir, whatever you may have seen yourself, you know, sir."

"Unless you show that it isn't where he said it was, Jones," said the captain familiarly to the old seaman; "that you'll allow, eh?"

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the master, with a cautious style of agreement; "of course, sir, that's the matter I don't deny."

"Now, Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove to his first lieutenant, when the latter had come on deck again from despatching his breakfast, "you will hold straight on this course, clapping on every thing you can, till you make out the land from aloft, and no longer. That being the chief point at present, I shall leave it to you; however, send a couple of leadsmen into the chains, and keep them heaving. See that there is a bright look-out aloft too, sir, if you please."

The frigate accordingly, under a pyramid-like cloud of white sail, continued to rise buoyantly over the bright-blue surges, that leapt and sparkled as she cleft sharply through them, while the shower of snowy spray scattered back upon her was at times prismed by the radiance into fragments of rainbows. The breeze seemed to freshen from south-west, driving softly away up into the deep-blue ample hollow of heaven overhead, the shape of one long gauzy vapour, which the ancients might have fancied as Aurora rising from the pursuit of the fervent sun: it was absorbed in the approach of noon, and the central concave of the pure Italian sky above grew more lucidly transparent in its profundity, till it had all the tint of intense violet. The men high on the frigate's topgallant cross-trees, meanwhile, were repeatedly hailed to keep on the watch, both towards horizon and sea; from every point of the ship looked out some curious eye, accustomed to scan the confusing and transient objects presented by water in motion; while, in truth, the minds of her crew naturally persisted in blending with the immediate purpose of their proceedings somewhat of the treasure-finding ideas recently set before them, and which in no small degree enhanced their attention. The shadow of hull and canvas, too, was as yet thrown long to westward of the vessel, substituting there a light-green tinge for that bright-blue which the waves of the Mediterranean, unlike the deeper ocean indigo, wear only in view of the sky and sunlight; and lest some hidden danger, or actual change of colour, might be thus passed by under a veil, the leadsmen leaning out of her chains cast their hand-leads at short intervals far forward towards the bows; the sharp plunge of the weights, settling till they dipped right below the seamen's feet, the knotted line vibrating to its full stretch through their hardy fingers, was followed only now and then by the long-drawn cry of "No—grou—nd!" The transient shade left the waters blue as ever astern, and still their broad expanses offered nothing more unusual than the foam-tipped crest of a larger surge, or some sea-bird's wing glancing along the gentle hollows at a distance.

Noon was not far off, and the breeze began to fall away in capricious puffs and sighs, letting the ruffled surface pass into smoother ripples, that reflected the blaze of light from above; when, although from the frigate's decks the clear sapphire-like outline of the horizon was alone visible, the sudden hail of "Land—O!" came falling hoarsely down from more than one point high among her towering spread of canvas.

"Hallo!" shouted the shrill voice of the first lieutenant, "where-away?"

"Right ahead, sir," was the reply; and the old master, spy-glass in hand, slowly ascended the rigging to verify his expectations.

"Quite right, sir," said he to the commander, who awaited him on his descent; "it's Cape Carbonnyraw to a certainty."

"Then, Mr. Sleighton," said the captain, "you may go about at once; we are pretty near where the Scotchman must have been, according to his own account, before he stood out to sea the second time, and shall just try, after that, to be as like going before a north-easter as we can with westerly winds."

Such as the breeze was, it was shifting towards a west wind or zephyr by the time the Thetis had tacked, so that she now edged off gradually from her former track, her recent watchfulness being if possible redoubled, with the addition of slight changes occasionally in her course, which placed a wider reach of surface under immediate examination. The sun's altitude, as it reached the meridian, was now taken, and the calculations from it agreed accurately enough with the reckonings of the master. The charts indicating the depth of water hereabouts, and the nature of the bottom, the ship was accordingly hove to, soundings taken with the deep-sea lead, and found to be such as stated by the authority; while at the distance of a mile or two south-west a shoal or bank was mentioned where the water shallowed considerably, passing from hard rock to gray sand and shells. Here, too, the usual process confirmed the correctness of the topography, even to the minutest circumstance, as the hollow at the end of the lead, filled with white lard, brought up its sample of the gray sand and shells which were so precisely specified. Having thus much at least found the valuable guidance of the charts in all points confirmed, Captain Grove was the less disposed, so far as his own convictions went, to mistrust them in aught else. The Thetis, nevertheless, still made way in the direction of her new course, till the light air, which had more and more unsteadily played around her, at length deserted the highest of her sails, and she lay finally becalmed on the hot expanse, where the glittering Mediterranean scarcely undulated beneath a flood of light. Even then, however, the activity of her commander's investigation was far from being intermitted. No sooner had the ship's company dined, than several boats were sent off towards as many different points, with orders to pull about and notice the slightest peculiarity of the surface within view—a piece of service on which the midshipmen and sailors entered with all the glee excited by variety in nautical routine.

The afternoon was far advanced towards evening, and the blue ethereal glow of the sky already began to extend its span above the idle canvas of the frigate, from eastward to the intenser west, as if it let down the sun with all his glories from its embrace and ampler room went silently up in it; colours and streaks of cloud gathered low over against the frigate's starboard-bow in the transparent distance, when the land-wind came stealing from north-west, imparting a faint tint of emerald to the blue of the waters as it ruffled them, and she was soon gliding off again with her head turned away from it. The breeze had by degrees freshened, the stately Thetis began to fly along like a racer, with the white sea-dust rising from before her, till, as the more easterly wind from Italy and the Apennines joined the local one, her progress increased to the swiftness of an arrow; the lively waves rushed briskly on her weather-quarter, sending the sprays now and then sprinkled across her bows. The whole series of precautionary measures was again in full play, and she was fast running down the required line of investigation, so as to make the most of what

daylight remained; but shortly afterwards a sail was descried to leeward, at the distance of two or three miles outside the course of the Thetis. The looks of the officers on the quarter-deck were naturally directed towards it with interest; but as to speak the vessel closely would seriously divert them from their present aim, no change was at first made in the movements of the frigate.

"It's nothing more but one of their small Sardiniyane coasting-craft, sir," remarked the master, as he laid down the glass, in reply to the question of his commander.

The captain paused, looked at the sky brightening with sunset, and appeared doubtful. "We have little more than an hour of the light to count upon though, Mr. Jones," he observed.

"These coasters, sir," said the first lieutenant quietly, "are generally pretty well acquainted with the localities, although people seldom think of taking advantage of their knowledge, sir."

"Yes," said Captain Grove, "we might get a hint or two, Mr. Sleighton, that might do us good as soon as the moon rises; so I think you may—Yes, sir, put up her helm, and stand down to that coaster."

As the frigate's yards swung fuller to the wind, and she bore swiftly down towards the Sardinian vessel, the two striped triangular sails of the latter seemed scarcely larger than the wings of a sea-gull, which they greatly resembled, with one sharp corner of each slanting far out above the short masts; more especially when she altered her course a little, apparently at sight of the ship in chase of her, and began to scud off before the wind, shifting over one sail so as to point opposite to the other. The Thetis, however, with the whole force of the breeze on her lofty canvas, drove through the surges, like some stately creation of the deep in pursuit of some stray adventurer from the land. The foam seethed up around her massive sides, and sank again, as if the element acknowledged her, while the little felucca's tiny hull was at times half hidden by the bright-blue waves on which it dipped and danced along. All at once, on the ship's suddenly firing a blank shot across her wake, the coaster let go her yards by the run; and when the smoke had cleared away, she was seen lightly rising and falling, without a rag spread, at little more than half a mile's distance. The Thetis stood on for a few minutes longer, and hove to, close by the felucca, after which she sent out a boat to bring the Sardinian master on board. The poor padrone, or captain, in his red-tasselled cap, dingy-velvet jacket, and open-kneed breeches, had no sooner contrived to scramble up the side and reach the quarter-deck followed by a grinning midshipman, than he gave vent to all sorts of gesticulations and protestations explanatory of his having unfortunately mistaken the British ship for a French one.

"Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove to his first lieutenant, "I believe you are the only one of us that knows the poor man's confounded lingo; pray, try to stop his jabber, and ask him whence he comes, and where he's bound. For my part, I know even less of it than I do of French, which, Heaven be thanked, is very little!"

It was characteristic of Sleighton that he had given his attention, wherever he had been on shore, to acquiring the language of the country; and as descriptive of his fellow-officers at the time, that it was one of the things

they disliked him for, or despised in him. He accordingly put the desired question to the Sardinian, who appeared much relieved.

"Eccellenza, to Spartivento," said he, answering only the latter part of the inquiry.

"Where *from?*" repeated the lieutenant in Italian.

The Mediterranean mariner hesitated, glanced about uneasily, and at last named "Marsala in Sicily."

"The very tract we want, I think," said the captain. "Does he cross the channel often?"

"Securo, signor, securo! (certainly,)" was the answer.

"And knows the coast well?" suggested Captain Grove again.

"Si, eccellenza! motto bene!" replied the Sardinian, smiling modestly.

"Does he know of any small rock or shoal, where the sea breaks, or otherwise, anywhere on the tract betwixt Sicily and Sardinia?" was the next inquiry.

"Rock—or shoal?" repeated the man in his own language, seeming to muse for a moment, and then shaking his head as he looked up at the lieutenant who put the query; "Questo non so, signor, scuso"—("I do not know, signor, excuse me.")

"Has he heard of any vessels being lost thereabouts lately, or at any particular time?" asked the commander once more.

At this last question the padrone of the felucca appeared uneasy, and his eye caught the first lieutenant's. "I have not, signor," said he, turning round; "Santa Maria, nonl'o! After the *greggale* comes, however, signor, there is sad work sometimes;" and he crossed himself devoutly.

"The greggale blew here a day or two ago, did it not?" inquired the first lieutenant carelessly; and he cast another look over the bulwarks towards the little vessel, where a couple of brown-faced Italian mariners were sitting with their bare legs over the sails which had been hauled down upon the lumber below, as they gazed up curiously at the lofty sides and upper gear of the frigate.

"Si, signor," said the padrone briefly, in reply to his question.

"And since then," continued the lieutenant, "you have been *fishing*, I suppose?"

The Sardinian looked about him, and gave no further response; while the old master of the Thetis observed to Captain Grove that "them fellows commonly knew less about the matter than a seaman: for," said he, "a deep keel draws more water than a shallow one; and where *you* strike, sir, why *they* go clear over, and know nothing at all about it."

The keen eye of Sleighton, notwithstanding, while attention was paid to the padrone himself, had for a moment remarked the number of casks and other articles apparently concealed by the felucca's sails; and connecting the circumstance with his manner, he suspected the Sardinian of knowing more on the subject than he was willing to avow. However, Captain Grove presented the man with some silver for his trouble; the boat once more put him on board his own craft; and the Thetis, hauling round her mainyard again, was shortly afterwards cleaving the waters as before; although now with the shades of night beginning to close fast in around her, so that ere long her canvas was reduced to nearly the same propor-

tions it had shown at daybreak, in order to await the advantage of moonlight for her future researches.

Night, in that pure climate of the Mediterranean and at that season, seems to steal up from earth and down out of the sky, not in vapours and defined shadows, but with a new atmosphere; almost as if it were the more normal state of things, containing a truer revelation. The round compass of the sea drew itself sharply about the horizon, its blueness seeming to exhale into the air above it, while all within was one liquidly-rising depth of flowing silence, made more intense by the light plash of the water alongside and the ripple at the bows; a floating hush, as it were, pervaded the obscure, and a sort of airy glimmer which took away the sense of darkness. Scarcely, indeed, had the dark closed upon the rear of twilight, when a transparency from beyond seemed about to break forth anew; and all the while an amplitude of space, far vaster than before, was being cleared away around as well as above; until the dark-blue firmament spread itself immensely over all, shining with starry points and clusters, among which came out many a figure, as well known to sailors as those upon their mother's printed gowns when they were boys. The breeze still blew freely, and every man on deck inhaled its coolness over the bulwarks, balmy as it was after the heat of the day, and faintly smelling of land; while the light through the bull's-eyes of the quarter-deck, and the side scuttles aft, showed that the officers were despatching their evening meal, in order to resume the late process with the first moonlight. Shortly after, the streaks of hazy, gray cloud, low in the east, began to show, as it were, a pool of amber light diffusing from behind; the azure of the sky looked over them, and the large, yellow circle of the full moon floated at length slowly out, like some pale, rescued face of the Nereids, or fair ancient Diana restored to belief. In five minutes more the sharp order of the officer of the watch was heard and passed along, when breadth after breadth of canvas fell from aloft against the sky, and rose tightening to the breeze, as the frigate again went ploughing swiftly to the south-east.

She continued thus, as before, to slip easily through and over the lengthened surges, that now rose glittering past her shadow out of their pale-blue hollows, while eastward ran a floor of silver moonshine, till it was past midnight, and the ship must have been sixty or seventy miles aslant from the land seen during day. She was then put about, so as to bring the wind before her beam, and beat up with sails sloped to meet it, into the base of the long triangle formed by her entire cruise since daybreak: the moon, high in heaven, and filling its upper sphere with light which far surpassed that of northern regions, whitened the whole lee-side of the frigate, and the full bosoms of her sails; while the foam came sweeping to her outer timbers along that side, out of clear-edged circles and silver eddies. Nothing as yet varied the surrounding expanse, far or near, but such scarcely-heeded accidents; and the men of the watch, beginning by this time to weary of their fruitless labour, turned their eyes involuntarily ever and anon from their occupations toward the sky aloft, where a pointed streak or two of cloud hung delicately white amidst the suffusion of the upper air, and motionless, in spite of the brisk breeze by which the Thetis rushed ahead. One starry sign above another, too, spread up beyond the moon: the larger and lesser plough, the great triangle, trembling in keen points, with separate

stars sparkling out awfully between; while one cluster, like a diamond lyre, high up, and as it were distant since sunset, appeared to twinkle, ere it vanished, in the very purest pinnacle of vacancy; others melting back into the light which flowed over them as from a spring. The captain and chief officers, indeed, had collected on the ship's lee-quarter, sextants or other instruments in hand, to fix the present longitude by lunar observation, choosing to measure the planet's distance from one bright, well-known star, which had been fancifully preferred throughout many a former voyage. Castor, it might have been, whom, with his twin brother Pollux, the old mariners were wont to recognise as tutelary. The calculation had no sooner been accomplished, than the commander of the Thetis remarked, with an air of satisfaction, on their being now in pretty near the same parallel as that indicated by the account of the merchantman. "And yet," continued he, chiefly addressing the first lieutenant, "not the slightest sign have we seen or felt of any thing like what the fellow pretends!"

"Allow me to observe, however, sir," replied Sleighton gravely, "what I wished to say before—that instead of getting the latitude at one time and the longitude at another, which only tends to confuse us, we ought in a matter of this kind to"—

"How, sir!" said Captain Grove a little sharply, "do you suppose one of his majesty's ships mayn't find her place at least as correctly as a red-haired Scotchman with his grandmother's watch?"

"But, sir," persisted the first lieutenant, "the more incorrect *they* were, the more need—excuse me, Captain Grove—for care in our own astronomical observations, sir, I presume."

"Astronomy be hanged!" said the commander: "the thing doesn't depend on astronomy, Mr. Sleighton."

"At any rate, we should have taken a *variety* of deep-sea soundings, sir," replied Mr. Sleighton, "leaving buoys to mark where we had been before. I think the best way in such cases, sir, is to take the report for granted, till it is proved undeniably false."

"Take it for granted, Mr. Sleighton!" rejoined his superior; "I shall do nothing of the sort, I assure you, sir. The fact is, Mr. Sleighton, you are a little too fond of contrariety, for the mere sake of it; but the best thing you can do, sir, is—get a ship of your own, and come out and look for this shoal fly-away you are so convinced of, I suppose, when other people begin to scout it—*then* of course you can make astronomical observations as long and often as you please." The first lieutenant bit his lip, but nothing else betrayed his feelings, save that he leant over the side and looked steadily into the water gliding past. "However, gentlemen," continued Captain Grove in his usual tone, "we shall soon have run through the whole ground, with the next stretch to windward at least; and if *that* don't bring the matter out, why I have a good mind to be fairly off by morning."

"We shall be delighted to hear it, sir," answered the second lieutenant, smiling respectfully. The frigate was soon tacked again, and catching the wind on her opposite side, she ran up the space she had hitherto chiefly enclosed; while the moon, setting slowly past her lee-quarter, began to lengthen its broad reflection into a dancing path of light across the waters on the ship's beam.

Nothing was now heard but the liquid ripple alongside, and at intervals

the plash of the leads cast from the frigate's weather-chains into her passing shadow, with the slow listless tramp of men lingering out their vigil on the forecastle; the captain paced the weather-side of the quarter-deck alone, and the patient old master rested his night-glass on the ratlins of the mizen-rigging, when a sudden call from aloft, quick and startling, roused all beneath into eagerness not unmixed with alarm.

"On deck there! Breakers to leeward!"

"Whereaway?" hailed the captain himself on the instant, springing upon a carronade, and looking up clear of the sails to the look-out aloft.

"Two points on the lee-bow, sir," answered the man; and the yards were braced up sharper to the wind, which now blew with increased briskness, so as to insure her weathering the spot in safety. One officer and another ascended the shrouds in order to catch sight of the scarcely-expected peril, while the commander remained standing on the bulwarks with eyes directed impatiently to the horizon; the countenance of the first lieutenant, as he watched the proceedings with affected indifference, nevertheless betraying mingled emotions, among which it would have been hard to say whether triumph or some secret feeling of disappointment had the better. Half an hour intervened, during which the ship, in her present state, and with her characteristic sailing qualities, must have made five or six knots headway; but at length an almost simultaneous murmur along the decks betokened that the danger in question was now visible. Over a broad space before the frigate's course a silvery haze was hung around the brightly-setting moon, while she shed her light intensely on the surface underneath; an azure band severed that stretch of water from the horizon, and the nearer waves ran into it, dark by contrast, yet all along within it they rose shining and glittering in white radiance; but towards the farther edge of this was seen but the more instantaneously some low black object, over which the breeze sent the snowy spray in wreathes and showers that lent an additional air of hazy indistinctness, as they scattered across it, and as the moonshiny reflection trembled with its fairy webwork of lines, and its threads of lustre from one smooth wave to another. All eyes were naturally bent upon it from the throngs of excited seamen, among whom this most dreaded of nautical terrors gained no small increase by the whole circumstances foregoing, as well as the somewhat perplexing and fantastic character of mystery attendant on its sudden appearance, thus placed like a fragment of jet in the crisped silver setting of the moonlight: small as it seemed, indeed, yet the more perilous on that account would it have been had the night been dark, with the breeze blowing right down upon it, and the vigilance of the crew well-nigh at an end. The commander only signed with his hand to the man at the wheel to luff still more, and the officers stood grouping silently together with mutual exchange of looks as the Thetis continued to edge rapidly in the direction of the rock, till at length her mainyard was backed, and she hove to at about three-quarters of a mile distant, rising and falling on the surges as the reversed canvas on her mainmast counteracted the breeze in her other sails.

A boat was then lowered from the ship's lee-quarter, and its crew, under charge of the third lieutenant and master, pulled cautiously away for the spot, which was now conspicuous enough; although the very dazzle of the

light, the showering of the spray, and the motion of the vessel when thus held in check, combined to render it still at that distance quite incapable of proper survey. The movements of the boat's crew were, however, sufficiently distinguishable; and as they neared the place where the water broke, making a half-round, to go to leeward of it, the frigate's bulwarks were topped by one continuous row of eager heads, the watch below having come on deck half-dressed to witness the discovery now being accomplished. All at once the men in the cutter were seen to rise and wave their hats, with a loud cheer, which struggled up against the breezes to the ears of their shipmates; and directly after the boat pulled straight in upon the supposed rock, becoming almost blended with the light spray to leeward of it. The eye of Captain Grove sparkled for a moment with sudden intelligence, but he merely beckoned with his hand to the men by the braces and the wheel; five minutes more sufficed to bring the frigate rushing down upon the place, when she again sheered round to the wind, and became stationary, almost grinding her bows against the edge of the mass in question. By that time all were aware of its real nature, after noticing that it floated, instead of being fixed in the water, composed as it was of a couple of large hogsheads, nearly full, and connected into a sort of unwieldy raft by the top-frame of a ship's mast, with its attendant cordage and other hamper; while it drifted deep and slowly enough to offer considerable resistance to the sharp surges of the breeze, which dashed and sprinkled over its weather-side as upon the crown of some small reef. At this curious *dénouement* a general hurra burst from the assembled crew of the Thetis, which the commander repressed with a sign of his hand, although all severity in it was belied by the smile on his face. On the quarter-deck, indeed, he gave vent to his amusement and satisfaction in unrestrained laughter, to which all but the first lieutenant fully responded, even he professing to smile.

"Well, gentlemen," exclaimed Captain Grove, "it seems we might have added another bugbear to that fellow's hobgoblin; for as to its being in the same place, ha, ha!—or near it—that is out of the question. So I think if nothing turns up by to-morrow at farthest, why, we may be contented with the charts, at least till some volcano or other shoves a new reef above water—eh, gentlemen?"

"Oh, after this," the first lieutenant responded smoothly and with unusual openness of manner, "certainly, sir; you could not do less."

"I'm glad to see you can be convinced, Sleighton, in spite of your theories," returned Captain Grove good-humouredly. "Now, get these casks overhauled, as there's evidently something in 'em; and set the lumber adrift, that it mayn't frighten any one else. Why, such a concern as that would give a pretty thump to one's bows of a dark night after all. I shall go and turn in now," continued he, "and let the ship be kept off and on hereabouts, if you please, till daybreak."

One of the casks was found to contain nothing but salt water, its bung-hole having been open; the other was more than half full of common Italian wine, which was freely served out to the men, as soon as it had been got on board; the former, with the timber accompanying it, fell to the share of the mess-cooks for firewood, so that the sailors jocosely remarked there was something to be got by shoal-hunting after all.

The first lieutenant stood musing silently by himself near the taffrail ere

retiring to rest, when he was accosted by the old master of the frigate. "Well, Mr. Sleighton," said the latter, "I'm glad it's nothing in the shoal-way, sir, though here's some poor fellows gone to the bottom again, it's likely: but I'm not so sure it's a sign all's clear hereabouts."

"Pooh, pooh, Mr. Jones," answered the lieutenant; "the captain is right; this is just the kind of thing that gives rise to such reports."

"Ay, Mr. Sleighton," said the master, "but what's them things owing to, sir, I ask?"

"Why, they've foundered, or something, in that greggale the day before yesterday," replied Sleighton; "such clumsy fellows as they were, no doubt."

"Well," said the master, "that might be; more especially as there's a strong current down this channel here sometimes—mostly about the full o' the moon, sir; and *that* would bring 'em from no'th-east a good way since the gale."

"And how much way would an affair of this kind make, do you suppose, Mr. Jones," continued Sleighton carelessly, "in a couple of days now?"

"Why," said the master, calculating, "with the north-easter in their favour at first off-go—then this same current, we'll say, sir—and different winds a-baffling about of 'em after'ards—why, you couldn't give them casks much more than about two-score knots in that time, Mr. Sleighton."

"Ah," said Sleighton, "and we're in ten longitude, or so, I think; latitude?"—

"Thirty-eight, four, or pretty nigh that, I make it," replied the accurate master, after reckoning on his fingers; "but it's hard to say how long they might drift, you know, sir."

"True, true, Jones," said the lieutenant.

"Well, Mr. Sleighton," said the old seaman, shaking his head, "it's a bad part to be in, of a strong nor'easter, is this *I*-talian channel. The Gulf of Lyons for a roaring gale no doubt; but it's thought by some there's a sort of a whirlpool somewhere here—others, again, say it's only at certain times, more particularly when one of them greggales comes on; and, according to them, it shifts its place more or less."

"Ah, I dare say, Mr. Jones," said Sleighton with an air of deferring to the old man's experience; "and no better authority for such facts than yourself."

"I never heard of it so far south as this though, Mr. Sleighton," ran on the master, fond of having a listener to his old sea-lore; "nor so near Sardiniay, either; but I mind well enough, about seven year ago, being in a convoy, home'ard bound, round these same islands, when a gale came on thick from east'ard, out o'sight of land, we had a fine French Indiay-man, a prize which was taken up the Gulf of Grenoa. Well, sir, how it was nobody ever knew, but next morning, when it cleared, not a stick of her was to be seen—she'd clear vanished out o' the very midst of us, two or three frigates, and twenty brigs or more, scattered on every hand. There we cruised round and round, looking for a sign of her; but nothing was ever found, till about a month afterwards, I heard her wheel was got by some fisherman or other, with the ship's name on it."

"Strange, indeed," responded the first lieutenant; "and where was this, now, Mr. Jones?"

"Must have been a good bit up from here, sir, I think," said the master;

"though not far out o' the same course for Naples. Howsoever, I must go below, and turn in for a spell: so good-night t'ye, Mr. Sleighton."

As soon as the lieutenant was alone, he took out his pocket-book and carefully noted down a series of memoranda by the light of the binnacle, for the moon was already set; he then slowly followed his late companion down the after-hatchway. "Fools!" exclaimed he to himself, as he hastily threw off his uniform in the little state-room, "not one capable of putting a few simple inductions together. But we shall see."

When next morning dawned on the Thetis, she was slowly forging ahead under still less sail than at the previous daybreak: a low, gray bank of haze lay on the horizon to west and northward, against which her hull and spars, nearly bare, would have been scarcely discernible from the opposite direction, where the sun was about to strike his first rays through a lighter vapour in the east. The breeze came freshening along from south-west again, in the cool, exhilarating, morning air: till the frigate, whose few extended sails were so slanted to it as to neutralize most of its influence, rose curvetting on the lively greenish surges like a creature impatient of restraint. The men of the watch looked out on all sides wistfully, as if to the full as tired of the whole matter as she was; while the officers on deck walked restlessly about, with evident anxiety for the appearance of the captain, and the change of procedure which might soon ensue. The objects on deck were as yet but coldly visible, and the gray sky above the eastern board had merely begun to show a few pearly streaks, the thin, white mist seeming to creep nearer from the horizon, as the breeze swept under it—when all at once a faint flash of light was seen to gleam, as it were, within the vail it presented, and the distant report of a gun came rolling along the water from southward. It was shortly followed by another, and the mist in that quarter began to scatter gradually apart, leaving a break of the horizon clear and coldly drawn against the sky, already becoming transparent with the approach of the sun. Every eye was of course directed at once to the open prospect, where, almost immediately, could be made out the figure of a large brig under all sail, studding-sails out aloft, and bending over as she squared off more fully to the wind, when the telescope could distinguish her British ensign flying at the main-peak. Next minute or two sufficed to detect the cause of her recent firing (previously concealed from the frigate by the brig's intervening hull and canvas) in the appearance of another craft, a couple of miles farther off, whose two immense lateen sails loomed dark to windward, like the wings of a vampire in chase.

The lofty spars of the Thetis still scarcely rose above the background of northern vapour, lazily curling off to the breeze, and which would for a time completely hide her presence from both the distant vessels coming across her weather-bow; but her decks were in five minutes crowded with men and officers, not a soul on board excepted from the resistless impulse, and all instinctively seeking the stations necessary for instant action, while yet gazing with breathless anxiety, and speaking in whispers, as if louder sounds might betray the frigate in her ambush earlier than the sunlight which now began to brighten the distant edge of the horizon, making the mist as transparent as gauze, and striking purple along the ruffled waters. Now and then an eye glanced stealthily towards the captain, who, with one hand raised to hold on his cocked-hat, stood up on a carronade, watching the

chase with intense interest, the brig again firing from her stern at her pursuer, which was apparently a swift xebecque or galley, and seemed to gain on her fast. The matter was one of no small nicety, indeed, to manage; since, on the one hand, if too soon made aware of the proximity of the frigate, the stranger would get too favourable a start, and that well to windward; whereas, on the other hand, the merchantman might be overtaken, and her crew treated in pirate style were the delay too long protracted. The seamen of the Thetis, however, were heard to express their earnest wish that the enemy should have "plenty of law" given him, that he might lead them a good tight chase, "after this here hanged long spell of treasure-fishing and shoal-hunting." A dozen hands were laid ready on the shrouds of each mast, waiting for the order to lay aloft and loose sail, which of itself would probably discover the frigate to the vessels in sight; her sharp bows meanwhile slowly parting the waves ahead, and helping somewhat to improve her position for bearing down, when they were nearly abreast the beam. At length the captain stepped down from the gun, looked once more to windward, and made a sign to the man at the wheel. "Away aloft, my lads!" said he quickly to the ready sailors, who had already begun to ascend the rigging; the tall folds of canvas fell off the yards, which were hoisted by those on deck with the men still upon them. The frigate was next minute in stays, going about on the other tack, almost as the sun tipped the radiant horizon with his dazzling crest; she rose, dipping to the vast increase of force, and then, like a greyhound released from the leash, shot out of the haze under a cloud of white sail, on which the light struck yellow, as upon a brazen giant suddenly risen out of the deep. The flash and the roar of a gun at the same time broke from one of her open ports, sending a heavy shot spinning far across towards the pirate craft, now about four or five miles off: he had already taken the alarm, however, and his two huge, three-cornered sails jibbed sharply round, their long, slant yards bending like whips as he bore up almost dead before the wind. The breeze freshened as usual in the morning at that late season, with a sweep that curled every bright-blue surge into vivid hollows and snowy crests, and the Tunisian galley was at times seen to dive into them amidst a cloud of spray, then to rise, ducking and rolling like a tub, swift as she was; while the frigate, scarcely leaning to it, drove steadily through the waves after her, with sails broad against the sunrise. The brig, safely pursuing her course, took in her studding and topgallant sails from the growing force of the wind, which brought the Thetis every few minutes a new advantage over her chase. The latter hauled closer up to it again, as if to try a better method for escape, and edge nearer to her own coast; upon which the frigate also was seen to brace on the same tack, and *on* a wind her own people knew well she found her favourite sailing-point. They could ere long distinguish the moist gleam of the very brine dripping from the Tunisian's bottom, as she rose, with the Moorish skull-caps of her crew; but by that time, to the deck of the merchant brig, both vessels had dwindled to specks on the blue horizon.

The Thetis had gone home to England, and been nearly a year paid off, when Captain Grove happened one day to enter the Naval Club-Room at Plymouth, where he found an old professional friend seated at his news-

paper. The usual courtesies and greetings were exchanged, followed by various topics of conversation; after which the other captain suddenly asked, "By the by, Grove, I think you had a young blade named Sleighton for your first luff last time I saw you in the old Mediterranean?"

"Yes," said Captain Grove; "what of that?"

"Why, perhaps it's not the same. What sort of chap was he?" continued his friend.

"Oh, why, an exceedingly good officer," replied Captain Grove; "only, by the by, a little disputatious sometimes, and one of your scientific men."

"First name Frederick?" inquired the other.

"Yes," said Captain Grove.

"Haven't you heard of the fellow's good-luck, then, Grove?" was the next question. "Why, he's made a commander."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the captain of the Thetis in surprise. "I'm glad to hear it though, by Jove! I believe he was poor. But how the deuce has that sly old uncle of his contrived to get him promoted so soon?"

"'Tis rather a queer story," said the other: "as I heard it, he had been some time or other in a ship sent out to discover a new reef, or something of the sort, about the coast of Sicily, and his captain couldn't find it; so what does Sleighton do, a few months ago, but go and tell the Admiralty he was pretty sure he could ferret out this said rock of theirs, if they'd only give him a schooner with a few hands. He got the schooner, and off to the Mediterranean, where, sure enough, he found the rock, and his commander's gilt swab too—which in our day, Grove, you know, we should have thought you couldn't buy so quickly, except by taking a French frigate at the least!"

"Well," said Captain Grove with forced calmness, "do you suppose this story to be *true*, Captain Fanshaw?"

"*True*, my dear sir!" was the reply; "why, I believe you'll find it laid down in the chart, at any rate!" and the other captain turned to the last Admiralty chart, which lay on a book-stand in the room. He pointed to the spot in question, and Captain Grove slowly and distinctly read off the words—"Twilks Rock, latitude 38 degrees 50 minutes 11 seconds north; longitude 10 degrees 37 minutes 12 seconds east; lying south-east and north-west; depth over the crown of the reef, one fathom at low water; sea breaks on it during a north-easter; fifty miles east by south from Cape Carbonara."

"Ah," said he in accents of ironical self-constraint, "very particular *indeed!* Do you know, now, the Thetis happened to be the ship sent on the duty you allude to, and *I* was the captain who couldn't find the rock wanted?"

"Is it possible, Grove?" exclaimed Captain Fanshaw.

"Yes, sir, by Jove! I spent twenty-four hours using every possible means to turn over the ground, and turn it over I did. Why, sir, we went through that very spot again and again; and, by Heaven, Captain Fanshaw, the whole story from beginning to end is a cursed lie!"

"Oh," put in Fanshaw, with the view of soothing the passion which now inflamed his companion's features, "Oh, I dare say Sleighton spent a week or two on the matter, instead of twenty-four hours! He could better afford it, you know; and, besides, he wanted his new commission!"

"The whole thing is a falsehood!" repeated Captain Grove, giving way to his irritation; "trumped up, don't you see, most plausibly, and safe enough, too, for who is ever to disprove it? A schooner and a few hands, forsooth! Why, the scoundrel might cheat or bribe a dozen ignorant fore-mast-men, and a couple of master's-mates perhaps into any thing of the kind he chose, and everybody in future steers clear of the place! And *he*, the sneaking hound, was among the first to seem convinced there was nothing of the sort!"

"Contemptible swab!" said the other captain; "but of course that was his cue."

"Is this infernal shoal, or whatever they call it, to haunt me right and left?" continued the commander of the Thetis much excited. "I tell you, sir, I am as sure it doesn't exist, where they put it at least, as I am that I stand here, and so I reported to the Admiralty. Why, the fellow has given me the direct lie—to the very first day I have been afloat, the direct lie!—and that I'm convinced, with the full knowledge he was telling a falsehood himself. The least I could do, were he not a cowardly rascal, as I've reason to think, would be to cane him in the public street. But, Fanshaw, I will *prove* him a liar, as I did the Scotch skipper a fool before him! I tell you I'll sail over that very spot again the first opportunity, else I shouldn't die easy! If I ever have the keel of the Thetis under me in those waters again, and if I don't carry her clear over where your chart marks a rock, call James Grove a liar, and no seaman to boot!"

To this outbreak, so natural for a man of Captain Grove's temper in the circumstances, his friend made no reply except an accommodating one, and parted from him, somewhat dubious as to the exact state of the case, and soon to forget the matter altogether.

More than two years had elapsed, during which peace on land and sea had left the ships of Europe free to deal as they best could with old Queen Nature, far as her homeless water-realm extended, when, late one autumn, the Thetis was in the Mediterranean, bound for Naples, with the British ambassador and his suite on board. The frigate, repaired and painted anew, seemed to rise on the bright-blue surges, sparkling to the sun, with all the easy grace of former days; and every liquid plash of her coppered bows into their foam was like the renewing of an acquaintance; while they, too, ran and leapt along her high sides as if, to a seaman's fancy, they were trying to keep pace with her in token of welcome. None on board or among her crew, however, except Captain Grove himself and the old master, were of those she used to bear about there in the war. "Cautious Carey" was somewhere in the West Indies, the lively Neville off the west coast of Africa, and a hundred other craft had some of her hearts of oak on as many different points of the watery globe. Bright skies, gentle airs, or favourable breezes for the most part, carried the Thetis eastward for Italy; the white awnings spread daily over her broad quarter-deck, the royal standard of St. George at her main-skysail masthead, the music of the band floating far across to leeward from her at meal-times: military uniforms, civilian figures, even ladies' dresses, being seen at intervals to mingle with the active motions of her officers on deck, or with the sturdy blue jackets of her crew, as they thronged hither and thither during her progress. When

sextant and quadrant began to show her approach to the scene of those last proceedings of hers in this quarter, to southward of Sardinia, the variety of preoccupation from so unusual a company of guests was likely to make her commander not particularly apt at the time to recall the minutiæ of an incident which never, except accidentally, had been much impressed upon his mind, nor did he seem to have even remembered it at all.

The Thetis found herself one afternoon, however, standing up to north-eastward, with a wind nearly fair, into the wide channel which leads to Italy, out of sight of land: the waves came briskly from the south-west, and over the frigate's stern and larboard-quarter hung the pale, keen azure of the autumn sky. In the east, nevertheless, a gray covering of vapour seemed, as it were, to thicken from it, sending out feathery flakes and shreds of scud that drifted high aloft, contrary to the wave-crests far below. Now and then a little strip of cloud was seen to flicker and stream out over the very top of the haze, then again to disappear; a "gray mare's tail," as it was called by the men on the forecastle. The south-westerly wind grew chillier, singing and sighing sharply through the frigate's cordage, and past the edges of her huge sails; passing fits of rain accompanied it, as it shifted round to north-west and north, requiring constant alterations in the trim of the yards; till all at once it finally chopped into the north-east, the rain ceased, a vivid fragment of rainbow came and vanished on a cloud to windward, while the darkening waves rose shorter and more numerous against the sudden check to their course. The gay train of aides-de-camp, secretaries, and diplomatic officials had retired to their cabins in proportion as the nautical activity augmented, and as the spirits of the frigate's crew seemed to be wakened up by this change of weather; and when the last red streaks of sunset glimmered low behind the black ridges of water astern, as if it were dabbled in beyond the openings of their troughs, the Thetis was beating up nearly close-hauled, though most of her canvas remained still set, against the beginnings of a gale which threatened ere long to blow with no small violence.

The sole anxiety of her captain, however, was to get her well off the land before the full strength of it came on; since, when afterwards unable to show more than storm-canvas with safety, and a lee-shore only about fifty miles off, especially if the gale drew farther to eastward, none could say in what imminent danger the ship might be placed as she drifted to its force. The three topsails had already been double-reefed, the frigate buffeting stoutly with wind and sea, and driving her massive bows gallantly into the spray that showered over her weather cat-head, while the thickness of the mist had come closing down on her, and the gray scud careered aloft so as to hide her uppermost spars. Captain Grove paced the higher side of the quarter-deck with the accustomed rapid turns and steady footing of a seaman, looking sharply to windward and overhead, and evincing satisfaction at the way in which the old Thetis behaved, as he phrased it. The lieutenant of the watch, his glazed hat shining and his rough pilot-coat glistened with moisture, peered every now and then into the binnacle-light to observe the compass; the old master was carefully running over his charts and reckoning beside a lantern on the capstan head: it was eight o'clock, and the ambassador's late dinner in the state-cabin had been more than usually deferred by the first movements incident to rough weather, commonly more incon-

venient than when it has risen towards its height, and the ship has been, as it is called, "made snug." The captain merely waited to assure himself that he might go below and do the honours to his distinguished passenger.

"Keep a good weather-helm, my lad," said he to the sailor on the upper side of the wheel; "a point higher, if you can, quartermaster." He then stepped towards the veteran master, who had immediate care of the navigation.. "Well, Mr. Jones," said Captain Grove cheerfully, "we shall do yet, I think, if we only keep our own for an hour longer at this rate. We *must* get to windward a little more though, for a devil of a sneezer this gale looks to turn out before midnight. Ill-tempered while they last, these greggales are hereabouts, Mr. Jones, but not long of blowing over."

"No doubt, sir," said the master; "it'll break before morn, I shouldn't wonder, sir."

"How far off the land do you make her now, Mr. Jones?" asked the commander, pointing to the chart.

"Why," replied the master, holding it towards the lantern, although it flapped and struggled as he did so, "by dead reckoning since noon, sir, about fifty miles east by south of Cape Spartyvento, which'll set us somewhere nigh hand eight-and-thirty miles south-east and by south of Cape Carbonnyraw, sir."

"That won't do with this stiff gale," said the captain; "and with what we *may* have before long! We must certainly weather the cape a good deal clearer than that, Jones. Mr. Abbot," continued he, addressing the bluff-like first lieutenant, who had just appeared on deck, "you will see the yards braced sharper up, if you please, sir, immediately; and make her course for the next two hours as exactly east-by-north as you can."

"Just so, sir," replied the first lieutenant with respectful alacrity; and as soon as the change had been effected, Captain Grove prepared to go below, his mind now in a great measure at rest. The old master looked again at his chart, fidgeted, and then approached his superior by the after-hatchway, wearing an expression of considerable uneasiness. "But, Captain Grove," said he, hesitating, "there's one thing, sir, in that case—why"—

"Well, what is it, Mr. Jones?" said the captain, turning ere he should descend; "pray make haste though."

"Why, sir, if I'm right in my reckoning at all," continued Mr. Jones, "that very same course'll bring us pretty near right upon— Look here, if you please, sir," and he held the lantern towards the chart again.

"What do you mean, Jones?" said Captain Grove hastily. "I really can scarce see the chart at all; out with it, man!"

"It's laid down plain in *one* o' the charts, at any rate, sir," replied the master, still faltering, as if afraid of giving some offence; and the captain glanced curiously for a moment at the old man.

"What?—which?—go on, Mr. Jones," said he sharply.

"What they call the—Twilks Rock, sir—and at this rate we're going, why, sir, it's just the very course to bring the ship fair upon some part of it in about two hours' time," was the hurried answer. "The only thing to keep her safe, sir, so as to be sure," continued the master, "would be to keep her off a point; for you know, sir, the Thetis always comes pretty nigh where she looks."

Captain Grove had started at the first words, as if some unseen hand struck

him in the face, and he turned fully round again to the master. "What!" exclaimed he, roused by the suddenness of the thing and its circumstances to the height of passion, "is this cursed invention of an infernal, cunning, lying scoundrel to meet me slap in the teeth *again!* No, sir! I swore I would sail over *that* spot the very first chance, but I had forgot the thing; and after all, not on a night when the God that made us shows his power, am I going to trouble myself with braving down even a *lie!* But by that God I will *not* flinch—no, not one quarter of a point—from carrying this ship as close to windward as she will go! Because, forsooth, one cowardly lubber has come home and frightened his neighbours with a tale of a flying shoal, and another sneaking rascal goes out and takes advantage of it to better his own affairs, by keeping everybody after in dread on the high seas—*I* am to endanger his majesty's frigate, and a British envoy, by falling to leeward in a gale near land, for the sake of what I have found myself doesn't exist!" and he dashed his clenched fist on the head of the capstan, to which he had walked. "Mr. Abbot," resumed he firmly, "you will keep her close up to windward, sir, till you have occasion to send for me—with a nice helm, too, if you please—and hold on every thing aloft. She makes easy enough weather of it at present, and the worst of the gale will probably be near midnight." So saying, the commander hastened below to the state-cabin.

The lieutenants continued to walk the weather quarterdeck, one attending carefully to the binnacle, the other watching how the canvas bore it aloft, both ignorant, except from what they had caught of their superior's words, as to the entire matter concerned. The gray-headed master alone remained leaning over the bulwarks, his hair driven about his temples as he gazed uneasily out, now and then peering under his hand upon the obscure and troubled waste of waters: while the heavy waves struck the frigate's side, and the gale moaned through her bare lower rigging when she rose higher than usual, before plunging sternly down again through the ridge that swelled across her bows. Sometimes a sort of wild, uncertain light would seem to come clearing out amidst the confused elements, on the gleaming face of the water weltering up into crests of spray; and the mud-coloured, loose sand was seen flying overhead from below one black cloud to another, but again it blew together, and all was dark. At intervals, however, the master could perceive far to leeward, over the waving, tumultuous outline which formed the horizon, where a glimmering streak of white sky showed the figure of another vessel slanting across it; her close-reefed topsails alone spread on her three naked masts, like a mere black rag, as if she were some merchantman struggling less boldly with the gale. The frigate, on the contrary, strong and stately as ever, made good way to windward, extending an ample breadth of stout canvas below as well as high on her tall spars: and she still drove ahead, in the utmost apparent security, even the more proudly, too, that her bow at times received the seas over it in a deluge of spray, while her masts quivered in the gleaming fits of the wind, like feathered arrows that had entered her newly from the dark above, and every bulkhead below decks creaked now and then, as if her frame were parting.

The envoy's dinner-table below was not the most favourable to social gayety, heaving as it seemed to do under the swinging lamps; but the

presence of Captain Grove, with his manly and sailor-like character, greatly contributed to do away with all sense of danger in the mind of his distinguished passenger and those of his suite. The naval officers who were privileged to attend—their services not being required on deck—were, as usual, in high spirits, devoting themselves to soften off the discomforts incidental to a gale at sea, and eagerly reassuring the one or two fair guests, by a variety of nautical remarks, which had all the weight of experience to render them consolatory. A frigate in a gale, well off the land, and under charge of British seamen, was soon understood to be greatly safer than a house, or, for instance, a church with crowded galleries; and, in fact, the motion of the Thetis underneath them, or aloft, had, after all, a stately ease of swing in it, which required only a little custom to make it even add a feeling of agreeably high excitement to the entire party, rid as they had been of sea-sickness in the Bay of Biscay. The ladies, however, had retired at length, and the gentlemen sat over their wine, when Captain Grove proceeded to relate to the envoy, as a curious and amusing instance of Admiralty innocence and Admiralty promotions, the whole story of his search for the rock, and his lieutenant's pretending to find it.

"The fellow deserves some credit for his cunning though," said he laughing: "for I haven't the least doubt he calculated on what is generally the case in such matters—no one ever venturing there again at all. However, that is not the worst of it," continued he, "for sometimes one may actually be in real danger from the fear of a false one, as we might have been to-night, Sir Henry, had *I* not happened to know the thing thoroughly beforehand. Why, I was so angry at the time I first heard of this so-called discovery, that I'd have given any thing to sail over the spot in the darkest night going—not to try it over again of course, but to show my utter contempt of the thing, by never giving it a thought."

"Ah, though, my dear sir," said Sir Henry, "that would have been rather foolhardy; would it not?"

"Certainly, in any other than myself, who have examined the ground through and through, Sir Henry," replied Captain Grove. "However, the most curious part of it is, that, without my intending it at all—merely as necessary to the ship's perfect safety—why, I believe, Sir Henry, in five minutes' time or little more"—and he took out his watch—"she will pass over the very place in queston."

At this the envoy turned pale, as did most of the faces in the cabin; Captain Grove, on the contrary—with all that unflinching firmness of nerve, and that obstinacy which would have made him rather sink than yield to a French line-of-battle ship—remaining cool, both in reference to the possible danger and to the alarm of the ambassador.

"Gracious heavens, sir!" exclaimed the latter anxiously; "are you in earnest, Captain Grove?"

"Certainly, Sir Henry," replied he; "but had I not the most undoubted grounds for my conviction, you cannot suppose I should have ventured to say what I have, at least till afterwards. At any rate, Sir Henry," resumed he, taking up his watch again, after a long and awkward pause, "the time is past; I assure you we have gone over this wonderful reef—the thing was a mere trifle; otherwise I shouldn't have mentioned it."

The former conversation was then renewed, with the more vivacity from

this relief to such a disagreeable announcement: all were laughing and talking, while the very plash and stroke of the waves on the ship's side, and her deep, weltering pitches, were a source of unconscious satisfaction to hear, as the sign at least of plenty of water underneath.

Captain Grove was in the act of passing the decanters from one compartment of the firm-lashed cabin-table to another, when all at once a slight, grating touch, as it were, was felt to run along from the ship's keel through her whole vast frame—a wild, hoarse scream seemed next moment to be blown over the after-hatchway—there was a sudden sensation, as if the succeeding wave were too light to bear the frigate, and she were going down—when a mighty shock, like that of the earth receiving a mistaken footstep in the dark, threw every one from his seat; the deck fell all at once steeply over, the timbers quivered, and a fierce burst of water on the side was succeeded apparently by whole seas, with the tumultuous cry of human voices heard even above the gale. The captain had started up, and stood instinctively keeping his feet in the attitude of one still expectant; his white, rigid face, seen by the swinging lamps, would at that instant have quelled any reproaches, had such been likely—incredulity, defiance, and terrible conviction of a reality, seeming to flit across it as quickly as the shadows it caught. Next moment he rushed towards the cabin door and found his way on deck.

The old master had redoubled his anxieties, till they began at length to yield before the protracted and regular motion of the ship, however violent and deafening the monotonous roar of the blast, when, without further warning, the sharp yell of the look-out men ahead was transmitted aft, to "port the helm!" "Breakers close under the lee-bow; port, for God's sake, port!" was the common shout. But it was too late, and the frigate drove fiercely with the next surge upon the white chaos of broken water, then struck nearly amidships, as if it had tried to leap across. Another wave half lifted her, and she came crashing down upon the hard rock, her tall spars vibrating with the force till the foremast yielded, toppling over, and the upper part of her mainmast shortly followed, when they beat up on her lee-side to the back-swell of the sea.

The fearful sight appeared to restore nerve and coolness to her commander, and his voice was now heard, clear and trumpet-like to windward, endeavouring to renew order among the disorganized crew, then directing their activity. The wreck of the mast was cut away, the remaining canvas hauled down, and the boats cleared; while, as the vessel formerly distinguished was thought to be still not many miles distant to leeward, blue-lights were burned, and a heavy gun fired at short intervals, so that, if possible, she might be led at least to lie to, and pick up the boats whenever a lull in the gale should render it at all practicable for them to venture off. In half an hour the moon would have risen high enough to shed some light through the scud; and for the last emergency a raft was constructed close alongside in the frigate's lee, by means of spars lashed together upon empty casks, with a stage amidst it for the passengers and ladies, which floated ere long in comparative security on the less turbulent surface now preserved there under the stationary mass of the frigate's hull. Not a single spar now rose above her bare shelterless decks, the ship groaning and cracking as she heaved to the force of the sea, its spray driven over her

tilted weather bulwarks; while the gale burst upon her bodily in all its bleak, unmerciful strength, wild sounds fluctuating far away to leeward, with now and then seething flashes from the breakers, and fits of misty light eddying through the darkness as the moonlight began to struggle in. Long and anxiously did those clinging to the wreck peer forth, every minute expecting to feel it give way under them, or, at best, to commit them to the chances of the raft and boats at random. However, the fury of the gale seemed at length for a time to be subsiding; and the light faintly diffused from the moon, although she herself was completely hidden, afforded a view to leeward: where it was with joy, impossible of course to be expressed, that the crew of the Thetis could make out the form of the merchant vessel, seen indistinctly now and then between sky and sea. She was seemingly, from her present position, aware of some disaster having happened; and signals of distress having been again made, the officers carefully prepared to embark the envoy and his suite upon the raft, to be followed by the boats.

The former had at last been safely freighted with its living cargo; and when furnished with a lantern on a spar, as well as a small sail to assist its motion to leeward, was slacked off from the side of the wreck: when, as soon as it was free of the turmoil created by the reef, its own buoyancy enabled it to drift down comparatively secure towards the distant merchantman, dimly visible by the lights she had hung aloft, when the raft was borne up on the waves. Two or three of the boats, managed by the oars of their crews, were already imitating the example, and profited by the temporary lull to make progress after the raft; while the remainder were in course of lowering away and receiving the groups of men who swung themselves down out of the lee-chains, or jumped right in from the bulwarks. The captain stood by the gangway, overseeing the process, and sternly refusing to leave his post until all should be provided for; the respect yielded him before being now accorded by every one perhaps more truly than when full discipline could be carried out, even although a whisper of the truth had begun to circulate during the last hour or two among those who retained presence of mind enough to converse at all. A considerable proportion of the seamen, in fact, with the desperation so frequent to the class in such extremities, had contrived to break into the spirit-room previously to the hope of rescue: their mad shouts and yells of frantic laughter could be ever and anon heard ascending from below decks, as they quelled in liquor that strange horror of drowning, which made some who would have faced a loaded carronade, or have passed an earring aloft in the wildest hurricane, yet wish to "die drunk." Again and again the attempt had been made to rouse them; and not only had they given no help, but had retarded the efforts of the rest, till their shipmates swore that not one of them should enter the boats if he wished.

The frigate's launch, which had been with the utmost difficulty hoisted out by various contrivances, now floated alongside, filled with the last crowd of men and officers, and held on to the ship's hull merely by a couple of lines, while every minute increased the necessity for letting go, and she was kept off the side by continual thrusts of the oars. The men shouted loudly for the captain, who seemed still to be detained by anxiety for the insane revellers below, notwithstanding that the hull be-

neath him shook and groaned to the foaming rush of the breakers on her weather side, and at intervals its bottom came grinding down from a longer heave that threatened to force the wreck over the reef altogether, when it would no doubt sink at once: the gale, too, was about to come again with renewed fury. Suddenly a half-intoxicated seaman rushed wildly up through the fore-hatch, as if somehow or other restored to a sense of his danger: the wind and spray appeared to sober him on the instant, and he gazed around in utter despair at the seemingly deserted decks. The men in the long-boat were again calling to their commander to descend, when he returned an answer of assent, and sprang hastily towards the sailor in the gangway. "Here, Jackson, my lad," exclaimed he, taking off his uniform coat, "on with this, and jump into the boat! As for me, it shall never be said that James Grove deserted the ship he lost by his own folly!" The man instinctively did as he was told: next minute he was safe among the boat's crew, and the captain himself let go the ropes which held her to the frigate. One long sweep, and the launch drifted off to leeward, rising on a surge clear of the breakers, while the sailors kept her stern to the coming seas. For one half-minute, as they pulled off, the uncertain light showed them the white figure of their captain, bareheaded and in his shirt, as he stood gazing towards them from the dark hull of the Thetis—the spray driven across it, and the foam bursting round her bows and astern; then the wind and sea seemed to blot it out. When the seamen found they had thus left their commander to perish, they could scarcely be restrained from visiting their indignation on the poor fellow mistaken for him; but to return and compel him to leave the wreck was then impossible.

No vestige of the old Thetis of course was ever more seen so as to be recognised; she most probably drove over the edge of the rock soon after the gale was renewed, taking with her the unfortunate captain only and the drunken remnant of her crew—the latter as unconscious of what befell them as the former must have bitterly realized it, and its cause. For as often as he had confronted, without flinching, the anger of his fellow-men and that of the elements, he did not dare to face the shame that falls on one whose self-confidence has turned out supreme folly. A true story this, and one which the old sailor, spinning yarns to his mates, has often shaken his head over at sea.

# POPULAR CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

BELIEVING in the universality of the love to listen to and enjoy the harmony of sweet sounds—admitting the general effect of music on the feelings, passions, and sympathies of mankind—the question may still be asked, "Can good music, that is, music really worthy of the name, be made popular?" May it, without any degradation of character, be generally cultivated and enjoyed by the people? We say, "Yes," and shall endeavour in this Paper not only to give reasons for our belief, but also to answer the next question—"How can this be done?" But, first of all, we must closely define our purpose; for music is a word of very wide meaning, extending itself over all the varieties of composition, from a popular melody to an elaborate fugue by Sebastian Bach. We must not think of epitomizing such a theme in a short article. Under our title, "Popular Cultivation of Music," we wish to recommend and help onward, as far as we are able, the study and practice of *vocal*, and especially *choral music*, in amateur societies. We believe that a taste for, and a capacity to enjoy, superior music is far more common than the amount of science necessary to provide gratification for such a taste. The scientific treatment of music is unfortunately involved in considerable confusion and needless mystery. Few musicians have the skill of expositors, so as to explain their own art clearly. We do not here refer to the theoretical treatment of harmony, or counterpoint, but to the practical science which is strictly necessary for the production of superior works of harmony. This practical science of music is very defective even among the members of many amateur societies.

The best way of proving the correctness of these prefatory remarks, and of pointing out the defects referred to, will be to suppose that we have to form a choral society of amateurs in some provincial town. We will suppose that the place contains a fair number of singers with tolerably good voices, and players with sufficient execution for our purpose. Still, as we shall soon discover, there will be some formidable and patience-trying difficulties to be encountered before we can bring together these scattered singers and players, and form them into one harmonious body. Among the several difficulties which at once present themselves, we hardly know on which first to seize. And yet one stands forth in such bold relief as to challenge our first notice. It is a moral, not a musical difficulty. We will call it *a want of the right temper*.

It would be as absurd to pass any sweeping censure upon the musical world as upon any other class of society. The well-known fact that discords (in the social sense) often occur in musical societies is easily explained. Music is not merely a science, but involves varieties of tastes and opinions; and as many minds must unite together to produce good orchestral or choral music, it is evident that the sacrifice of individual taste or predilection must in many cases be required. The individual spirit has ample room for play in the common business of life; self-assertion and even ambition have uses in the work styled "getting on in the world;" but when we unite to seek relief from cares, or to cheer the gloom of our winter evenings by the practice of harmony, we must lay aside our personal and private tastes; indeed, we must lay aside *ourselves*, and be content to pass for nothing more than so many "tenors" or "basses," "fiddles," "clarionets," "horns," "bassoons," and "bass-viols." The want of this submissive and harmonious temper sadly interrupts the progress of social harmony, and produces many ridiculous but vexatious disputes. For instances, take the following:—Here is the "bassoon" (we mean the player) evidently blowing through his part in no very amiable temper, and looking especially grave during the "rests" in his part, which seem rather longer than they ought to be. At last, when the piece is executed, the smothered wrath escapes in an assertion that some passages have been "picked out" of the "fagotto part," and appropriated by the "violoncello," or some other instrument. Or suppose the "horn" resting during many bars in some quiet piece of music. When it is done, he complains that he has "little or nothing to do in the music selected for performance." "I might as well be at home," says he, "as here just to blow two or three notes now and then;" though these "two or three notes," perhaps, were more effective in their place than otherwise thirty would have been. There is something very ludicrous when an amateur leader, a tolerably expert violin-player, wishes to "shine" at the expense of his subordinates. Imagine a scene like the following:—The leader is certainly superior in skill to the bassoon, the violoncello, and the viola, or tenor-player, while he is also a rather excitable subject, and addicted to playing in rapid time. He leads an overture marked "allegro," with which he is quite familiar, and quietly enjoys the amusement of seeing the inferior members of the orchestra hurried and rather distressed by the rate of speed. The bassoon, after vainly endeavouring to keep time and execute all the runs in semiquavers, is at last compelled to resort to the rather pitiful expedient of merely blowing the first note in each bar, leaving all the rest to be imagined, not heard. The tenor-player goes on very well as far as his part runs in easy crotchets, and has no great prominence in the orchestra: but when his semiquavers begin, he perhaps throws a glance at the leader, and then goes through the remainder of the overture scarcely touching the strings; while the violoncello, just where the music should approach its climax, holds up his bow as a signal of distress. "Gentlemen," says the leader with a look of triumph, "we must have that over again." "Yes; but not quite at that speed," says the bassoon, who, though no great player, is esteemed in the orchestra as a fair "judge of music." "It is marked 'allegro,'" says the leader. "True; but from *allegro* to *prestissimo* there are three degrees," says the bassoon: "if *that* is your *allegro*, what is your *presto?*" The leader can hardly reply to this

fairly, and so the bassoon comes out of the dispute with a good majority on his side. Such disputes, whether civilly or uncivilly conducted, are unwelcome interruptions. If a performer has strong individual ambition, he may devote himself to solo playing, in which he will find a fair field for the exercise of his talent; but in an amateur choral or instrumental society, where all the members should be united like the various pipes in an organ, as so many parts of one whole, individualities of taste and temper should be carefully suppressed, while the object to be kept in view should be to make the nearest possible approach to that "undisturbèd song of pure consent" of which Milton speaks so sublimely in his lines on "Solemn Music."

The composer, while producing a work in many parts, has a clear conception of the effect which all these parts will have when given as one whole. He hears, if we may so speak, in anticipation, the clear melody sustained by the treble and its second in the contralto; the masterful intervals of the bass and the smooth tenor uniting the other vocal parts; the brilliant passages for the violins, the expressive phrases for the bassoons; and indeed all the constituent members of the choir and the orchestra are present in his mind. But between this ideal, as it is now in the mind of the composer, and its realization, many necessary difficulties intervene; and in the patience and perseverance required to overcome these we find examples of the good moral effects of music properly pursued. Without trespassing on ground which belongs to the metaphysics of the science, we may observe here that there is something noble in every attempt to realize the ideal, or, in other words, to give to great thoughts a clear and powerful utterance. This, without respect to material profit, or the gratification of vanity, should be the aim of a musical society. When we have, by due study, succeeded in giving to one of Mozart's symphonies or Handel's choruses the effect intended by the composer, we may be satisfied with the result of our labour.

I. Let us now consider in detail the difficulties which lie in our way:—

The first will include the training of the individual voice. With respect to the register or compass of notes respectively contained in them, human voices may be divided into *six* varieties; but it is not necessary for our purpose to attend to more than the *four* main distinctions of voices generally recognised in choral societies. Here, unfortunately, we find the nomenclature of music deficient in uniformity and precision—a fact which we must observe more carefully in a following passage concerning the mutual relations of the four voices. The first is styled the treble or soprano; the second has several names—as alto, contralto, counter-tenor, or second treble, and (far worse) is marked in notation in several styles. The other two voices are the tenor and the bass. Our remarks on the training of the individual voice will apply to each of the four varieties; but the difficulty attending the training of treble voices requires especial notice. For the sake of clearness, we shall number the four parts required in choral music according to their respective degrees of height in the scale: thus—

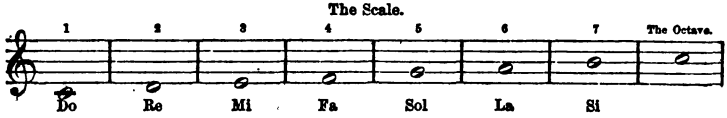
| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First voice | = | Treble. | Third voice | = | Tenor. |
| Second ... | = | Alto. | Fourth ... | = | Bass. |

The treble voice is found in its perfection in the vocal organs of women; and, with some varieties of quality, also in those of boys and girls. In all the best music of the "oratorio," the "cantata," and the "anthem," written in four parts, the melody, the clearness and beauty of the composition,

depend chiefly on the first or treble voice. But a moment's reflection on the social habits and peculiarities of our times, will suffice to show what difficulty must attend the training of treble singers. Young ladies of musical taste, and with leisure to devote to music, generally allow the pianoforte to monopolize their attention, while prejudice or unreasoning fashion regards social meetings for the practice of vocal music as suitable only for "people of low caste;" odious expressions, which are fast losing their mock dignity. This sort of prejudice produces some curious anomalies. You may enter a church in one of the towns of England, and when the time for psalmody comes, your ears will be assailed with such a combination of noises as surely was never dreamt of by the "singer of Israel," whose psalms, after the lapse of centuries, are thus performed. Yet you will be very unjust if you join in that ridicule of the singers in which several well-educated and musical ladies in the congregation take delight. The fact is, the congregation contains several ladies on whose musical education alone large sums of money have been expended, while the result is merely private gratification. To assist in the improvement of public harmony, even when it is recognised as an important part in religious services, is not *de bon ton;* consequently, a few poor volunteers, uneducated in a musical sense, as in every other sense—unable, indeed, even to pronounce their words so as to avoid ludicrous effects—these perform the musical part of the service as well as they can.

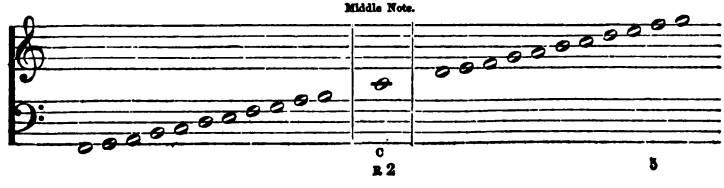
Leaving now the ladies who are exclusively devoted to that convenient surrogate for many various kinds of music—the pianoforte—we must look elsewhere for treble singers. We cannot be wholly content with the services of boys in the first part, though in cathedrals, where the young choristers are in constant practice, we have often been well pleased with their singing. A youth, even when endowed with a good voice, requires painstaking cultivation before he can acquire correct modulation, refinement, and expression; and generally, before this is done, the voice changes its character by descending into the tenor register. For trebles, therefore, we must depend mainly on feminine voices; but one of the chief difficulties in the way of cultivating good vocal harmony in this country is found in the fact, that very few young women acquire the art of reading music and of singing correctly, while, even among these few, domestic cares and occupations generally prevent a regular and progressive culture of their musical talents. This must be regretted, for we maintain that England is rich in pleasant though untrained voices. We must not forget to notice, however, the good signs of our day, in such choral societies as we find in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and elsewhere—examples of music produced by and for the people which we hope to see rapidly multiplied.

A second difficulty is in finding voices correct in modulation: this applies to all the four varieties of voice already named. We suppose that all the canditates for membership in our incipient choral society are well acquainted with the rudiments of notation, and can read music or sing from notes with tolerable readiness. Many who have so mastered their A B C will imagine themselves to be musicians; but they must bear to be told that great lessons still remain to be learned. We must be allowed to ask such questions as—"Is your intonation pure?" "Are your intervals correct?" It cannot be too distinctly noticed, that on the truth or pre-

cision with which the various *intervals* of the scale are sounded the good effect of music entirely depends. It is a very absurd case, and yet too common when a tyro in music, having something like a random guess in reading notation, and some tact in keeping time, attempts to take a part in the choruses of Handel before he can sing correctly through the various intervals of the scale:—

The intervals of this scale (on which all modern music is founded) are not equal. The interval 1–2 is a whole tone; 2–3 is also a whole-tone interval; but 3–4 contains only a semitone. Again, 4–5, and 5–6, and 6–7 are whole-tone intervals; but from the seventh to the octave is only a semitone interval. In other words, the fourth and seventh degrees of the scale rise by semitones. This peculiarity remains in the scale, however its key or pitch is raised or lowered. To become familiar with all the degrees, the pupil should diligently study the regular exercises, transposed through all the keys commonly employed.

When the pupil has advanced through these and many other exercises of the voice, he may feel an ambition at once to join the choral society and proceed with Handel's choruses; but he will act more wisely by curbing his ambition, and devoting his attention to a careful practice of plain and easy melodies, such as may be found in the treble parts of the best chorals or psalm-tunes. In these he will find instances of the various intervals, and as the music is slow and easy, he will find time to study his intonations, until he can give truly all the intervals generally employed in vocal music. He must also accustom himself, even in private practice, to keep strict time, to produce all the degrees of tone marked *f*, *ff*, *p*, *pp*, *mf*, *mp*, *crescendo*, and *diminuendo*, and, in short, go through the necessary training which he will find described in any good elementary book.

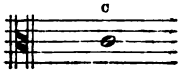
Supposing, then, that we have found a number of singers trained as we have said, our next task will be to arrange them in a choir. Here the difficulty which arises is a strange one, and one of a very serious character. It is a fact that many singers, who can sing tolerably well, and who know at least the rudiments of music, *do not understand the true nature and positions of their respective parts when employed in choral harmony.* Another fact, equally strange, is, that the publishers, and even the composers of choral music, *have no determined and uniform style of notation in the several parts.* This point is so important, and is at present involved in so much confusion and misconstruction, that we must take some pains to make the facts of the case plain. To do this, we must first beg the reader to look at the



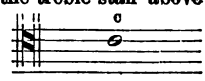
preceding FULL VOCAL SCALE, containing the notes over which the four voices extend.

There are several notes, produced by the "head-voice," (to use a technical term,) which range above this scale; but as these are not required in plain choral harmony, we shall take no further notice of them. The scale here presented in two staves, and with a middle-line between them, (consisting, altogether, of *eleven lines*,) represents all the natural notes belonging to the four varieties of the human voice. Now, to understand clearly how these varieties are related one to another, the pupil must fix his attention on the middle-note C, which is placed between the staves. This note may be regarded as the meeting-point of the two main divisions of the voice—namely, the treble and the bass. It is one of the highest notes to which a bass voice generally ascends, while it is also about the lowest note to which the treble voice can descend. The treble, therefore, ranges throughout the upper staff of five lines, as the bass extends over the lower staff of five lines; while C, on the middle line, is a note common to both voices. The distinction between these two voices is now made perfectly clear, and we shall find no confusion respecting them. But choral music is generally written in *four* parts. Where are the other two voices? These, the *alto* and the *tenor*, have registers of notes which are not represented on either of the two staves, taken separately; they can neither rise to the higher notes of the treble, nor descend to the lower notes of the bass. Both the alto and the tenor partake of the notes already described as belonging to the treble and the bass; but the alto rises higher into the treble, while the tenor descends lower into the bass. To make these distinctions still plainer, we refer the pupil to the key-board of a pianoforte. Here let him first find the middle-note C, already described. It is near the middle of the key-board.

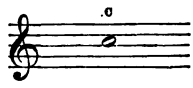
This note is possessed in common by all the four voices. Let us begin upon it, and by ascending and descending in the natural scale, (or on the white keys of the pianoforte,) we shall soon discover the various registers of the voices. Let the treble voice sound this middle-note C in unison with the pianoforte: above the C it will be found that the range of the treble voice extends over some eleven notes, as represented in the above scale. Now let a bass voice sound the same C, and it will be found to be one of the highest notes of the bass, while, below it, a good bass voice will descend to the twelfth note. The same C will be about the middle of the best notes possessed by many tenor voices; but one tenor voice differs from another as it possesses more or less of the bass register. The real facts of the case are now perfectly plain—the two main distinctions of the human voice are the treble and the bass, while the alto and the tenor have registers ascending into the treble and descending into the bass—but we shall soon see how the diversities of notation have produced confusion and mistakes respecting the alto and tenor parts. In the scores of choral music published in our day, we find that the middle C is represented in not less than *five different modes!* In the first, the line on which this C is placed in the alto part is distinguished by a sign called the C clef, or the counter-tenor clef. Above this line we place two lines of the treble staff, and below it two lines of the bass staff. The note C is then written thus:—



Or (2) in the tenor part we place only *one line* of the treble staff above the line marked with the C clef, while below the clef-line we add three lines of the bass staff. The same middle note C is then written thus:—

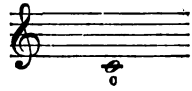


These two styles of writing are consistent, as they show the true position of the middle C in relation to the treble notes above and the bass notes below. But musical amateurs generally begin practice by performing on the flute, or some other treble instrument, and thus become familiar with the treble clef before they know any thing of harmony or the true position of parts in choral music. To accommodate this ignorance, modern composers write the alto and tenor parts in the treble clef. Thus (3) the middle C is now written:—

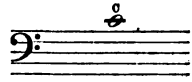


*To be sung an Octave lower.*

This is certainly a false style of writing, for the note is not what it seems to be. It appears to be identical with the treble C, while, in fact, it is an octave below. To avoid this irregularity, other composers write the same C in the alto part, thus (4):—

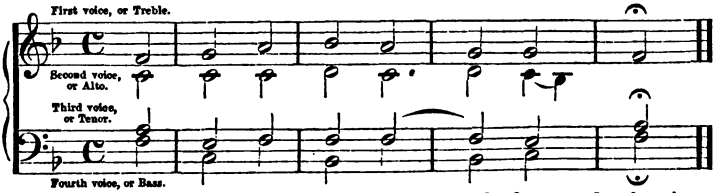


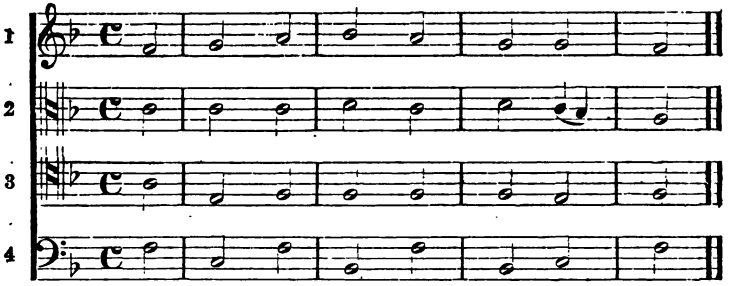
This represents the true position of the note, and such a style of writing may serve in some compositions; but in others, where the alto descends frequently to its lower notes, it would be very inconvenient. Lastly (5), the same middle C may be written over the bass staff, thus:—

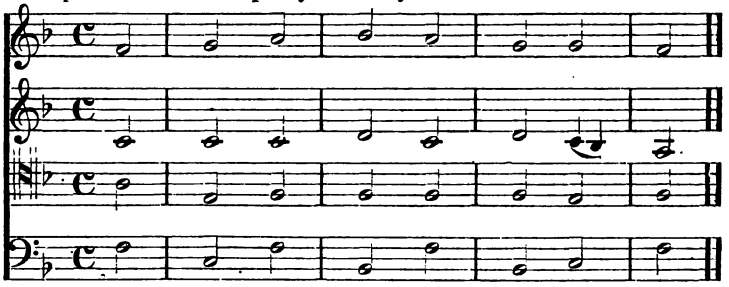
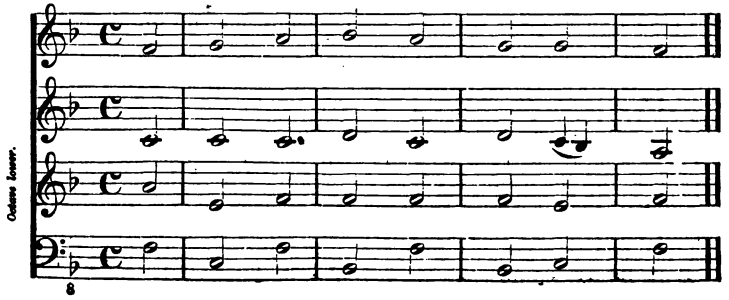
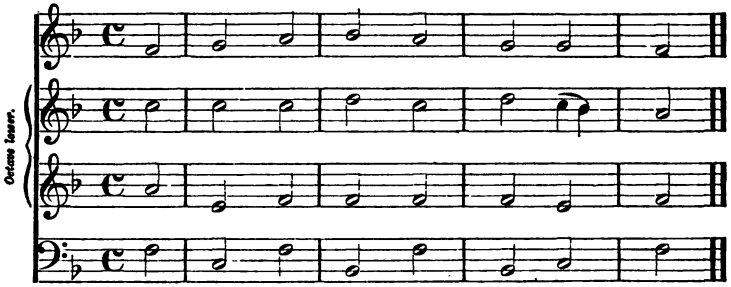
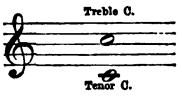
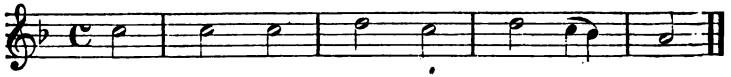
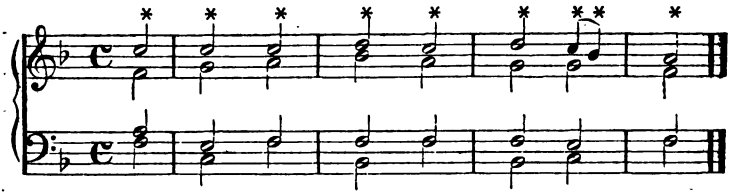


It may almost tire the reader's patience to attend to this analysis of nonconformity in notation, but the practical importance of this part of our topic will soon become mainfest. Let us see in the following examples how a subject in itself plain may be made very mysterious by a bad mode of explanation. Take the first line of a plain choral or psalm-tune in four-parts harmony, throw aside all technical terms—such as "soprano," "contralto," &c.,—and you reduce the subject to the following plain statement of the voices required to produce the harmony:—

1. The air, or highest part; to be sung by women, boys, or girls.
2. The part next below the air; to be sung either by female voices and boys, employing their lower tones, or by men using their highest notes.
3. A medium part (between the second and the fourth); to be sung by men having medium or tenor voices.
4. The lowest or fundamental part; to be sung by men having bass voices.

These four parts are thus clearly represented in the mode of writing chords for the organ:—

Here the reality and the notation or form perfectly accord—that is to

say, the sounds signified by the notes differ in height or pitch as the notes differ in their positions on the scale. But in some of the following modes, we shall see that the second part, which is *really* lower than the first, *appears* higher on the scale. In the first example, the tenor and counter-tenor clefs are used. Hullah's "Vocal Scores" are printed in this style:—

This is the orthodox old style of writing the inner parts, and, both theoretically and practically, must be allowed to be the only satisfactory style.

In the second example, the tenor clef is employed, while the alto is written in the style of a second treble. This mode is adopted in the "'People's Music-Book," partly edited by Mr. Turle:

The notes here are all in true positions: but in the third example, of a style in which many of the musical publications of Novello are printed, we find the tenor in the treble register, with a treble clef, which is contradicted by a note stating that the part is "*an octave lower:*"—

"This is treble," says the clef 𝄞. "No!" says a note prefixed; "it is not treble, but tenor." "Then why is it not written under the tenor signature?" we ask; and the publisher replies, "Because gentlemen will sing, but will not take the trouble of learning the proper alphabet of singing." In the fourth example, both alto and tenor are written in the treble clef.

It must therefore be understood that they are to be performed by men's voices, or an octave lower than they appear. Thus we have seen that all these five modes of writing a line of a psalm-tune (including the organ copy) mean precisely one and the same thing. There is something very absurd in this want of uniformity; but property is invested in musical publications printed in these several styles. It will require some considerable time to return to uniformity, and meanwhile the choral singer must make himself familiar with the various styles of notation. Let him first become well acquainted with the realities, the sounds intended, and he will not be puzzled by the employment of various signs. Without this real knowledge of the construction of parts, amateurs may be led, as we shall show, into the most absurd errors. Thus, when the alto and tenor parts are written with the treble clef, the middle-note C, which has been named so frequently, and which may also be styled the tenor or counter-tenor C, appears in exactly the same form as its upper octave the treble C, while, in fact, it should be sung or played as the octave or eighth note below:—

Let us observe how a mistake here may invert the chords, and destroy both the melody and the harmony intended by the composer. In the line of a psalm-tune already quoted in various forms, we will suppose that the alto part is written with the treble clef thus:—

and that some treble instrument, (a clarionet, for instance,) or a female voice, performs the notes exactly as they are written, while the other parts are correctly sung. Now if we collect the chords as they are thus absurdly disfigured, we shall have, as the result of the mistake, the following passage, in which the character of the original psalm-tune is destroyed. The notes *out of their proper place* are marked with asterisks:—

By comparing this with the *correct* organ-copy of the same line, already given, the reader will at once see the extent of the error; every note of the alto part is out of place, being one octave higher than it ought to be.

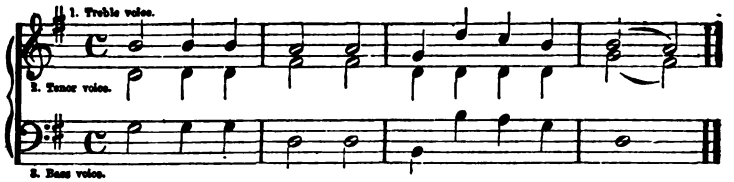
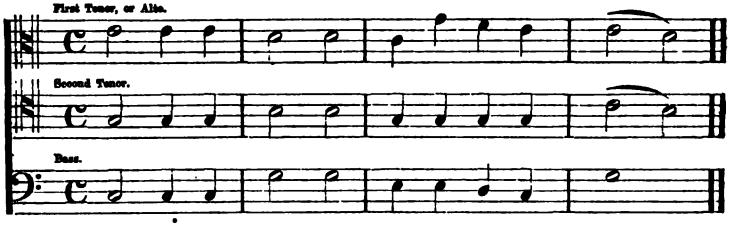
These details may have seemed dry and theoretical, and it may be thought we owe an apology to readers well acquainted with the construction of harmony for having dwelt so long on matters plain enough to a good musician. But we shall now show, by quoting facts, that these musical truths are far from being well understood by the members of amateur choral societies. And in reference to the dry nature of such details, we must observe that there is no royal road to the knowledge of music. True music will not be spread among the people by declamation, however eloquent, on its good tendencies, unless we also give a clear explanation of its science. We now proceed to make an apparently bold assertion, which we can amply confirm by reference to numerous facts. It is this:—*Many of the members of choral societies, especially in the provincial towns of England, are wholly ignorant of the proper construction of harmony, or, in other words, do not know even the proper position in the scale of the various voices and instruments which they employ, and consequently their performances of choral music are frequently nothing more nor less than gross mistakes or caricatures, in which the composer's meaning is entirely destroyed!* This is a strong assertion; but we will now proceed to establish it by facts.

About Christmas, a year or two ago, we were entering a market-town in one of the midland counties, when our attention was arrested by a burst of noise issuing from a large school-room. As we approached nearer, we were satisfied that the noise (which at first seemed dreadful) was regulated by time, marked with vigorous stamping, and was intended to be—music! We stood in the street and listened for some moments before we could recognise any melody or harmony, but by attending solely to the run of the bass on the violoncellos, we at last discovered that this confused mass of noises was intended to represent Handel's noble chorus, "Lift up your heads!" Curious to learn how this gross caricature was produced, we stepped into the passage, and peeped into the room just as the chorus was finished: a number of robust countrymen and townsmen, (perhaps between twenty and thirty) were the singers, and, as we afterwards learned, were thus giving their "annual Christmas performance of Handel's choruses" without the aid of one treble singer! The melody was sung by some half-dozen men with rough tenor voices. All the treble of the orchestra consisted of two or three violins and a clarionet, while three violoncellos aided the efforts of some half-dozen bass singers gifted with powerful voices. However a musician may smile at this statement, and think the error too gross to require careful refutation, we know too well that such blunders are common. Only a few weeks ago, in another town, we heard a similar

but utterly indescribable noise, and on entering the place from which it proceeded, found the members of a choir attempting to sing the "Amen" chorus of the "Messiah." In this instance there were two or three treble singers, led by a clarionet; but a copy of the *vocal tenor*, written with the treble clef, was given to be performed (an octave above its proper register) on the cornet-à-piston! To the credit of the player, we must add that, after trying a few bars, he refused to play the inverted part. We know a musical society in a little town containing some talent. Its violin and violoncello players are respectable, and we have heard their instrumental performances with pleasure; yet such is their ignorance of the true construction of harmony, that though they have no treble singers, they also attempt to give the choruses of Handel! We were assured by an amateur that one of the gentlemen in this society had "a very sweet *treble* voice!" This statement, we need not say, involves an impossibility; but in such impossibilities many believe. For instance, we knew an amateur, endowed with a rather extensive tenor voice, who gravely believed that he could sing properly either bass, or tenor, or alto, or treble; in fact, he imagined that he had a voice containing *three* octaves of natural notes—thus making himself a greater wonder than all the greatest singers who have lived. We once suffered under the infliction of a duet, written for a treble and an alto, but sung by two tenors, the second part being carried throughout above the first! In a vocal concert in a respectable country town we have heard clarionets playing an inverted vocal tenor through Handel's choruses. Need we multiply such instances? Rather we will give a few rules, in a dogmatic style, for the sake of brevity, and to these we must request the learner to pay strict attention, especially as the modern style of printing vocal music is calculated to mislead.

1. In vocal compositions in the usual four-part style, including treble, alto, tenor, and bass, true treble voices (which can be supplied only by women, or boys, or girls) are strictly indispensable. To attempt to perform such music as the choruses of Handel without treble voices is absurd.

2. Music may be composed in two, or three, or four, or more parts; but in whatever number of parts it is written, every part is necessary, and the omission or inversion of one will destroy the effect of the whole. If a composition in four parts is to be reduced to three, it must be entirely re-written, and the style of harmony altered. This rule is necessary, for we have heard three parts taken out of a quartett and given as a trio!

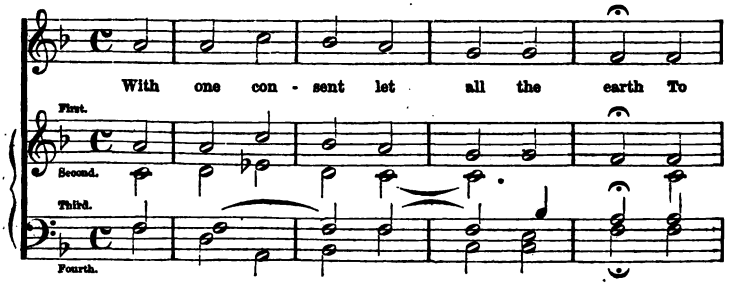
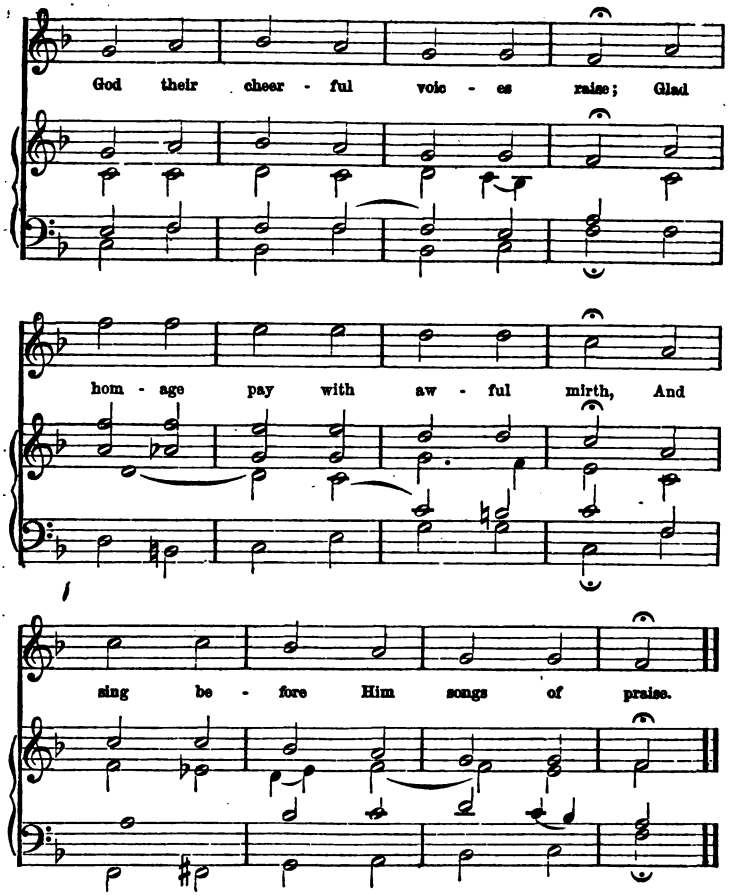
3. Harmony may be produced by alto, tenor, and bass, or by tenors and basses only, as we find in the verse-anthems of the English-Church composers, Blow, Boyce, Croft, and others, and in many glees written for male voices; but such harmony is constructed expressly for the purpose of being sung by the said voices. We will illustrate this rule by a familiar example. In the following few bars of a glee—"Glorious Apollo"—we shall see that the same three-part harmony may be arranged either for a treble, a tenor, and a bass, or for two tenors and a bass; but in the latter case it is generally necessary to change or raise the key of the piece, so that the first tenor may be high enough to admit under it a second tenor and a bass, arranged in distinct and harmonious intervals. If the glee is arranged for a treble, a tenor, and a bass, a wrong effect must be produced when it is sung by two tenors and a bass:—

The second tenor would in this case be above the first, which should maintain the leading part or melody, and thus the true effect would be lost. If the chords must be sung by male voices alone, the key should be changed, and the glee may be arranged in the following style:—

4. After all that has been said of the errors of inverted parts, we need scarcely add that it is a very absurd practice when a flute or clarionet, or other treble instrument, is used to play the alto, or counter-tenor part, an octave above its proper position; yet this is sometimes done. The name *alto* seems to mislead in this instance; but we have already explained the fact, that the true alto notes, though in the highest part of male voices, are *below* the usual range of treble voices and instruments. To conclude this part of our subject: the numerous discordant errors arising from ignorance of the principles already stated are so common, and so destructive of true harmony, that too much can hardly be said to expose them. No singer should regard himself as fully qualified as a member of a choral society until, by due study, he has gained a clear understanding at least of the true position and use of his own voice.

Supposing our society to contain treble, alto, tenor, and bass voices arranged in just proportions, to what class of music shall we first direct our attention? Shall we at once attack the choruses of Handel? or rather spend a few evenings in learning to sing plain chorals or psalm-tunes correctly? The latter will be the wiser course, as it is certainly the more modest. The CHORAL has a distinct character, which will be easily defined when we consider its limits and its purpose. As it is restricted to a few bars, it affords no scope for fanciful melody or ingenious fugue; and as it is intended to be sung by a congregation, it must not indulge in difficult chromatic passages. Its melody should be plain and smooth, while its chords should be various, bold, and distinct: in short, it should contain as much fine harmony as is consistent with its character and purpose. Taking this as our definition of the choral, we must condemn many of the poor flimsy tunes sung by the congregations of England, as altogether unfit

for use in solemn services. The multiplication of these tunes has been a serious impediment to the progress of good choral harmony. Many of them may be fairly marked as silly. Sometimes they attempt fugal effects which demand space and development quite inconsistent with the character of a plain, good psalm-tune. In other instances we find a pretending florid character based upon a most insipid movement of harmony. Unmeaning repetitions of words, which may be harmless in some verses, while they produce ludicrous effects in others, are among the features that must be condemned. Indeed, if five-sixths of the vapid tunes circulated in England "for the use of congregations" were utterly destroyed, the loss would be attended with a considerable profit. We might even point to collections of such tunes, arranged and edited by respectable composers, in which the chromatic or indistinct style of the harmony is quite contrary to the character and the purpose of the choral.

In recommending the study and practice of the fine old chorals, of which we now and then still hear specimens, we may notice the anomalous fact, that although singing is recognised as an important part of Divine worship by almost all the churches and congregations of England and Scotland, true harmony is seldom heard in a place of worship. This assertion, which may seem bold, will be easily proved and explained by a reference to our preceding remarks on the structure of vocal harmony. We will suppose that the organ and the choir are correct, and now we must consider the parts taken by the congregation. The people, uneducated in music, not knowing the distinct uses of their respective voices, cannot execute four-part harmony. The women and children sing the treble or melody, a few men sing the bass, and so far all is correct; but a considerable number of men, not knowing either the bass or the tenor, sing the air or treble an octave below its place, and thus break the proportions of harmony. Music in *four* parts is certainly richer than in *two;* but the latter correctly given is far better than a lame attempt to produce the former. A gentleman of musical taste lately informed us that, a short time ago walking in Manchester, he heard with pleasure a sound as of many manly voices united in singing an old and solemn psalm-tune. Listening in the lobby of the chapel from which the sound proceeded, he found that the assembled preachers of the "Wesleyan Connection" were opening (or concluding) their meeting by thus singing a hymn in two parts—tenor and bass; and the effect was fine and noble. Why? Because, though merely two-part harmony, it was *correct.* If some dozen of the said preachers had had a smattering of music, (about the *quantum sufficit* to make an average leader of a choir,) they would probably have intruded something which they called "counter," entirely out of place, and destroying the clearness and meaning of the psalm-tune in two parts. In the present state of musical education, the most practicable improvement in our style of congregational singing would be to increase the number of bass singers, by circulating copies of the bass-parts of easy psalm-tunes, and to restrict the selection of tunes to a few plain chorals, so that a greater number of children might be employed in singing the treble. It is ridiculous to see, as we do in so many instances, a number of bearded singers, with hoarse and rough tenor voices, pretending to sing the *treble,* while so many boys and girls, with true and clear treble

voices, are educated in our Sunday-schools! Let a goodly number of children bear the melody; let a due proportion of vocal bass be allowed, and let the full chorus be added on the organ; and we shall hear clearer, richer, and better music than from any of our choirs as at present constituted, with their bearded treble-singers and bawling, male counter-tenors. We have seen the experiment tried. On this occasion, a totally-indescribable choir, in a country church, fell into some discords of temper which would not be "resolved." This was fortunate, for it gave the clergyman an opportunity of doing what he had long wished to do: he turned the fiddle, the clarionet, the serpent, the *contralto* (a gentleman nearly six feet high, and very stout, who affected a *feminine* voice!), and the leader (a robust *soi-disant* treble-singer), all out of the orchestra, with an understanding that their services would be required no more. The gruff "serpent" and his friends departed, proud in the belief that with their company all music was for ever leaving the church; and truly all music, in their definition of the word, was abolished. Some dozen girls were selected out of the Sunday-school, and trained to sing the melodies in a few easy chorals; a few members of the congregation (who would not sing with the "old party") now came forward in the orchestra to sing the bass; a small organ was purchased: and the result of these simple means was, that good vocal music, such as had never before been heard in that church, was soon produced. We remember, on this occasion, a simple verdict of common sense, which had some significance. One Sunday afternoon, soon after the "turn-out," an old choral tune of a very plain character (the melody having a range of only five notes) was smoothly sung. "Ay," said a lady endowed with good musical taste, but without any pretension to science, "I can understand that: it speaks to me. The tunes of the old choir always reminded me of running about and seeking something you can't find!"

We append an old German choral, giving the organ-copy, in which a student will distinctly see the order of the chords. The first or highest series of notes forms the air or treble; the second = alto; the third = tenor; the fourth = bass. If a pupil will take the trouble of copying these parts, in the various styles of writing vocal music, of which specimens have been given, he will thus gain an acquaintance with the several clefs, and obtain some insight into the relations of the four voices:*—

* The harmony of this choral is that given by Dr. C. H. Rinck in his "Organ School."

We cannot conclude this section of our Paper without a remark addressed to composers and publishers. As we have shown, the present style of printing choral parts occasions, or at least allows, gross mistakes; yet we cannot expect that any great change in the mode of notation will speedily take place. However desirable it may be to return to the use of the tenor and counter-tenor clefs, many singers adhere firmly to the present general use of the treble clef: besides, a large quantity of good music has been printed and circulated in the modern style. In this case, the expedient which we would recommend is exceedingly simple, and yet, when understood, will make all such mistakes as we have exposed impossible. It is this: let the letter W be prefixed to every first or second treble part, and let it be understood to denote that such parts must be sung by the voices of women, or boys, or girls; let M be prefixed to all tenor parts, denoting that these

must be sung by men; and let B denote the bass. If this simple plan was generally adopted, whatever might be the style of printed music, no mistaken inversions of parts would take place: it might also help choral societies in selecting music suited to their voices. A composition for a treble-voice, with two tenors and a bass, might be marked W; M 1 and 2; B; or an anthem for two trebles, two tenors, and a bass, would be marked W 1 and 2; M 1 and 2; B. These would at once point out the real facts of the voices required, without perplexing the learner with long explanations of such terms as "soprano," "contralto," "counter-tenor," and "alto."

After some patient practice of good chorals, which we strongly recommend, our society may proceed to sing glees and anthems. If deficient in treble voices, many glees may be found suitable for tenors and basses, and useful exercises may be found also in the "verse anthems" of English cathedral music. Many of the anthems by our English composers are noble and well worthy of more attention in choral societies; but for learners who do not like to be too long confined to psalm-tunes, and yet are not prepared to sing such music as Handel's choruses, we must regret that there is a want of easy and interesting anthems. Such works would be very useful, as coming between plain chorals and elaborate harmony. Next to the Anthem, we should recommend the Cantata, if English music could show many good specimens of this very interesting mode of composition. The cantata consists of a connected series of vocal and instrumental pieces, and may contain songs, duets, trios, and choruses with symphonies and accompaniments, thus giving to all the voices and instruments employed their fair shares of display. It is far more interesting to spend an evening in performing such a connected work, having some consistent dramatic or descriptive interest, than in singing a series of incongruous songs and other pieces, such as we generally see thrown together without any intelligence in the programmes of concerts. But unfortunately the best specimens of the cantata to which we can refer—such as Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Spohr's "God, thou art great," Sir Henry Bishop's "Seventh Day," or the "Lay of the Bell" by Romberg—are too difficult for beginners. If we were required to name the species of vocal music for which there is a good opening now, it would be the cantata, tolerably easy, including real and lively interest in its themes and its poetry, together with variety in its vocal parts and accompaniments. If Handel were living now, we should expect to have a good cantata on some theme more interesting than the story of "Acis and Galatea."

A few words will suffice respecting the instruments used to accompany choral music. The principal treble instruments are the violin, the clarionet, and the flute: these are also used as seconds. In the tenor the viola and the bassoon are employed, while the violoncello and the contra-basso supply the bass. When brass wind-instruments are introduced, they must be used discreetly, or they may oppress the voices. Singers and players must have one and the same meaning and purpose. This may appear as a very commonplace remark, but it is one of great importance in the formation of a society, for there are some extreme diversities of taste which cannot be united. It may seem strange, but it is true, that under the common term "music" two parties, both musicians, may understand two things entirely distinct and separate. There are persons who, as they say, "love music,"

while they can comprehend and enjoy little beyond a simple and pleasing melody. Others we have known whose delight in music seemed to consist chiefly in keeping of time and mechanical execution, independent of harmony, modulation, expression, meaning, and even of melody. Of some industrious but soulless performers we can only say that they have a very mysterious taste for music. We have known, for instance, a noisy devotee of the clarionet, one who had led or misguided a parish choir for twenty years, but who had never produced nor enjoyed five bars of good music in our sense of the word. A great part of his musical joy was in keeping his "reed" in order so as to produce the loudest squeak possible; and he boasted that, though he had heard "of many wonderful players in London," yet "for steady, hard blowing for four or five hours at a time," he would match himself "against all England!" Such cases remind us not only of the need of a wide toleration in questions of musical taste, but also of the importance of selection in forming a choir. Allowing that many diversities of taste may be found in a choir well enough united to perform good music, we must observe that there are two classes of amateurs so extremely opposite in their purposes, that all attempts to unite them would only be a waste of endeavour. The former class consists of persons who love to find a meaning in sounds; or, to use their own style of language, who love "the soul" that breathes through music, while they regard all voices and instruments, and all degrees of expertness in execution, as only so many means employed for the interpretation of a great composer's written language. The second class consists of persons whom we must style "mechanical." They never trouble themselves about any such mystical words as "soul," "thought," "idea," or "interpretation" as connected with music: their talk is of common-time, treble-time, quavers, and semiquavers, "splendid passages for the violins," "a pretty flute solo," or "a nice contrast between the brass and the wood," and here their criticism ends: they forget that violins, clarionets, &c., are simply "instruments" or "means." Music, on the other hand, must be regarded by them as a means of supplying employment for fiddles, flutes, &c., and the object of a composer to afford opportunities of display to "the strings," "the wood," and "the brass."

II. We rise to a higher view of our subject, and perhaps incur some risk of being styled "romantic," when we venture to speak of music as united with the actual life and interest of the English people in the nineteenth century. Our modern life is strangely divorced from the arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, which, as we understand their vocation, should illustrate and ennoble real life. Imitation, rather than genial emulation or inspiration, marks the present state of art in this country. This assertion may appear too strong: we will explain it. What are the subjects of our paintings? Putting aside portraits and landscapes, are not some of our most ambitious historical paintings devoted to Hebrew, classical, and ancient, rather than to English subjects? Does not our sculpture still devote itself to "Venus," "the graces," and other classic ideals? Do not our architects make copies from the middle ages? That oddly-compounded national type, John Bull, has had a most stubborn determination on growing his own wheat and barley, while for all less substantial articles he has always thrown open his ports. For sculpture he is indebted to the ancient Greeks; he spends every year large sums of money to keep in remembrance

the dead languages of Greece and Rome; he buys Italian paintings at very high prices; in his worship he uses versions of ancient Hebrew minstrelsy; and, when he attempts to compose music, he imports chords and melody from Germany and Italy. Seriously, in our modern arts imitation prevails, and this imitation is in many cases false. We ought, indeed, to follow the great men of old times; but there are two modes of following. For instance, in painting, if we adopt the style and the subjects of Raphael, then in one sense we certainly do what was done by that great artist: he painted certain historical pictures, and we copy them; but let it be remembered that he painted in accordance with the spirit of his times and the faith of the people: in this we do not follow him. If we could build another minster like that of Strasburg, we should not do the work of the old architect Erwin—for he imbodied the living thoughts of his generation in that great structure—while we should produce only a dead copy. Mere imitation is widely distinct from true emulation.

But to return to music. Waiving the consideration of our devotional psalmody—of what are we singing now? Of "Jephtha," "Nebuchadnezzar," "Samson," "Deborah," "Alexander," "Acis and Galatea," "Polyphemus," and "Don Juan"—of any thing, indeed, that is foreign and sufficiently remote from our actual thoughts and feelings. We have no national minstrelsy: we do not express ourselves in song. Our own lives and actions are not regarded as worthy of poetic or musical celebration. Our triumphs in throwing iron bridges across rivers and straits are quietly recorded in the small type of newspapers, while we reserve our trumpets, cornets, and "all instruments of music," to glorify the exploits of "Judas Maccabæus." We thus resemble the player in "Hamlet," who so passionately declaimed on the sorrows of "Hecuba." Music is naturally the utterance of the highest enthusiasm; but what enthusiasm can we feel about Judas Maccabæus? There is something very curious in this distinction between ancient and modern times with respect to art. In our mechanical following of precedents, we forget the true natural history of poetry and music. To this natural history of any art we would appeal, rather than to the abstract opinions of any critic. In ancient times, the poet and the minstrel were united in one person. Poetry was not written to be printed in foolscap octavo, but to be sung, or at least recited; and the harp was not made to play mysterious symphonies, void of interpretation, but to accompany the utterances of the heart. Now the poet and the minstrel or musician are independent of each other. If the poet can only find a printer, he cares nothing for fiddlers; while the musician regards as the last thing worthy of attention the doggerel which any scribe, with facility in metrical nonsense, will compose. Both poetry and music have forgotten their own natural history, or the facts of their origin. In these simple facts, as we believe, they would find better guidance than in the greater part of what is styled "art-criticism." What is the natural history of poetry? It began, we believe, as it will conclude, with the simple lyric. (We know pretty well all that can be said on the apparent exception—the "Iliad;" but this is too large a subject to be discussed here.) Metre was employed in long narratives to assist memory before printing and reading times began; but the purest and most natural poetry, of ancient as of modern times, will be found in lyrical effusions. The voice of the people asserts this theory. Where are

all the long epics produced during this century? Where will they be in the beginning of the next? Far, far away from all popular sympathies! But the world must become prosaic indeed: our railways, our other mechanical triumphs, and our political economy, must produce the worst effects foretold by our darkest prophets before the genuine lyric—the song—will lose its hold on the human heart. It is the genuine offspring of the heart, and therefore it will never be forgotten.

And what was the natural history of music? As we have said, it was closely allied with the birth of poetry. The minstrel of old times, musing on some event in his country's history, or on one of those common tales of human life which occur in every age, found himself inspired by his theme, and uttered, simultaneously, words and music flowing together—the unstudied melody rising or falling in accordance with the strain of sentiment. From that moment, the subject, the poetry, and the music were united, and one could not be quoted without suggesting the others. In this close union of form and meaning the soul of music dwells.

It is music with this soul in it which we should like to spread among the people. All our modern skill will do little without meaning and earnestness. If old tales must be believed, our musical efforts are as inferior to those spoken of among the Greeks in old times, as our instruments are, in all probability, superior to those employed by the ancients. The fault lies not in our musical instruments, but in the dissipating, insincere, and almost meaningless style in which we now employ (we might say profane) music. Study the old Scottish melodies; in vain we harmonize them, fill them with curious modulations, and turn them into variations, rondos, and fantasias: all our brilliant manœuvres cannot bring back the soul into them. Music, to be good and powerful in its effects, must be reverently treated—must be inwoven with early affections, and cherished as a friend. Who is there so utterly unmusical as not to know one old tune, dear on account of its associations? Better it would be to remain mere children in music, than to confound all our instincts and associations by our modern flashy performances. Dissipation in music, as in other matters, is the cause of flatness. A vague style of instrumental trick-and-wonder-playing has prevailed lately, imposing on our ears long passages of noisy nonsense, and producing, even in the minds of its admirers, rather a tendency to dreamery than true and lively emotions. What languid surprises, what faint and evanescent gleams of feeling, are awakened by all the modulations, runs, skips, thumps, and thunders of the modern fantasia! Worst of all, we have now descriptive passages in music independent of words! Music accordant with various emotions we can understand; but when even a great pianoforte player—Listzt, for instance—attempts to give "a description of Switzerland" on the pianoforte, we refuse to affect intelligence. Such dreamy music is related to a good oratorio, cantata, or musical drama, only as indistinct muttering in sleep is to plain speaking. The effect produced by a good song is clear, outspoken, intelligible enthusiasm; but your refined amateur, under the operation of one of your grand musical mysteries, sits coolly criticising you chromatic passages, or if he feels at all as you throw in your flats and sharps, he is moved to be vaguely pensive about nothing.

It is hardly necessary to say that the above remarks do not imply an

indiscriminate censure on all instrumental music: our complaint is of the inordinate attention given to the composition of an unending series of "rondos," "sonatas," "fantasias," "polkas," and "waltzes" for the pianoforte, while so little is done in the production of good, intelligible *vocal music for the people*. We wish to see poetry, music, and human interest united in a style worthy of our national character. Surely a composer who has an ambition to step beyond the beaten track might here find a fair field for the exercise of his genius. Here would be found better employment than in setting to music such sorry trash as the following lines, which we cull from a new opera—Macfarren's "Charles II.:"—

> "*Julian.* To prison forthwith he must go!
> *King and Fanny.* To prison! Oh, dreadful!
> *Julian.* On bread and water thou'lt be fed,
> Dismal and damp will be thy bed,
>
> * * * *
>
> And if 'tis proved that from the king
> Thou'st stolen his watch—such treasoning
> Is death. To save the constitution,
> Thou'lt be condemned to execution!"

While our musicians condescend to marry music to the flimsy muse of the Opera, and fatigue the ears of London with noisy fantasias, we are left without signs of any national school of vocal music. If we teach the people to sing, the question will arise, "What shall we have to sing?" and with respect at least to secular choral music, the reply must be very unsatisfactory. If Purcell, or any English musician of old times, could pay us a visit, how should we answer his queries respecting our popular music? Some conversation like the following might take place:—

*Purcell.* Put aside the ecclesiastical music, as you tell me you are still singing the old psalms and anthems— But what is the music of the people? What do you hear in the streets, in the fields? Come, give me one of your popular songs.

*A.* To confess the truth, we have no national music excepting "God save the Queen!"

*P.* But the people must be singing something. Surely the voice of melody has not departed for ever from our country?

*A.* We have some popular melodies; but they cannot be called national, as they emanate from the "Nigger" school of music.

*P.* A "Negro school" of composition! Who, after this, will despair of human progress? I am impatient to hear a specimen. Take your seat at the pianoforte, and give me a song.

*A.* I really cannot do justice to the music. Would you have "Old Dan Tucker?" or "Who's dat knocking at the door?" or, "Oh Susanner?"

*P.* Pitiful choice of words! But let me hear the first.

*A.* I need no pianoforte; but without proper accompaniments, the songs are indeed good for nothing. I must have "the bones" and some "burnt cork!"

*P.* "Bones" and "burnt cork?"

*A.* Yes; the bones to rattle; and as for the burnt cork— You must know that a great part of the performance will consist in grinning, and I must first blacken my face to show the teeth in strong relief.

*P.* Then away with "Old Dan Tucker!" And is this musical England in the nineteenth century? [*He goes back to Westminster Abbey.*

Surely, to put away such a reproach, it would be well if the poet and the musician would unite, so that when our choral societies have learned to sing, they may find something worth singing. Is human life so utterly dull and prosaic in modern times that it can afford no subjects worthy of poetic and musical celebration? Or are we destitute of that genius which finds in the old the germ of the new, in the little the great, and in apparent poverty the source of a rich development? If our thoughts are little, we have no excuse in these times, when great deeds spread their influences around us. Can no musician rise to the height of such a theme for a cantata as the "Triumphs of Labour?" Mountains divided; arches thrown over valleys; nations brought into close neighbourhood; hosts of emigrants going out to make a new world in the forests of the "far-away west," in the plains of Australia, or the isles of the South Sea—are not these movements fit to awaken musical echoes? The style of poetry and music blended which we would have spread among the people is indicated in a few magazine-papers published some time since. We quote one of their ideal sketches:—"Our poet was charmed in the Hall of Music; for here the musicians of the country did not come to exhibit strange tricks upon instruments, nor merely to show their ability, but to employ the powers of harmonious sounds, reverently and reasonably, for the delight and edification of the people. Accordingly, the pieces sung and performed were not on stale theatrical subjects, but such as hymns, anthems, and cantatas, on various themes of real human life. One of these pieces, which pleased our poet well, was a cantata on the 'Praises of Labour,' consisting of several songs, celebrating various parts of industry, giving

> 'Honour to the sailor brave,
> Who steers his vessel o'er the wave,
> And to the miner, who from night
> Brings up earth's riches to the light;'

and ending with a full chorus, in which miners, peasants, and other workers all sang heartily,

> 'The friendly heart and the working hand
> Shall spread contentment through the land.'"

But if we may not hope soon to hear such a cantata performed for the delight of the working-people in Britain, we may at least make some approach to it, by giving a more popular and lifelike interest to our songs. We would not despise the little lyrics introduced into our Infant Schools; but we would have songs for fathers as well as for children. We again quote from the papers to which we have adverted:—"Let the children have songs for the spring and for the summer, for the autumn and for the winter; for morning and for evening, for school and for the holiday; songs in which the whole spirit shall be healthful and life-breathing. And when the children are grown up, and are devoted to the serious vocations of life, must no poetry hallow the scenes of their daily toils and cares? Must they either scorn or painfully regret all the warm hopes and bright visions of their early days? So it is too often; but must it always be so? Cannot poetry mediate between the hopes of the child and the fulfilment

of the man? Cannot some beam of the early splendour follow the pilgrim to the tomb? Perhaps the calling of the working-man is 'not poetical.' Nay; but we say that every honest calling has its poetical side and aspect. It is in the narrowness and exclusiveness of any calling, when viewed in itself merely, that its dry prose and repulsiveness are found; but in its glow and life, in its interjunction with other departments of life, in its communion with the interest of universal humanity, consists its truth and its poetry. And is it impossible that the lowliest handicraft should be elevated in this view? In the low labour of the mine, a foundation is laid for superstructures of beauty and elegance in other departments of society. The philosopher could not enjoy his studious leisure if the peasant did not toil. The strokes of the pickaxe in the quarry are as necessary to, and therefore as truly hallowed by, the idea of the commonweal as the fine touches of the artist's pencil. Then why should not every honest vocation have its poetical side?

"Why may not the sailor, fulfilling his mission as one of the links of humanity, have something better than ribald verses to sing as he crosses the ocean? Of the soldier's life we shall say nothing, as enough has been sung of the glory of the field, and we would not add to the incitements of the drum and fife. Even the miner might have his songs. Whoever has travelled as far north as the Tyne, and rambled about along the windings of the Wear, must have felt himself far away from the lands of beauty and melody. We will not deny that the Tyne, with the castle near its mouth, has majesty; and that the many-curved Wear has beauty where it laves the woods and rocks about Finchall Abbey; but when we look upon the scenery as coloured by the souls and lives of the people, we cannot help thinking that William Howitt, in his northern 'Visits to Remarkable Places,' has given us descriptions rather too much in favour of the poetical. The pitmen, even in the days when well paid and well fed, seem to feel no joy sufficient to burst in song from their lips. To and from their murky scene of toil they walk over their black roads of coal-ashes and iron—their only music here and there the heavy puffing of the locomotive, the grumbling wheel of the stationary engine, or the deafening clattering of the long train of iron-wheeled coal-wagons. Let us give them their due; their houses—though the fiddle is no part of the furniture—are clean, the mahogany bedstead and chest of drawers gleam brightly, and a few wallflowers and pansies often flourish in the little garden at the front of the cottage. And let us not forget the fact, that down in the bowels of the earth a hundred fathoms deep, we have been solicited—and of course we did not refuse—by the half-naked and black-faced workmen to subscribe towards the purchase of a violoncello for a musical society."

In offering the above suggestions, we do not forget the difficulties of the work recommended to the poet and the musician. To write good lyrics really suited for music, and to infuse into such songs a true living interest—this is no light task, but one requiring something more than good purpose and painstaking—it demands genius; but even genius may be assisted by timely suggestions. Some lyrical effusions are spoiled for musical purposes by the choice of a subject: for instance, we find, if we remember well, a lyric on a "Cherry-Tree" in Barry Cornwall's "English Songs." As we once heard a critic say, "a cherry-tree in blossom is a pretty thing, but

you cannot expect a company of men to sing enthusiastically about it." Other lyrics, having some sweetness, are deficient in simplicity and universality of interest. Our highest wishes regarding songs for the people would be gratified if we could have the genius displayed by Campbell in "Ye mariners of England" and the "Battle of the Baltic" devoted to celebrate the true "battle of life." Mere ingenuity or industry is less successful in the lyric than in any other kind of poetry, because this is poetry of the highest and purest style. The article already quoted explains this fact:—"You may write on the most ordinary matter in correct prose, you may meditate upon some moral theme in blank verse, and still your mind may fall very far short of the unity, the clearness, the fire and energy requisite for lyric effusions; until, freed from all that is involved, doubtful, and reflective, wholly filled with the enthusiastic theme, your thoughts become simple, direct, and ardent; and your flow of words musical, so as to charm the ear of the child and the mind of the philosopher with a magic indescribable—'a grace beyond the reach of art.' Of the genuine lyric poet it may be most truly said, that he is 'born and not made.'

"Even a child, in reading over a melodious carol, is tempted to burst into song; and this points to the origin of the lyric, which was intended to be *sung*, not *said*. And here is a simple mark of the pure lyric—*you can sing it*. There are many decent and correct compositions in good, regular metre, which it would be ridiculous to sing. Every one would feel that either the words or the music must be out of place. We have heard pious meditations, religious reasonings on doubtful points, and expositions of doctrinal Scripture, sung loudly by congregations of well-meaning people, with instrumental accompaniments. Of course, they thought that these compositions, being in regular verse, and making good metre, common, short, or long, must be hymns, and therefore must be suitable for singing. But if they had reflected a little more, they would certainly have found that the subject and tenor of such compositions are naturally opposed to singing; that if a man were really and sincerely occupied with such matters as the supposed hymn implies, he would not be disposed to sing at all, but to be silent and think. Music is not the utterance of deep meditation and hard reasoning, but of simple and clear sentiments of faith, love, hope, and adoration. How very ridiculous it would be to sing Hamlet's soliloquy, 'To be, or not to be!' and yet similar absurdities are sometimes perpetrated.

"It will be some step toward appreciating the distinct characteristics of the genuine lyric, if we agree that every composition in due metre and rhyme is not therefore *lyrical*. Of course, as the various departments of every art, as of every science, are connected together by intermediate links, the lyrical class of poetry will be connected with the other classes by partaking of their various traits—the narrative, the dramatic, the didactic, the meditative; but to fix upon the distinct character of the lyric, it will be proper to take it in its purest form, and of this we would say, that it must be *simple, direct, general*, and contained within a moderate compass."

Such is the difficulty of the lyric even with regard to its form; and a second difficulty arises when we attempt to unite poetry and music with true, living interest. According to conventional rules, a man is expected when he speaks in sober prose to have some real and sincere meaning, to

"deliver his tidings like a man of this world;" but as soon as he opens his mouth to sing, all the rules of common sense are thrown aside: he may languish for a "faery-queen," aspire to "be a butterfly," or talk of riding "on a moonbeam," without raising any doubts respecting his sanity. In the "catechism style" of music, of which we have heard quite enough lately, a gentleman may propound to a room full of company such questions as—"Of what are you thinking now, dearest?" and a lady may respond in the same public style, "I am thinking of thee!" Or some three or four gentlemen, glee-singers, may, without the slightest sign of jealousy, harmoniously unite in declaring that they are severally dying in hopeless devotion to the Lady "Oriana" or "Arabella!" Of such a custom we would say with Hamlet, "Oh, reform it altogether!" If we are earnest in our desire for the spread of true music among the people, it is not that we may have the pleasure of hearing vapid, sentimental songs and glees about "Lucy Neal," but because we hope that a good and manly popular poetry may grow up with the power to sing it, so that our school-rooms, our mechanics' institutes, and even our workshops may resound with melodies fitted to something better than nonsense-verses.

We have already spoken of the *Cantata* as the best form of vocal music intended to contain narrative or descriptive interest: if, to make our meaning and intention plainer, we append to these remarks a passage from "A Cantata on the Praise of Labour," it is because even an indifferent example is better than a long disquisition would be without it:—

### A PASSAGE FROM A CANTATA.

(*Spoken.*)

*Lord Verdon.* Walter, my minstrel, strike the harp, and sing
The song in honour of the lowly spade.

(*Walter sings:*)

All honour be paid to the lowly spade—
The sword and the spear are idle things:
To the king on his throne, and the labourer lone,
Its tribute the spade of the husbandman brings.

A bright thought from heaven to the tiller was given
Who first turned to the light the soil richly brown:
God told in the blast how the seed should be cast—
See the first yellow grains by the husbandman sown!

See the first harvest-morn and the ripe yellow corn,
And the first crooked sickle thrust into the grain:
With dancing and singing the valleys are ringing
For all that the spade has raised out of the plain!

(*Chorus.*)

Then all honour be paid to the conquering spade—
The sword and the spear are idle things:
To the king in his pride, and his subjects beside,
Its bounties the spade of the husbandman brings!

(*Spoken.*)

*Lord Verdon.* Ay, that is good! that is a style of music
More worthy of the minstrel than the lay
Sung, but for solace, in a lady's bower.—
Another song!

THE FINDING OF THE IRON.

A world of wealth is sleeping
In subterraneous night;
What the mountains have in keeping
Shall soon be brought to light;
And wealth, and strength, and beauty
Shall be spread o'er all the land,
When awakens to its duty
The mighty human hand.
*Chorus.*—And wealth, &c.

To fell the forest soaring,
To cultivate the plain,
To chase the lion roaring,
To navigate the main,
The mind of man is poring
In the chasms under ground,
Their secret hoards exploring,
Till the iron-ore is found!
*Chorus.*—The mind, &c.

But not with pike and sabre
Will we show the iron's might;
It shall shine in quiet labour,
And not in cruel fight;
It shall thunder o'er the nation,
In the rapid, steaming train,
And carry to starvation
The loads of precious grain.
*Chorus.*—It shall thunder, &c.

In wheels and axles spinning
It shall work for man and child,
Or in the ploughshare, winning
Rich gardens from the wild;
It shall work man's liberation,
When the wise, directing mind
Shall plan earth's reformation
With measures true and kind.
*Chorus.*—It shall work, &c.

No! not for cruel battle
Will we whet the iron blade;
No! it shall rather rattle
On the oak i' the forest-glade,
And cleave the stubborn granite,
And hew the marble white,
Till it make our beauteous planet
With toil's creation bright!
*Chorus.*—And cleave, &c.

* * * * *

CONCLUDING SONG AND CHORUS.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

The workshop must be crowded
That the palace may be bright;
If the ploughman did not plough,
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
That man performs for man,
And have its share of honour
In the universal plan.
*Chorus.*—Let every toil, &c.

See, light darts down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's people
Are cheered with one bright day.
And let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men
As the waters fill the sea.
*Chorus.*—And let, &c.

Ye men who hold the pen,
Rise like a band inspired,
And, poets, let your lyrics
With hope for man be fired;
Till the earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.
*Chorus.*—Till the earth, &c.

III. Music may be regarded either in its highest meaning, as an art having its end and object in itself; or in another, but a very important point of view, as a means of diffusing intellectual pleasures. In this latter point of view we would recommend it to all who can promote its general cultivation. It may bring together the various classes of society, may supply a vacuum in untutored minds, and may relieve some part of that dulness which, if we must confess the truth, is felt in many of our English towns and villages, at least during the winter. The visitor who has lately escaped from town, so heartily tired of the "wilderness of bricks and mortar," that for him the sight of a green field can make "sufficient holiday," may look on our little towns and villages when they are embowered in trees and bright with flowers in summer, and may, if poetical, quote Warton's lines—

"The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit the hamlet's native wild," &c.

But winter, and the darkness of long evenings, and the gloom of rainy weather, and, worse than all these, intellectual dulness, are felt in our most rural districts. Warton's "hinds" never talk of *ennui*, but they understand the reality well enough. In sober truth, nothing can exceed the moral and intellectual dulness of our small towns and villages. Let it be remembered that nearly all our old, rude, and often objectionable popular sports have been swept away. The "ring and staple," marking the spot where formerly the bull was baited, are happily now only left as curiosities for antiquarian collections. Our peasants, we are glad to say, never enjoy the pleasure of Master Slender in seeing "Sackerson, the bear, loose." The "Guy Fawkes" of the 5th of November is but a degenerate specimen of the martyr whom we burned in our boyhood's days; the Maypole is almost forgotten; and Christmas makes more noise in London than in the country. Unfortunately, new and better recreations have not been introduced to supply the places of the old ones; and we fear that an impartial foreigner, having to give some account of popular English amusements in our day, would have little to say of any thing beyond smoking and drinking. These remarks are of course applied chiefly to the lower classes, while the middle and higher ranks have within their reach an abundant supply of

intellectual pleasures. The doctrine of giving is not sufficiently considered in our country with regard to moral and intellectual wants. If we must not allow the bodies of men to starve, why should we leave their minds without suitable nutriment, which can be supplied almost without cost? We have no faith in the system of negative reformation, which consists in putting down this or that evil without promoting positive good. Evil will not be overcome by uttering mere commonplace terms of condemnation—which would indeed be a very easy mode, if possible—but by real active working goodness. One of the best ways of preventing the intrusion of disorderly characters in a public meeting, is to fill the room with good and orderly men. Nature will be working; something will take root and grow on every bank, on the waysides, and even on bare stones; and where we do not cultivate good grain we must expect to see rank weeds. We are merely dilating upon an old text of common sense—a "bedridden truth," to use the apt words of Coleridge—but we may add, that if the simple rules of common sense, which we constantly observe in our dealings with the material world, were fairly applied to our moral and intellectual interests, we should require no better system of practical philosophy.

To those who would laugh at the notion of providing innocent recreations for the lower classes, we would recommend, as the best correction of such contempt, an imprisonment during a whole winter in a dull village, without books, pleasant society, material luxuries, or field-sports. If the more-favoured classes can spend their winter evenings at least in a "harmless" way—(by the by, how much indolence and selfishness may be covered by that word harmless!)—let them not ascribe the whole merit to stern unaided virtue, forgetting all such pleasant and serviceable auxiliaries as the cheerfully-warmed and lighted room, the new books of the season, the portfolio of engravings, and the new music scattered on the pianoforte. Such "trifles," as they may be called, do not indeed constitute virtue and respectability; but, nevertheless, they are well worthy of notice as favourable conditions for the development of good character. The lower classes require similar external aids. Great good would probably result if we regarded them more in this common-sense style, as men like ourselves. An epicure, noted as an expert carver, once remarked, "When I am not sure about a man's particular taste, I serve him as I myself should like to be served, and this plan generally gives satisfaction." The remark will bear an application to other subjects besides a cut of venison or the breast of a partridge.

We have in our mind's eye just now a little town where music was monopolized by one gentleman. A few performers met weekly in his drawing-room, and thus many evenings were spent in musical pleasure. But the pleasure which was thus restricted to a family party of some ten or twelve persons might, without injury to anybody, have been diffused among some two or three hundred listeners. Frequently have we seen, not without a feeling akin to pity, a group of poor men standing beside the railings of the musical house, glad to catch, now and then, one of the louder strains of melody. That little town, like several others with which we have been acquainted, was almost totally destitute of every thing like rational recreation for the people. Some attempts to improve this state of affairs were, to say the least, neglected and contemned by the respectable

party to which the said musical monopolist belonged. Yet in this town nothing but good-will was wanted to improve the state of society. Money, and leisure, and influence were there, sufficient to carry out many good plans, such as are often styled "imaginary," because it has been predetermined that they *shall be* merely imaginary, or, in other words, that nothing shall be done to realize them. The spirit of petty aristocracy is especially odious when it steps beyond its own proper circle, and interferes with interests belonging to the intellectual world. Here there is no room for any supremacy save that of genius, which is essentially benevolent. We laugh at the day-dreams of such levellers as Cabet and Co. Such talk as of commanding pines not to grow above brambles; bidding strong men not to walk farther than the weak; or limiting, by one dull standard, the infinite diversities of human powers, is too absurd to claim formal refutation. As it is a part of the eternal plan of nature to form mountains, we must have valleys; but there are many little artificial hillocks which must be levelled. Such are all forms and pretensions of exclusiveness in intellectual pleasures. Such pleasures, as St. Austin says, are "given to be again given away," and "are increased by being distributed." Air and light, and, not less, intellectual light, should be free for all. We have many convenient and legitimate means of preserving our distinctions—crests, buttons, stars, and garters—and therefore to employ higher things for so small a purpose is something like a gratuitous profanation.

Readers who have some acquaintance with the characteristics of society in small towns will not think us too earnest on this point. Among the varieties of pride, there is such a thing as the pride of doing nothing; and, ridiculous as it may seem at first sight, it has some specious qualities to recommend it. The man who strives to do any thing for the public good is exposed to criticism—he may be too ardent, too hopeful; he may fail. Errors and defects mark human life and all its work, and nothing great and good can be easily gained. The man whose pride consists in doing nothing wears something of a majestic and reposeful aspect in contrast with all the strivers in the world. He *may* have very profound reasons for his virtual nonentity. A single shake of his head may imply a vast amount of knowledge. *He* is too wise to entertain extravagant notions of improving the people by teaching them to sing! *He* has lived too long in the world, and knows too well what the people are! *He* remembers also a good old saying about "letting well enough alone!" Meanwhile, if you step from the squire's hall, where this sort of philosophy prevails, to the village tavern, you may find a group of peasants endeavouring to relieve the tedium of a winter's evening by talking for two hours about the "size of a cabbage;" or some unlucky youth, having nothing better to think about, is sitting in some dark corner and making a "snickle" for a hare. When such a fact transpires, the squire, who scorns to act as a schoolmaster, comes forward as a magistrate, and puts into force *his* measures for the improvement of the people.

Let us turn to a more pleasant and hopeful view of society. We heard lately a very good report of a musical class—one of which we should like to see many copies. It contains about eighty members; and in a concert given a short time ago, the music of Purcell, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, was performed for the pleasure of an audience chiefly con-

sisting of mechanics. This choral society originated, we believe, in the efforts of a gentleman, who wisely and kindly spent his leisure in training a few poor children in part-singing. It now unites many in rational and innocent enjoyment; and even if we throw aside as something imaginary the influence of good music, still, in other respects, such a society deserves encouragement. The cost of membership is merely a penny per week.

To conclude—we may address a few words to those parties who have ability to help us in diffusing good music among the people. We have not concealed the difficulties of this undertaking. Every one who would assist in the work must be prepared with steady zeal, patience, and forbearance. Imagination can easily paint a pleasing picture of our mechanics arranged in tuneful choirs; but to transfer this picture to reality—here is the task! When we read enthusiastic sketches and stories representing the work of popular improvement as easy, we are quite sure that the authors have not tried the experiments which they recommend so confidently. Enthusiasm and patience are too seldom united. The man who delights in ideal views is not always the man to combat with the difficulties belonging to the real. If we would diffuse music, or any other true intellectual pleasure, we must find in our work its own reward, and must be thankful for a little success after many discouragements. No easy recipe for "getting up" good music can be given. Something may be done by clearing away unnecessary obscurities in the science, but it must be extended like every other branch of knowledge:—the teacher must prepare himself by sound study, while the learner must be contented to "begin at the beginning," and to work onwards with perseverance.

We shall not presume to say many words respecting the aid which the *clergy* may give to this movement. Even when other assistance cannot conveniently be given, a few words of approbation and encouragement may serve to stimulate those who regard the popular cultivation of music as an important auxiliary in the general work of national education. On this part of our subject, we may quote, from the papers already referred to a sketch which accords well with our views:—

"One of the instruments of social improvement employed by Homeward was Music; but, faithful to his principle, that the people should be *employed* in order to be improved, he would have no organ in his church. Instead of paying one organist, he developed the musical abilities of the whole parish. Of one of his festivals, a friend gives the following account:—

"'On a little platform Homeward had arranged his choir, and I was delighted with the neat and expressive playing of the leader—a poor blind youth, whose best way of speaking to the souls of his brothers and sisters was through the vibratory strings of his violin. This poor youth, I afterwards learned, was one of Homeward's favourites. He had honoured the youth as a coadjutor in the work of cultivating and refining the children of the parish: he had taught him reasonably to esteem and develop the gift of music that was in his soul. As Homeward remarked to me, in many of our least-cultivated villages may be found some musical enthusiasts, who blindly pursue the art they love without guidance and encouragement to teach them how to direct it towards a good purpose. "Even these," said Homeward, "might do something for humanity, if good ideas were given to

them; and a solitary amusement might be elevated to a public service. I will never have an organ in my church, to turn out that poor fellow and his violin; for I prefer the music which the people can produce among themselves to a richer harmony produced for them by machinery."

"'In the orchard belonging to Mr. Hewling, a farmer in the village, were arranged the tea-tables, at which upwards of a hundred and fifty children sat down to partake of the provisions which Mary Hale, assisted by her lively young friend, Nancy Hewling, had bounteously prepared. There was something of a rosy and healthful hue diffused over all my prospects of the world and humanity as I sat enjoying myself among the poor children. Tea ended, our musicians arranged themselves upon the platform, and gave us a symphony. As I listened to the harmony produced by this village orchestra I felt great hopes of the services which music may yield to those who would unite and improve society. Young and old, teachers and scholars, players and listeners, all felt one delight. One language found its echoes in every heart. Among the players were two or three rude-looking rustics, and yet the charm of music seemed to elevate their characters, and almost persuaded us to think them as amiable as the tones they produced from their instruments. Next, the children sang several songs, and very sweetly. I will give one of the songs:—

THE STREAMS.

Sing beside the cheerful streams!
They are singing as they flow—
Through green shades and golden gleams,
Downward to the sea they go.
From the hill-top blue and high,
While day and night go round the sky,
Through the vales they roll along—
All their life is merry song!

Rippling, rolling, gliding, winding,
Round the hills their courses finding,
Caring not to lose their name
In the sea from which they came;
Bringing blessings where they may,
They laugh and sing along the way,
Through the vales they roll along—
All their life is merry song!

"'The blind violinist who led the orchestra played the symphonies and accompaniments to the songs with excellent taste and spirit. Genius gave him, in the tones of his violin, a substitute for all the smiles of streams, fields, flowers, and skies, translating the beauties of nature out of the range of vision into that of hearing; and as he played, he smiled in sympathy with the delight of the children.'"

It is evident that a knowledge of music is likely to be more and more regarded as an important qualification for *teachers* in public schools. In such schools we find the best opportunity of raising singing-classes, and therefore we would strongly advise teachers not to rest contented with a mere acquaintance with the rudiments of notation and a little skill in singing a few simple melodies, but to study industriously the principles of vocal harmony, so as to aid the progress of good choral music. When a

few good treble voices have been trained to sing in two parts, the greatest difficulty attending the formation of a choir is surmounted. Tenor and bass singers acquainted with notation are more easily found, a few instruments may in many towns be easily collected, and thus the materials necessary for the performance of anthems and choruses are provided. We would hope that the day is not very far distant when the examination of a public school will not be regarded as complete without a respectable vocal concert. Nothing can so well relieve the common routine of studies as the occasional practice of music. To all who superintend the education of young ladies we would respectfully offer one suggestion:—There can be no doubt that the practice of part-singing would be far more healthy, in both a mental and a physical sense, than the exclusive and often excessive sedentary practice required to make an accomplished pianoforte player of the modern school. Vocal music, even when regarded solely as a part of physical training, is worthy of far more attention than it now receives.

Our next suggestion must be addressed to a large number of *amateurs* who at present employ music only as a means of private gratification. There is no deficiency of voices or of tolerably-skilful players in this country, though to produce good music, science, unity, and organization are still required. In a town where a good choral performance was never heard, you may find many scattered amateur players. One devotes himself to a perpetual solo on the flute, another is contented with executing a few quadrilles on the violin, a third cultivates pianoforte music, and a fourth pleases himself in playing exercises on the violoncello. Thus, with little pains a little quiet pleasure is obtained. Let these unite to study and practise music for the orchestra, and a far higher degree of musical delight will be their reward. For this purpose, we would recommend to young amateurs that in choosing instruments they should pay respect to their utility in the orchestra. The flute is a pleasant solo instrument, and its players are too many to be counted; but it should be remembered that two flutes, taking their proper parts, are enough in a powerful orchestra. This hint is certainly required, for in some towns it would be easier to find a dozen "flautists" than one good player on the violoncello. The most useful instruments, with regard to a choral society, are the violin, the viola, the violoncello, the contra-basso, the clarionet, and the bassoon.

A few words may be added respecting the cultivation of choral music by the members of Literary Societies and Mechanics' Institutes. In many instances these societies fall short of the object they should hold in view. In some cases they are little more than mere circulating libraries: no steady course of study and improvement is found in them. In others, a false show and glitter are made by an occasional hired lecturer, with some amusing apparatus, or a concert is "got up" with the aid of imported talent. A series of mental dissipations, without plan or purpose, is all that some societies care for. The season is brilliantly opened with a "magic lantern," and the intellectual members are supposed to indulge in a relief of arduous studies, while they laugh at the grotesque figures thrown on the curtain. This would all be very well as a relaxation; but unfortunately there has been no study; here it is all play and no work. Next

comes the "oxyhydrogen microscope," with its magnified mites, concluding with an exhibition of the "chromatrope." Then we have, perhaps, the first—as it should be—of a series of lectures on chemistry. Some notion of the properties of carbon is obtained by a few studious listeners; but as several of the members indulged in yawning during the explanation of hydrogen, "relief" is again required: so the next public meeting is devoted to the tricks of a "ventriloquist." A lecture on the "English language," very thinly attended, is followed by some successful shocks of "electricity;" and after a little more playing with "galvanism," "elocution," "astronomy," and other unconnected topics, the labours of the session are closed with a concert performed by hired musicians! This may serve as harmless recreation; but it certainly does not fulfil the purpose of a "Mechanics' Institute." As one part of the improvement required in such a case, we recommend the formation of classes for the study and practice of choral music. Every society should endeavour to produce some good results *from its own resources*. There is a pleasure in making real progress which cannot be *bought*, and cannot be found in a false show.

Having recommended the study of superior music, we may add a word on "low music." In a rather vaguely-written paper on the good influence of music, we have read an assertion, that while printing, poetry, and painting may be abused so as to be made the vehicles of bad thoughts, music cannot be so abused, because it is incapable of conveying any wrong ideas! This statement is not complete. It is true that music cannot express any thought distinctly, for it addresses itself to sensation rather than to the understanding; but while in its superior character it can suggest or awaken sentiments of solemnity or joy, or may convey impressions of order, energy, gracefulness, or gentleness, music of the lowest order is quite distinct enough in its suggestions of vulgar levity, frivolity, violence, or even ungoverned passion. This is a curious and interesting part of our subject, but we have not space for its amplification. It may be sufficient here to state, that we do not include the "Row Polka" and its numerous relatives in our definition of Music for the People.

# EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE recent abolition of the laws which gave our landed proprietors a monopoly in the supply of food for the teeming millions of these islands is not a subject to which we would willingly allude in the language of exultation. The event is past, and let it go: all of us, we suppose, would now gladly bury the remembrance of the struggle in oblivion. And yet the subject of the late corn-laws cannot be so tossed aside; for if they did nothing else, they gave birth to sentiments which survive in the literature of the nation, and will not soon be forgotten. The bread-tax, as it was emphatically called, had many expositors among the middle classes; beginning of course cautiously and reverently, walking gingerly among the "vested interests" of the aristocracy, and professing much respect for a monopoly, which they wished to curtail only so far as would enable the people to live and work. But among the people themselves, it commenced with a man whose part it was not to expound, but to feel—not to reason, but to sing. The prophetess Poetry is ever sure to make her appearance in troublous times; and her voice is ever heard the richest and wildest amid the clash of arms. Her words are truth: for a feeling is a fact, and her direct action is upon the heart, moving through that the mind and the will. Her knowledge is intuitive, her convictions inspirations, and she will therefore hear of no compromise: caution with her is a coward, and expediency a knave. The people had not by this time begun to submit to other influences. The winged ministers of civilization had not yet commenced their flight, scattering a cheap and wholesome literature, like vivifying dew, throughout the land. Lecturers were few, mechanics' institutions none; and the sons of poverty and toil would not have comprehended any other than the voice which spoke to them, as of old, in songs and ballads. But the voice came: it always comes when wanted. It is born of nature and necessity; for it is a cry from a stricken breast—so true it is that men (whether they understand the cause of the befalling evil or not)—

> "Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> And learn in suffering what they teach in song."

It was the voice of Ebenezer Elliott, an individual who was specially born and bred for the occasion. If in another class of society, he would have been heard with suspicion; if possessing more refinement, he would have been unintelligible. Coarse in the external coarseness of his degree, wrathful, bitter, presumptuous, intolerant, and unreasoning, he was exactly the man to

be listened to by the working-classes of his own generation: but soft, gentle, and kindly—because a poet—in every thing without the pale of political warfare, elevated by noble aspirings and humanizing sympathies, and full of the taste of nature and the fire of genius, his rhymes will now command a wider audience. The life of this person has no interest in its events—not even the interest arising from the struggles of abject poverty and seemingly hopeless ignorance. He is merely a Voice crying in the wilderness of the undistinguished world—a Light rising in the obscurities of society, and throwing illumination upon every thing but its own source. Yet, in obedience to what seems a natural craving of humanity, we must try to draw from the scanty materials that come in our way some portraiture or outline of the individual man, and ascertain, if possible, by what process of circumstances he was shaped into a poet of the people. We are enabled to do this chiefly by an autobiographic sketch of the earlier part of his life, which Elliott placed in the hands of Mr. William Tait, the bookseller of Edinburgh; imbodying the substance of a series of letters addressed by the Rhymer to his friend Dr. Holland, expressly with the view of their serving as the basis of a posthumous memoir in the event of such being wanted.*

Ebenezer Elliott was born on the 17th March, 1781, at the New Foundry, Masborough, in the parish of Rotherham, where he was probably baptized by a tinker of Barnesly, a co-religionist of his father, who belonged to the Berean denomination. This father was a brave man, come of a line, as the poet loved to believe, of stout Border thieves, although he was himself apprenticed, with a premium of £50, to the house of Landell and Chambers, wholesale ironmongers of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The grandsire who provided so well for his son was a tinsmith, married to a Scotchwoman of the peaceful and pastoral name of Sheepshanks—a person of vigorous and self-willed character, but yet whom her husband lamented with tears long after her death, and even until his own—"especially when he was drunk." Miss Sheepshanks appears in history as the first of her race; for her ancestry never could be ascertained—a circumstance which the poet regretted, his great difficulty in drawing up the memoir being a want of materials. When his father left Landell and Chambers, he became a clerk at Masborough, where he first saw his destined wife, one of the daughters of a yeoman at Ozzins, near Penistone, where his ancestors had lived time out of mind on their fifty or sixty acres of land. "I think, then," quoth the autobiographer, "I have made out my descent, if not from very fine folks, certainly from respectables, as (getting every day comparatively scarcer) they are called in these days of ten dogs to one bone."

Ebenezer was first sent to a dame's school, and then to the Hollis School, where he learned little more than to write, partly, it would seem, owing to the nervous temperament and constitutional awkwardness he derived from his mother. The life of this poor woman was a continuous disease, although she reared eight out of her eleven children to adult age. The father, however, is a more interesting character, and he conferred upon

* This sketch has been printed in the "Athenæum," but only partially, the editor omitting (and generally with good taste) such passages as the critics would require to condemn, but which furnish pregnant materials for the biographer.

that of his son a tone which, working upon the maternal timidity, made him eventually a poet and a politician. In the memoir he makes his first appearance in a vision related to her son by the mother, who was a first-rate dreamer, and a firm believer in dreams. "I had placed under my pillow," she said, "a shank-bone of mutton to dream upon; and I dreamed that I saw a little, broad-set, dark, ill-favoured man, with black hair, black eyes, thick stob nose, and tup shins: it was thy father." This father was a fanatic in religion and politics, but a brave, strong-minded man. In bathing his children in the canal, he made it a rule to duck them three times, and to keep them the third time some seconds under the water, which produced in Ebenezer a horror of suffocation that only increased with his years. To avoid this infliction, the boy bathed without his father's assistance, and in consequence was on one occasion nearly drowned —"the more the pity, I have often said since." His father, he tells us, had much humorous and satiric power, and would have made a good comic actor; yet his political sagacity was such that he was popularly known as "Devil Elliott."

The family changed their abode at Masborough, Mr. Elliott having obtained a clerkship in the employment of Messrs. Walker of the New Foundry, with a salary of £60 or £70 a year, and house, candles, and coal. "Well do I remember some of those days of affluence and pit-coal fires—for glorious fires we had: no fear of coal bills in those days. There, at the New Foundry, under the room where I was born, in a little parlour like the cabin of a ship, yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—he used to preach every fourth Sunday to persons who came from distances of twelve and fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism, (he called himself a Berean,) and hell hung round with span-long children! On other days, pointing to the aquatint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell, and of Washington the rebel; or, shaking his sides with laughter, explained the glories of 'The glorious victory of His Majesty's forces over the Rebels at Bunker's Hill!' Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics." Mr. Elliott became eventually nominal proprietor of the foundry, the partners having sold him their shares on credit; but the new dignity was far from being attended by pecuniary advantage.

Touching the "bravery" of Elliott senior an absurd story is told, in which he is represented as thrashing a cavalry officer with a stick, his antagonist being at the time on horseback, sword in hand! After receiving his chastisement, the officer took to flight, and never afterwards met the victor without touching his hat, and saying, "How do you do, Mr. Elliott?" The affairs of the stout iron-founder, however, went wrong, and he died in poverty, yet self-sustained, and not in distress.

During his father's scene with the dragoon, Ebenezer, then in his fifteenth year, was "terribly frightened," although he must have been sufficiently familiar with such disturbances, it being the custom of the cavalry to back their horses so as to break the windows of the Jacobin's shop. "But I, alas!" says he, "am the son of my mother; yet on emergencies, and in the hour of calamity, the single drop of northern blood which my father put into my heart has more than once befriended me."

His poetical education, however, commenced long before this, and perhaps was not uninfluenced by the results of the smallpox, which he had in his sixth year, and which left him frightfully disfigured. In a year or two after we find him constructing in the foundry-yard an imitation of the natural scenery on which poets feed. This he contrived by sinking in a stone heap in the midst of a little wilderness of magwort and wormwood a shallow iron vessel, which he filled with water. This served as a fountain, in which the solitary child saw the reflection of the sky and clouds, and of the surrounding weeds, and which he seldom failed to visit at noon when the sun was over it. In a few years more came of course the Egeria of the place, a young woman "to whom I never spoke a word in my life, and the sound of whose voice, to this day, I have never heard; yet if I thought she saw me as I passed her father's house, I felt as if weights were fastened to my feet."

He had another taste, however, of a less pleasing kind. He not only loved to look upon fountains and sweet faces, but felt a horrible impulse to gaze upon the features of those who had met a violent death—why, he knew not, for they made his life a burden, following him wherever he went, sleeping with him, and haunting him in his dreams. The sight of a dead body which had been six weeks in the canal cured him of this monomania by its surpassing horror: it never left him for months, sleeping or waking, and ever after he shrank with terror from spectacles he had before sought as an indulgence. At this time he was alone, even in a neighbourhood swarming with children. He had no companions, and was not only considered to be somewhat wanting in intellect, but might have really been deficient in his stock of ideas from his holding no intercommunication with other children. He was, however, a capital kite-maker and ship-builder; and he constructed, while still a boy, a model of an eighteen-gun ship, which passed into the possession of the present Earl Fitzwilliam.

Then came one of those escapades by which the headlong spirit of boyhood so frequently seeks to anticipate the adventures of life. His father having constructed a pan weighing several tons for his brother at Thurlestone, Ebenezer considered that it would be a convenient vehicle in which to visit the world. He accordingly crept into it unperceived, after it had been hoisted on a truck, and hiding himself under some hay which it contained, set out soon after sunset; and travelling all night beneath the solemn stars, arrived at his destination on the following morning. "It is remarkable," says he, "that I never in after life succeeded in any plan which I did not accomplish in a similar way: if I ask advice, either the plan is never executed, or it is unsuccessful." At Thurlestone he was soon home-sick; but it was a difficult thing to attempt to retrace a route which he had passed in the night-time, having merely to place himself in a moving machine, and allow himself to be carried wherever the fates willed. He made no effort to get back to his mother, for whom he pined; but on returning from the school, to which his uncle sent him, he used to spend his evenings in looking from the back of the house in the direction where he was told Masborough lay; and when the sun went down, he turned indignantly away, feeling himself to be the victim of some great wrong. In this exile he spent a year and a half, when at length he was taken home by his father; and so ended his first irruption into the great world. "Is it

not strange," says he, moralizing on this event in his history, "that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet at the age of sixty believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see for the first time the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?"

He was again sent to Hollis School, but with no better result than before—employing, as he did, a comrade to do his tasks for him in the simpler rules of arithmetic, and thus arriving at the Rule of Three while still profoundly ignorant of multiplication, addition, subtraction, and division. His parents, growing desperate at his apparent stupidity, transferred him to Dalton School, at two miles' distance; and although his memory did not serve him for letters, he recollected distinctly half a century afterwards the kingfisher shooting along the Don, as he traversed the Aldwark meadows on his way. The schoolmaster was "one of the best of living creatures—a sad-looking, half-starved angel without wings," who probably never suspected that the dunce who stood for hours beside his desk, with the tears running down his face, had never learnt the preliminary rules. Ebenezer, in fact, did not know that these were necessary, and he "looked on a boy who could do a sum in vulgar fractions as a sort of magician." During the summer months of the second year he played truant, roaming, vagabond-like, about the neighbourhood, and on one occasion stealing duck-eggs in mistake for the eggs of wild birds. This was a miserable time, for the sense of his indolence preyed upon him like guilt, and he was terrified to meet his father's eye. The father, however, set him to work in the foundry, as a punishment either for his stupidity or stubbornness; but this, so far from acting as it was intended, restored the culprit to his self-respect, by proving that he was as capable as other lads of at least manual labour. Then came the other weaknesses of an idle and truant disposition, brought into everyday contact with vulgar spirits; and the attractions of the village alehouse rivalled those of the woods and fields, of the birds and flowers.

But they did not outbalance them. The impression was laid. The beauty of nature had entered the soul of the future poet; and his thoughts and his footsteps often wandered away from the coarse enjoyments of the alehouse to the banks of the canal, which were golden with the "yellow ladies' bed-straw." His religious impressions likewise contributed to keep pure his inner soul, notwithstanding the crust of vulgarity that had gathered on the surface; and he seldom missed attending chapel, sometimes under the ministry of a Dominie Sampson, and sometimes of "one of the most eloquent and dignified of men."

It was probably at this time that the political tendencies of Ebenezer Elliott were developed, under the united influences of ale, poetry, and religion. "When I look back," says he, "on the days of rabid Toryism through which I have passed, and consider the then almost universal tendency to worship the powers that be and their worst mistakes, I feel astonished that a nerve-shaken man, whose affrighted imagination in boyhood and youth slept with dead men's faces—a man whose first sensation on standing up to address a public meeting is that of his knees giving way under him—should have been able to retain his political integrity without abjuring one article of his fearless father's creed!" The rationale of this creed is a little obscure,

since it adhered alike to free-trade and trade-strikes; but Ebenezer, though a hot politician, knew no more of politics than of the Rule of Three. An instance he gives of the terrible criminality of the law exhibits in a half-amusing half-painful manner the wrongheadedness of a man of genius.

"I will relate the circumstances," says he, "precisely as they were related to me by an eye-witness. A youth called Yates, a native of Masborough, but apprenticed at Sheffield, instigated by his master, stole a fowl, for which crime he was tried at Rotherham, and convicted on clear evidence. The chairman of the court, in passing sentence, gave him his choice of transportation or the army. He chose the former. Down, black as thunder, came the frown of authority! 'No; you shall be flogged!'—and he was flogged. But why? For stealing a fowl, or for refusing to enter the army?"

Dreadful tyranny! But what would Ebenezer have said if the lad, instead of being flogged for a petty theft, had, even in compliance with his own desperate desire, been actually transported? The sentence was obviously intended as a mercy; and accordingly, although one of the blows through accident fell upon the culprit's mouth, when the whole were inflicted, he put on his shirt and jacket, and darted away through the crowd! "So barbarous," continues he, "were the deeds done in that time under the name of law, and so painful was the impression they made upon me when I was about sixteen years old, that I should certainly have emigrated to the United States had I possessed sufficient funds for that purpose; nor should I, I fear, have been very scrupulous as to the means of obtaining them—so fully had the idea of emigration obtained possession of me, so passionately had my mind embraced it, and so poetically had I associated with it Crusoe notions of self-dependence and isolation. It is not improper to blush for uncommitted offences. Even now, when forty-five years have been added to my previous existence, I shudder if I chance to meet an expedience-monger, who tells me 'that the end justifies the means'—a false doctrine and fatal faith, that have wrought the fall of many an all-shunned brother, and of ill-starred sisters numberless, once unstained as the angels."

But we come now to the circumstance which appears to have first developed the poetical tendencies which lay smothered in the breast of this wayward and ungainly young man. He had an aunt of the name of Robinson, a widow, who lived respectably on £30 a year, and gave her two sons an education which even in that Tory-ridden time made them both gentlemen. On this respectable person he called one evening, awkward and suspicious from the consciousness of having been intoxicated the night before; but whether cognisant of the fact or not, she made no mention of it. "After a minute's silence, she rose and laid before me a number of 'Sowerby's English Botany,' which her son Benjamin, then apprenticed to Dr. Stainforth of Sheffield, was purchasing monthly. Never shall I forget the impression made on me by the beautiful plates. I actually touched the figure of the primrose, half convinced that the mealiness on the leaves was real. I felt hurt when she removed the book from me, but she removed it only to show me how to draw the figures, by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them. On finding that I could so draw them correctly, I was lifted at once above the inmates of the alehouse at least a foot in mental stature. My first effort was a copy from the

primrose, under which (always fond of fine words) I wrote its Latin name, *Primula veris vulgaris*. So thenceforward, when I happened to have a spare hour, I went to my aunt's to draw. But she had not yet shown me all the wealth of her Benjamin. The next revealed marvel was his book of dried plants. Columbus, when he discovered the new world, was not a greater man than I at that moment; for no misgiving crossed my mind that the discovery was not my own, and no Amerigo Vespucius disputed the honour of it with me. But (alas for the strength of my religious impressions!) thenceforward often did Parson Allard inquire why Eb. was not at chapel?—for I passed my Sundays in gathering flowers, that I might make pictures of them. I had then, as now, no taste for the science of botany, the classifications of which seemed to me to be like preparations for sending flowers to prison. I began, however, to feel manish. There was mystery about me. People stopped me with my plants, and asked what diseases I was going to cure? But I was not in the least aware that I was learning the art of poetry, which I then hated, especially Pope's, which gave me the headache if I heard it read aloud. My wanderings, however, soon made me acquainted with the nightingales in Basingthorpe Spring, where, I am told, they still sing sweetly; and with a beautiful green snake, about a yard long, which on the fine Sabbath mornings, about ten o'clock, seemed to expect me at the top of Primrose Lane. It became so familiar, that it ceased to uncurl at my approach. I have sat on the stile beside it till it seemed unconscious of my presence; and when I rose to go, it would only lift the scales behind its head, or the skin beneath them, and they shone in the sun like fire. I know not how often this beautiful and harmless child of God may have 'sat for his picture' in my writings; a dozen times at least; but wherever I might happen to meet with any of its brethren or sisters—at Thistlebed Ford, where they are all vipers, black or brown; or in the Aldwark meadows, on the banks of the Don, with the kingfisher above, and the dragon-fly below them; or on Boston Castle ridge; or in the Clough dell, where they swarm; or in Canklow Quarry; or by the Rother, near Hail-Mary Wood—whatever the scene might be, the portrait, if drawn, was sure to be that of my first snake-love."

Ebenezer now called his book of specimens his "hortus siccus;" and, ravenous of unaccustomed praise, permitted the wondering neighbours to suppose that his figures of plants were not copied at second-hand, but from nature. The spark smouldering in his mental constitution had been kindled. "Thomson's Seasons," which he heard his wondrous brother Giles read, "who was beautiful as an angel while he was ugliness itself," gave him the first hint of the eternal alliance between poetry and nature; and in fine the smitten rock opened, and the Rhymer rhymed!

The change was a revolution, and it was not effected without a struggle and a shock which affected his bodily health. He became pale and thin. But he had work to do. He was ignorant and illiterate, yet beyond the age when school learning of the ordinary kind is attainable in his station. It was necessary to learn his own language without being taught, and he purchased a grammar. An English grammar! He might as well have purchased a Greek one. He tried to learn the rules, and always failed. Subsequently he obtained a "Key," but it would not unlock; and it was

only "by reflection, and by supplying elisions"—meaning, no doubt, by making a grammar for himself by the study of the language in books—that he fathomed the mystery, "At this moment," says he, "I do not know a single rule of grammar; and yet I can now, I flatter myself, write English as correctly as Samuel Johnson could, and detect errors in a greater author—Samuel Bailey." Flushed with success, he thought the whole world of learning lay before him, and to the great delight of his father he proceeded to French. But it would not do. The indolent habits of his mind were not to be conquered by the desire of a mere accomplishment; he could not remember what he learnt, and, as he informs us with great *naïveté*, after a few *weeks'* study, he gave up the attempt in despair.

A legacy of a few books, which his father received, coming in at this juncture was very serviceable, and they paved the way for better ones. According to his own account, he was nourished only on strong meats. "I never could read a feeble book through: it follows that I read masterpieces only, the best thoughts of the highest minds—after Milton, Shakspeare; then Ossian; then Junius, with my father's Jacobinism for a commentary; Paine's 'Common Sense;' Swift's 'Tale of a Tub;' 'Joan of Arc;' Schiller's 'Robbers;' Bürger's 'Leonora;' Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall;' and, long afterwards, Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the 'Westminster Review.'" A man of genius, whose daily literary food consisted exclusively of masterpieces, might have been expected to grow into something extraordinary! But all seemed wonderful in the confined sphere of our Rhymer, who knew nothing, and could imagine nothing of the mighty space beyond.

"From my sixteenth to my twenty-third year," says he, "I worked for my father at Masbro' as laboriously as any servant he had, and without wages, except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money: weighing every morning all the unfinished castings as they were made, and afterwards in their finished state, besides opening and closing the shop in Rotherham when my brother happened to be ill or absent. Why, then, may I not call myself a working-man? But I am not aware that I ever did so call myself; certainly never as an excuse for my poetry, if bad; or if good, as a claim for wonder. There are only two lines in my writings which could enable the reader to guess at my condition in life. I wrote them to show that, whatever else I might be, I was not of the genus 'Dunghill Spurner,' for in this land of castes the dunghill-sprung with good coats on their backs are not yet generally anxious to claim relationship with hard-handed usefulness. But as a literary man I claim to be self-taught; not because none of my teachers ever read to me, or required me to read, a page of English grammar, but because I have of my own will read some of the best books in our language, original and translated, and the best only—laboriously forming my mind on the highest models. If unlettered women and even children write good poetry, I, who have studied and practised the art during more than forty years, ought to understand it, or I must be a dunce indeed."

All this is a tissue of mistakes. Elliott was not a working-man because he served his father for pocket-money; he was not a poet because he studied the art for forty years; and he was not self-taught because he read voluntarily a few of the best books in the language. A working-man, in

the true and noble sense of the word, lives by his wages, battling stoutly with the world, without being indebted to favour or affection: a poet pours forth his numbers, because the numbers come without being called; and a self-taught genius is one against whom the schools are shut, and books sealed, either by poverty or position, or some other material circumstance, but who nevertheless attains to the hidden treasures through industry, energy, and indomitable will. There was nothing peculiar in Elliott's position. He was not thrown into the battle of life without friends and backers. He was merely an indolent-minded boy, who neglected his opportunities at school, but made up manfully for his folly afterwards. We have all a germ of usefulness within us—we have all some business to do in the world; but till the spark is kindled, till the chord of our governing sympathy is struck, our minds are dark and silent. Some of us work with the head, some with the hand; some sing for the amusement of those who toil; some apply the lessons of the past; some prophesy of the future; some elevate the souls of their fellows above their daily employments, seeking to identify the spirit of man with the spirit of universal nature. These last be the poets; and of these was Ebenezer Elliott. But just as he overrates his doings he underrates his havings. "My thoughts," quoth he, "are all exterior; my mind is the mind of my own eyes. A primrose is to me a primrose, and nothing more; I love it because it is nothing more. There is not in my writings one good idea that has not been suggested to me by some real occurrence, or by some object actually before my eyes, or by some remembered object or occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men, heard or read. If I possess any power at all allied to genius, it is that of making other men's thoughts suggest thoughts to me which, whether original or not, are to me new." Why, this is just what all poets did and do. This is the work of genius in the world. Our very dreams are but pieces, travestied though they be, of our waking experience; and the loftiest creations of mind are built of materials supplied by the senses. Poetry reaches to the firmament, but her foot is upon the earth.

Another mistake of the Rhymer is of more consequence: it pervades his whole works, and goes at least a certain length in neutralizing the good they are otherwise calculated to effect. "When a labourer writes a poem," says he, "the fact is an incident in the history of poets—a class of persons proverbially unable to earn their bread; but if there is merit in the poem, why marvel at the slave-driver's wonder-cry? I never felt any respect for the patrons of inspired milkmaids and ploughmen, for milkmaids and ploughmen, if inspired, cannot long need patronage; but I know that, *unwilling to believe aught good of the poor, the rich, when a poor man's deed shames theirs, transform the individual into a marvel at the expense of his class: because, having wronged, they hate it.*" This is pithily expressed, as it is so likewise by Burns and a multitude of other poets and prose writers; but it is one of those originalities whose beginnings are lost in the shades of antiquity. That it had its foundation in truth there can be no doubt; and indeed it is at this day applicable as a truth to societies exhibiting the legal distinctions of hereditary freedom and slavery: but its point is not so easily seen with reference to the ever-undulating masses of a population like ours. In this country wealth and poverty are not prescriptive conditions. The poor man waxes rich, and the rich man poor; the heir of thousands of acres

sinks into destitution, and his estate becomes the property of the man of yesterday. Under such circumstances there may be antagonism of individuals, but there can be no rational antagonism of classes. The poor, smarting under the evils of poverty, may hate the rich to-day; but if the poor become rich to-morrow, are they to enter upon the inheritance of hatred along with the wealth their industry or good fortune has acquired? What is there in riches more than in poverty to make their possessor an object of detestation? Is not the presumption rather in favour, than otherwise, of the man of knowledge and refinement? Do we not, for instance, know it to be a fact established by statistics that crime diminishes in proportion to the diffusion of education? But this mischievous error, luckily, is all on one side. In the upper ranks of society people repel the charge of underrating their poorer brethren as they would that of some mean and base vulgarity; in the lower ranks they pique themselves on their rabid hostility to a class from which they are separated by mere social accidents, but by no legal or prescriptive disqualification. The cause of this difference is knowledge on the one side and ignorance on the other; and the difference will continue till the elevation of the lower level enables all to see that philosophical meaning which Burns himself missed in his own verses: "The rank"—that is, the condition, external and adventitious, whether high or low—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp:
> The MAN'S the gowd for a' that!"

We have now come to the end of that portion of Elliott's life on which some light is thrown by his autobiography. "The history of my manhood and its misfortunes," says he, "(your famous people have a knack of being unfortunate, and of calling their faults misfortunes,) remains to be written. It would not, I have said, even if honestly written, be more instructive than an honest history of almost any other man; but when I said so, I forgot that it would be, in part, a history of the terrific changes of fortune, the alternations of prosperity and suffering, caused by over-issues or by the sudden withdrawal of inconvertible paper-money, in those days 'when none but knaves throve, and none but madmen laughed—when servants took their masters by the nose, and beggared masters slunk aside to die—when men fought with shadows, and were slain—while, in dreadful calm, the viewless storm increased, most fatal when least dreaded, and nearest when least expected.' I am not yet prepared—not yet sufficiently petrified in heart and brain by time and trouble—to tell a tale, in telling which I must necessarily live over again months and years of living death."

But even if the tale were told, we have no mind to repeat it; for the circumstances of commercial disaster are neither interesting nor conclusive in the cases of individuals, in each of which, if closely examined, there may exist some extraneous influence. All that is necessary to say of the fortune of the Corn-law Rhymer is very little. He made two trials of business in Sheffield, in one of which he failed. The second commenced in 1821, when he had reached the ripe age of forty; but even then the struggle must have been great, as he is said to have started with a borrowed capital of £150. He never allowed his intellectual pursuits to interfere with business. He was a close shopkeeper, and an

acute buyer and seller; and the trade of the place being then in a prosperous state, he succeeded as a matter of course. Mr. Howitt describes his warehouse as a dingy place, full of bars of iron of all sizes, standing in heaps everywhere around, so that there was only just room for passage—and in the midst a large cast of Shakspeare. A small room opening from this, but crowded likewise with iron bars, was at once the study and the counting-house of the Corn-law Rhymer; and there the scene of dirt and confusion was presided over by plaster casts of Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon. Mr. Howitt did not visit this home and haunt of the poet till Elliott had retired from business and from Sheffield; but Mr. Stanton, an American writer, was more fortunate.

"I inquired," says he, "of a young man dressed in a frock besmeared with iron and coal for the head of the establishment. 'My father,' said he, 'is just gone: you'll find him at his house yonder.' I repaired thither. The Corn-law Rhymer stood on the threshold in his stocking feet, holding a pair of coarse shoes in his hand. His frank 'Walk in' assured me I was welcome. I had just left the residence of Montgomery. The transition could hardly have been greater—from James Montgomery to Ebenezer Elliott. The former was polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, and his bland conversation never rose above a calm level, except once, when he spoke with an indignation which years had not abated of his repeated imprisonment in York Castle for the publication—first in verse, and then in prose—of liberal and humane sentiments which offended the government. And now I was confronted with a burly ironmonger, rapid in speech, glowing with enthusiasm, putting and answering a dozen questions in a breath; eulogizing American republicanism, and denouncing British aristocracy; throwing sarcasm at the Duke of Wellington, and anointing General Jackson with the oil of flattery; pouring out a flood of racy talk about church establishments, poetry, politics, the price of iron, and the price of corn; while ever and anon he thrust his damp feet in the embers, and hung his shoes on the grate to dry." This was indeed a strange study, not for a political rhymer, but for a true poet, a worshipper of nature, full of grace and sweetness, and with a heart (apart from the accursed politics) overflowing with the milk of human kindness. His associates all his life were rude unsophisticated men, and flowers, birds, woods, waters, winds, and sunshine. These could teach him none of the hypocrisies of society, and accordingly, in his look and conversation, you saw the man as he was. You saw a man of gentle manners, and an expression of tender and compassionate feeling; yet if roused by political discussion, every muscle of his countenance evinced the excitement; his cold blue eye fired with indignation, resembling, as a visitor said, a wintry sky flashing with lightning, and his dark bushy brows writhing above it like the thunder-cloud.

In Sheffield he grew and flourished exceedingly. He could sit in his chair and make his twenty pounds a day without even seeing the goods he dealt in, which were sold from the wharf as they arrived. In these prosperous days he built a handsome villa in the suburbs, at a place where he could mount the hills by a footpath at the back of his house, and see all Sheffield smoking or blazing at his feet, and then dive down by the opposite declivity into the valley of the Rivelin, made famous in his songs. Then came, as Mr.

Howitt reports from his own lips, the operation of the corn-laws, and then the great panic and revulsion of 1837, which swept away a considerable portion of his little fortune. On this subject he himself writes to Mr. Tait from Argilt Hill near Barnsley:—

"In 1837, when the commercial revulsion began, I ought to have retired from all business, as I then intended, being aware that without free trade no tradesman could be safe. But my unwillingness to lead an idle life (which, being interpreted, means my unwillingness to resign the profits of business) tempted me to wait for the crash—a crash unlike all other crashes in my experience. . . . . I lost fully one-third of all my savings, and after enabling my six boys to quit the nest, got out of the fracas with about £6000, which I will try to keep. Had I built my house on my land at Foxley, three miles from Sheffield, as I proposed to do in 1836, I should now have been liable to be dragged into public meetings, subscriptions, &c. and deluged with the visits of casual strangers, as I was at Upperthorpe. Here, out of the way of great temptations, and visited only by persons who respect me, (alas, by how few of them!) I can perhaps live within my reduced income."

Here, then—we mean at the beginning of his commercial disasters—we have reached the origin of the corn-law rhymes. They are no amusement of a poet's imagination, but stern and bitter realities. The flourishing days of Sheffield were gone by, and the reaction had come. Small dealers in bar-iron could no longer make £20 a day sitting on their chairs. The profits became smaller, and the competition more hungry and desperate. Credit received a daily shock from daily failures: suspicion, anger, and dismay were in every face, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness in every heart. The name Elliott gave to this complication of disorders was Bread-tax; and since a name was necessary, it was the best possible name that could be devised. To prevent an impoverished people from purchasing bread wherever they can obtain it cheapest, because a class of that people—dealers in bread themselves—suppose it would militate against their pecuniary interest, is Monopoly in its most unpopular phase. It is true the question was industriously mixed up with the complications of our highly-artificial system of society; but rough common sense, throwing aside the refinements of dialectics, went straight to the visible, tangible, practical point.

But Bread-tax, although a poetical subject in the abstract, is any thing but that when it comes home to men's business and bosoms in the form of hunger, and environed by the names of its abettors. It is then to poetry what politics is to political philosophy, and instead of the higher order of feeling supposed to be peculiar to the lofty rhyme, it leads to personal animosities and vulgar abuse. Elliott did not sing, but scream; he did not lament, but blaspheme: his verses were curses showered right and left with indiscriminate frenzy. No matter: they stirred the heart of the multitude, and roused the curiosity of the refined; and at length it was all on a sudden discovered that this Corn-law Rhymer—an unknown but voluminous author before then—was a true poet! The Corn-law Rhymer is the name by which he is known, just as Bread-tax is the name he gave to the complicated rottenness in our state of Denmark; but if he had written nothing

else than corn-law rhymes, the world would not come to his grave, as it does now, to question with eager sympathy, "What manner of man was this?" Even in the Corn-law Rhymes, however, coarse and vulgar as many of them are, there is a touch of true poetic fire. We extract three specimens, all original, and all powerful—although the last we give merely as a grotesque curiosity:—

### SONG.

Child, is thy father dead?
  Father is gone!
Why did they tax his bread?
  God's will be done!
Mother has sold her bed;
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
  Home we have none!

Father clamm'd* thrice a week—
  God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
  Work he found none.
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told that no tongue could speak:
Why did his master break?
  God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best—
  Food we had none;
Father, with panting breast,
  Groan'd to be gone:
Now he is with the blest—
Mother says death is best!
We have no place of rest—
  Yes, ye have one!

### CAGED RATS.

Ye coop us up, and tax our bread,
  And wonder why we pine;
But ye are fat, and round, and red,
  And fill'd with tax-bought wine.
Thus twelve rats starve while three rats thrive,
  (Like you on mine and me,)
When fifteen rats are caged alive,
  With food for nine and three.

Haste! Havoc's torch begins to glow—
  The ending is begun;
Make haste! Destruction thinks ye slow;
  Make haste to be undone!
Why are ye call'd "my Lord," and "Squire,"
  While fed by mine and me,
And wringing food, and clothes, and fire,
  From bread-taxed misery?

* Hungered.

Make haste, slow rogues! *prohibit* trade,
*Prohibit* honest gain;
Turn all the good that God hath made
To fear, and hate, and pain;
Till beggars all, assassins all,
All cannibals we be,
And death shall have no funeral
From shipless sea to sea.

ARTHUR BREAD-TAX-WINNER.

Who is praised by dolt and sinner?
Who serves masters more than one?
Blucherloo, the bread-tax-winner;
Bread-tax-winning Famineton.

Blucherloo, the bread-tax-winner!
Whom enrich'd thy battles won?
Whom does Dirt-grub ask to dinner?—
Bread-tax-winning Famineton.

Whom feeds Arthur Bread-tax-winner?—
All our rivals, sire and son,
Foreign cutler, foreign spinner,
Bless their patron, Famineton.

Prussia fattens—we get thinner!
Bread-tax barters all for none:
Bravo! Arthur Bread-tax-winner!
Shallow half-brained Famineton!

*Empty* thinks the devil's in her:
*Take* will grin, when *Make* is gone!
Bread-tax teaches saint and sinner,
Grinning flint-faced Famineton!

The writer of these strange and original rhymes was an author of twenty years' standing before he emerged from obscurity; and when at length he did so, it appeared to have been by the accident of his volumes falling into the hands of one or two persons who had the means of giving their opinions publicity. In 1832, he was noticed by Southey in the "Quarterly Review," by Carlyle in the "Edinburgh Review," by Bulwer in the "New Monthly Magazine," and by Miss Jewsbury in the "Athenæum;" but yet, *six* years afterwards, he writes to Mr. Tait, "the poor, you are aware, can neither buy nor understand my writings; and the rich, for whose salvation they were written, despise both them and me." He was even then, however, on the flowing tide; and in 1840 a cheap collection of his works appeared, the success of which stamped him at once as a popular poet.

When the merit of the more serious poems is considered, there seems to be something remarkable in their history; but there can be no doubt that the social position of the individual influences, at least for some considerable space, the fate of his writings. If Elliott had been really a working-man, his literary fortune would have been made long before: but he was simply an ironmonger in a small but respectable business, carried on in a provincial town; and thus an idea of *vulgarity* was associated with his writings.

This is a terrible thing in a superfine society like ours. It takes genius of a very high order to overcome it in any reasonable time; unless, indeed, there is something grotesque and uncommon about the man himself, or his language and style. Let a respectable ironmonger, however, write with the pen of an angel, and if he has the misfortune to acquit himself in the performance like an educated person, and to have in society the reputation of an amiable man and a good husband and father, he will find it desperately uphill work. For our own part, we are not sure that those enviable rogues the ploughmen and blacksmiths have so much to boast of in their non-education. Southey makes the pregnant remark, that "the greater number of those who are called uneducated poets in the present age have actually received more education in their favourite art than those upon whom the utmost pains of regular culture were bestowed fifty years ago." By this he means that they have almost unlimited access to the best books, which could by no means be said of any former generation. It was not the grammar, or even its *key*, which made Elliott an author, but Shakspeare, Shelley, Byron: he was better educated than Shakspeare, because he had Shakspeare to read at will.

But we have still to complete our picture of the man before coming to the poet, and the following delightful letter to Mr. Tait will assist us greatly:—

"I chose this place (as poets choose) for its beauty, which, as is usual in affairs of the heart, is invisible to all but the enamoured. Rising very early one morning, I took a beautiful walk of eighteen miles, through parks, wild lanes, and footpaths, reached the place, liked it, and returning the same day, resolved to buy it. Supposing the cottage which stood upon it, and which now forms a part of my house, to be worth £60, I gave £180 for the land, say £18 per acre. It was a wild land, having been a wood and fox cover; called on the maps Argilt Hill or Wood. I have laid out upon it (land and all) about a thousand guineas. If I am reasonable in expecting it to bring in £20 per annum clear, I shall not stand at more than twenty guineas rent; which cannot be said by every sage who perpetrates domestic architecture for his own particular inconvenience; and I have the poetical advantage of living in a house wretchedly planned by the bard. The advantages of the situation are—pure air and water, good roads without toll-bars, and the best and cheapest coal. It is true I cannot see the periodicals, read new books, buy a pork-chop or a fish by crossing the road, or get to a railway station without walking or riding three miles, or thence to Sheffield in less than three-quarters of an hour; but I have reason to believe that there will soon be a station within a mile and a half of me, from which I shall be able in eight minutes to reach Barnsley, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. I claim the merit of having no bad neighbours: and, on the whole, it is just possible that I have not been quite so unwise in coming hither as I sometimes imagine.

"My family here consists of Mrs. Elliott, my two daughters—or rather one daughter, for they keep house for one of my sons in Sheffield, month by month, in turn—a servant-maid, and a man who works for me occasionally; rid the corn-laws, and I shall not be without dim visions of a flunky. My establishment is illustrious for a St. Bernard dog, and a Welsh pony, the

observed of all observers, which, in its green old age of twenty years, draws a small gig, both untaxed. I also run my only Sheffield carriage, the wheelbarrow, besides a pony cart; and I have set up a grindstone. Conceive of me, then, possessed of a mare, gig, and harness, which, with repairs, cost altogether £8,10s.; a dog almost as big as the mare, and much wiser than his master; a pony cart; a wheelbarrow; and a grindstone—and turn up your nose if you like!

"My eldest son Ebenezer, whom you saw at Sheffield, is a clergyman of the establishment, being at Lothedale, near Skipton, on a salary of about £140 per annum, and a house, better far than mine, rent free. He has married a lady of great merit, who has a fortune of a hundred a year, made safe to herself, and which is in Chancery. Perhaps a more simple-mannered, unassuming man never lived. He is no poet, and yet there is a touch of the poetic in all he does or suffers. If he opens his snuff-box to a stranger, he spills the snuff of course; and he gets on best when he stumbles. His mother thinks he has some resemblance to me.

"My son Benjamin, unwarned by his father's losses, is carrying on a steel trade at Sheffield in my old premises, where (as he thinks, poor fellow! for he is a greater hoper) he has some prospect; in any other country he would already have made an independency. He endures privations such as no man of his pretensions ought to endure anywhere, and such as no man will here endure if free trade be obtained before all is lost. He is a fine young man, upwards of six feet high, of superior abilities, and the highest moral worth—but, alas! not unindebted to his grandmother!

"My sons Henry and Francis (as I wish them to do) are living as bachelors on the interest of money earned and saved by themselves, and increased by gifts from me. Henry is tall, handsome, and mechanical: he ought to have been apprenticed to engineering. Francis is tall and good-looking, but he has the misfortune to be a born poet; for my mother has transmitted to him through me her nervous constitution and body-consuming sensibilities. Is poetic genius, then, a disease? My seventh son Edwin is a clergyman of the established church, for which he may be almost said to have educated himself, and into which he has won his way by his own efforts. Less assisted by me than any of my other sons, he is now a rector in the West Indies, where he has, I am told, a better income than I have been able to secure after all my toils. He is a Lytton-Bulwer-looking person, not unlike a well-grown young clergy-justice, with forehead enough for three. At school he was remarkable for laughing hostility into kindness—a favourite wherever he went. We always called him the gentleman of the family. Having observed, when quite a youth, that fine folks ride, he broke upon his thrift-box, and with the contents (after drawing tears and kisses from his mother) bought an ass of a Tory's son, (all his associates were Tories,) who sold it because it was starving. Edwin knew that he had nothing for it to eat; but the ass, accustomed to hope in despair, had expectations. It commenced business at my place in Burgus Street, by thrusting its lean neck through the kitchen window and eating a pound of butter. The servant lass, suspecting it to be a thief, kicked it into the street. From the street it got into the fields, and thence into the pin-fold. To prevent the lad's heart from breaking, I paid 7s. 4d. for trespass, and released the famished creature. What then was to be done?

Mark the difference between the Tories and the toried! At last, after vast efforts in stockfeeding, I made a present of it to a small manufacturing freeholder who always voted blue. He fattened it by night in his neighbour's field, and then sold it to him for two guineas.

"My poor son John, the weakling—kind-hearted, intelligent, five feet four inches high, and almost blind—is druggisting at Sheffield in a sort of chimney called a shop, for which he pays £40 a year. He is engaged almost without a moment's pause, from seven in the morning until ten at night, in dealing out halfpennyworths of drugs; yet I, who have been accustomed to sell goods by tons, think that he is as likely to thrive as most of his neighbours, and believe that there are thousands of persons in Sheffield who would gladly change places with him. But what can our institution be worth, if it should turn out at last that my sons Henry and Francis, living poorly on the interest of their earnings, are wiser in their generation than the trade-troubled? The worst I wish the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham is, that they may be forced in my time to earn their living as my sons Benjamin and John earn theirs. Old as I am, I would engage to hop a mile without changing leg, or die rather than not, to see them at it; for to their unholy legislation, I impute it, that of my six sons, the only two who could afford to marry may be said to be maintained by the labour of others.

"Of my thirteen children, five are gone—William, Thomas, Charles, and the two unchristened ones. They left behind them no memorial, and the inscription has departed from the grave of Charles. But they are safe in the bosom of Mercy, and not yet quite forgotten even here."

When Mr. Elliott became well known, he lectured occasionally on poetry and other subjects. The following is his frank estimate of his own powers as a lecturer:—"You ask if I am eloquent? Yes, when I have got the steam up. But I cannot manage details well, and consequently am not fit to lecture on the corn-laws. I have more thoughts than words; but I can condense long arguments into short phrases, and give, like a blow from a whip of fire, the result of thinking without the cold process."

The first notice of serious illness we find in his letters is dated May, 1838. "I have been lately troubled," says he, "with a disease which the doctors tell *me* is not dangerous, although it may become so, unless I remove some of the causes of it. It is a spasmodic affection of the nerves, caused or exasperated by over-excitement of any kind, and particularly public speaking. Even lecturing, I am told, is injurious. I must then lecture no more.

"21*st December*, 1839.—I am warned that I cannot speak at public meetings without great danger of sudden death. You are not aware, perhaps, that I have been for two years or more liable, after excitement of any kind, to dreadful breathlessness—a sensation of being hanged without a rope—resulting, I suppose, from a change at *head-quarters*. I have been better, however, since the great Chartist meeting here, when the hustings fell. Something gave way in my left side, or rather towards it, as if two fingers had been thrust down it inside.

"*Great Houghton, near Barnsley.*—If you print this article, I will accept

nothing for it. It is quite unworthy of the subject, and yet I have done my best. My mind is gone."

This continued to torment him at intervals for six years, when a more serious complaint took its place.

"*Argilt Hill, near Barnsley, 9th May,* 1849.—Four years ago I had got rid of the breathlessness which often frightened me at Sheffield, and I thought I never was stronger; but I have since been two and a half years ill of a bowel complaint, suffering intense pain by day and night, except when dosed with laudanum. About a month ago the disease was discovered to be that of which Talma died—stricture of the great gut, threatening enclosure. For some days I have been rather better; and if I recover, shall certainly bestow my tediousness upon you in a Highland tour. 19*th September.*—I have been for some months *very, very* ill." Here these letters stop suddenly; and in little more than two months—that is, on the 1st December, 1849—the struggles of their writer, first with ignorance, then with fortune, then with bread-tax, then with disease—touched and elevated throughout by gleams of poetry, and of pure, gentle, and beautiful feeling—terminated in death. This event took place on the 1st December, 1849, at his own villa, Argilt Hill, near Barnsley.

We have already given some specimens of the lyrical bitterness of Elliott, which a quarterly critic supposes to embody the vehemence of Churchill and the wit and point of Béranger. But this bitterness is only one element of his genius. The same writer who stings and curses all who differ from him in political sentiment, and who pursues them in fancy with a vengeance that extends to the other world, devotes his energies with equal earnestness to the task of refining and elevating the character of the poor and ignorant! This will appear a strange inconsistency if we do not bear constantly in mind that to his ardent imagination bread-tax was not simply a duty on the importation of corn, but social evil in the abstract. It was ignorance, tyranny, sloth, drunkenness, baseness of every kind; and its abettors trode with iron heel upon the very heart of industry, knowledge, and worth. Thus, when a visitor ventured to remark to him in his old age, that notwithstanding the faults of the landlords as a class, there were amiable individuals among them, the latent fire of the Corn-Law Rhymer blazed up, and starting from his chair, he paced the room in agitation, exclaiming, "Amiable men!—amiable robbers, thieves, and murderers! Sir, I do not like to hear robbers, thieves, and murderers called amiable men! Amiable men, indeed! Who are they that have ruined trade, made bread dear, made murder wholesale, put poverty into prison, and made crimes of ignorance and misery! Sir, I do not like to hear such terms used for such men!" The gentler and nobler element, then, of his genius which we have mentioned is not an inconsistency. It is a holy compassion for the oppressed, a yearning after the welfare of the poor, an earnest longing to raise up those who have been cast down.

In the following singular piece we have a key to many of the Rhymer's rhymes. It is the complaint of a heart breaking for want of human sympathy, and taking hold, in the yearnings of its tender nature, upon household pets where there are no home companions:—

## POOR ANDREW!

The loving poor!—So envy calls
  The ever-toiling poor;
But oh! I choke, my heart grows faint,
  When I approach my door!
Behind it there are living things,
  Whose silent frontlets say
They'd rather see me out than in—
  Feet-foremost borne away!
My heart grows sick when home I come—
  May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my cat and dog,
  I think I could not live.

My cat and dog, when I come home,
  Run out to welcome me—
She mewing, with her tail on end,
  While wagging his comes he.
They listen for my homeward steps,
  My smother'd sob they hear,
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
  Because my home is near.
My heart grows faint when home I come—
  May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
  I think I could not live.

I'd rather be a happy bird,
  Than, scorned and loathed, a king;
But man should live while for him lives
  The meanest loving thing.
Thou busy bee! how canst thou choose
  So far and wide to roam!
Oh blessed bee! thy glad wings say
  Thou hast a happy home!
But I, when I come home—oh God!
  Wilt thou the thought forgive?
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
  I think I could not live.

Why come they not? They do not come
  My breaking heart to meet!
A heavier darkness on me falls—
  I cannot lift my feet.
Oh yes, they come!—they never fail
  To listen for my sighs;
My poor heart brightens when it meets
  The sunshine of their eyes.
Again they come to meet me—God!
  Wilt thou the thought forgive?
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
  I think I could not live.

This heart is like a churchyard stone;
  My home is comfort's grave;
My playful cat and honest dog
  Are all the friends I have;

And yet my house is filled with friends—
  But foes they seem, and are.
What makes them hostile? IGNORANCE;
  Then let me not despair.
But oh! I sigh when home I come—
  May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
  I think I could not live.

In the following piece we see the hostility of ignorance overcome: the cat and dog are replaced by human beings: and the home of taste is the home of happiness:—

## THE HOME OF TASTE.

You seek the home of taste, and find
  The proud mechanic there,
Rich as a king, and less a slave,
  Throned in his elbow-chair!
Or on his sofa reading Locke,
  Beside his open door!
Why start?—why envy worth like his
  The carpet on his floor?

You seek the home of sluttery—
  "Is John at home?" you say.
"No, sir; he's at the 'Sportsman's Arms;'
  The dog fight 's o'er the way."
Oh lift the workman's heart and mind
  Above low sensual sin!
Give him a home! the home of taste!
  *Outbid* the house of gin!

Oh give him taste! it is the link
  Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows thrown across
  The gulf of tears and sighs;
Or like a widower's little one—
  An angel in a child—
That leads him to her mother's chair,
  And shows him how she smiled.

Another of these pictures, exquisite in their simplicity, may be supposed to be drawn for the same home of taste, although in reality we have culled them all from different portions of the miscellaneous poems:—

## SATURDAY.

To-morrow will be Sunday, Ann—
  Get up, my child, with me;
Thy father rose at four o'clock
  To toil for me and thee.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
  And praise it when they dine;
For John has taste—so we'll be neat,
  Although we can't be fine.

Then let us shake the carpet well,
And wash and scour the floor,
And hang the weather-glass he made
Beside the cupboard-door.

And polish thou the grate, my love;
I'll mend the sofa arm;
The autumn winds blow damp and chill;
And John loves to be warm.

And bring the new white curtain out,
And string the pink tape on—
Mechanics should be neat and clean:
And I'll take heed for John.

And brush the little table, child,
And fetch the ancient books—
John loves to read; and when he reads,
How like a king he looks!

And fill the music glasses up
With water fresh and clear;
To-morrow, when he sings and plays,
The *street* will stop to hear.

And throw the dead flowers from the vase,
And rub it till it glows;
For in the leafless garden yet
He'll find a winter rose.

And lichen from the wood he'll bring,
And mosses from the dell;
And from the shelter'd stubble field
The scarlet pimpernel.

All this preparation is made for the father of the family, the poor mechanic who has got to the end of his week of toil, and is coming home—*home!*—not only to look like a king, but to be a king for two nights and a day. Do we say the *poor* mechanic? Why, there is no king in Europe so rich! He has earned his "otium cum dignitate;" it is his *right*, not inherited from dead men, but the achievement of his own power and will; and for the bows, and grimaces, and lip service of hollow courtiers, he is surrounded by loving looks, and sympathizing hearts, and willing hands. But let us see this poor mechanic in his summer-house in the garden, where he receives visitors on state occasions:—

THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

Go, Mary, to the summer-house,
And sweep the wooden floor,
And light the little fire, and wash
The pretty varnish'd door;
For there the London gentleman,
Who lately lectured here,
Will smoke a pipe with Jonathan,
And taste our home-brew'd beer.

Go, bind the dahlias, that our guest
  May praise their fading dyes;
But strip of every wither'd bloom
  The flower that won the prize!
And take thy father's knife, and prune
  The roses that remain;
And let the fallen hollyhock
  Peep through the broken pane.

And sponge his view of Blacklowscar,
  Till bright on moor and town
The painted sun and stormy crest
  O'er leagues of cloud look down.
He rose at three, to work till four—
  The evenings still are long—
And still for every lingering flower
  The redbreast hath a song.

I'll follow in an hour or two;
  Be sure I will not fail
To bring his flute and spying-glass,
  The pipes and bottled ale;
And that grand music which he made
  About the child in bliss,
Our guest shall hear it sung and play'd,
  And feel how grand it is!

But John, or Jonathan, or Tom, or Harry, whatever his name may be, is not alone in such sovereignty. There are plenty of true kings in the ranks of labour, and, alas! plenty of slaves. The difference lies in taste and knowledge, and as these increase, the very meanest mounts, and mounts, till he ascends the social throne. On the occasion of a holiday, all are apparently equal, for all are exposed to the same influences; but even the enjoyment here is proportioned to the condition of the mind that tastes it. A holiday, however, that gives the children of labour, not to the public house, but to the hills and fields, is a blessed thing. It is to many of them the beginning of good; and the light of the sky, the freshness of the air, the song of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, enter into and reanimate their withered hearts. What would Elliott have been without the ministering of these angels of nature? A mere brawling demagogue—a fierce, factious, bloodthirsty malignant! Well may *he* sing of the holiday which gives the mechanic to the influences of heaven!—

HOLIDAY.

Oh blessed! when some holiday
  Brings townsmen to the moor,
And in the sunbeams brighten up
  The sad looks of the poor.
The bee puts on his richest gold,
  As if that worker knew—
How hardly (and for little) they
  Their sunless task pursue.
But from their souls the sense of wrong
  On dove-like pinion flies;
And, throned o'er all, forgiveness sees
  His image in their eyes.

Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
On marjoram and thyme,
And through his grated fingers sees
The falcon's flight sublime:
Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
Grow darkly blue with light,
And his lips redden like the bloom
O'er miles of mountains bright,
The little lovely maiden-hair
Turns up its happy face,
And saith unto the poor man's heart,
"Thou'rt welcome to this place."
The infant river leapeth free
Amid the bracken tall,
And cries, "FOR EVER there is ONE
Who reigneth over all;
And unto him as unto me,
Thou'rt welcome to partake
His gift of light, his gift of air,
O'er mountain, glen, and lake.
Our father loves us, want-worn man!
And know thou this from me,
The pride that makes thy pain his couch,
May wake to envy thee.
Hard, hard to bear are want and toil,
As thy worn features tell;
But wealth is arm'd with fortitude,
And bears thy sufferings well."

But leisure is born of work; no man knew that better than Ebenezer. Not a walk did he indulge by the banks of the Rivelin, but was bought by a commensurate number of hours of steady application in the murky den of iron we have described; and from the staple of his trade he has drawn a poetical image that suggests an important practical lesson:—

## RUB OR RUST.

Idler, why lie down to die?
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
"Die when die thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough—
"Better rub than rust:
Death perhaps is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work, shall want;
Naught for naught is just—
Won't do, *must* do, when he *can't*;
"Better rub than rust,
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust."

We now present a morceau of another and a more poetical kind, but still of a cognate nature with the foregoing, and we shall then turn to a new element of the genius of the Corn-Law Rhymer:—

### A GHOST AT NOON.

The day was dark, save when the beam
  Of noon through darkness broke;
In gloom I sat, as in a dream,
  Beneath my orchard oak;
Lo! splendour, like a spirit, came,
  A shadow like a tree!
While there I sat and named her name,
  Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear;
  I look'd around in awe;
But saw no beauteous spirit near,
  Though all that was I saw;
The seat, the tree, where oft in tears
  She mourn'd her hopes o'erthrown,
Her joys cut off in early years,
  Like gather'd flowers half-blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
  But Mary did not come;
And e'en the rose which she had set
  Was fated ne'er to bloom!
The thrush proclaim'd in accents sweet
  That winter's rain was o'er;
The bluebells throng'd around my feet;
  But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
  Awake to thought again?
A voice of comfort answers me
  That God does naught in vain;
He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
  Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
And will he waste the hope which grief
  Hath planted in the grave?

We come now, as we have said, to a new element, although one at least hinted at in the "Holiday." But let not the sequence and coherency of the whole be lost sight of, or you break up the genius of our friend Ebenezer into small inconsequential bits, incapable of great results. The political rhymer—the poet of taste and of the affections—and the worshipper and prophet of nature—these three are one. The three great qualities, the three great capacities, are molten into a single great quality, a single great capacity, each one, when largely considered, acting upon the others, infusing power into mere will, and giving energy to mere beauty, and grace to mere strength. Many there be in these last days (and some who assume higher rank than Elliott) who raise their voices in wrath or lamentation, and fancy they have done their errand when they have shown that there are things over which we ought to rave or grieve. But the heart of the brave Rhymer, though bitter as gall, was true and tough as

the steel he bought and sold. His teaching is of self-reliance, self-emancipation. His philosophy declares that there is an inborn leaven in the human mind fit to elevate and expand—to dignify and crown it, as it were—beyond the control of mere material circumstances; and his poetry—of the kind we are now to consider—opens out to us a rich and gorgeous world, where the lord and the mechanic meet on terms of as perfect equality as they will do in the world beyond the grave. The kingdom of nature is a misnomer: nature is a republic. The sunshine, the sky, the stars, the clouds, the winds, the murmur of waters, the perfume of flowers—the innumerable sights and sounds in which God reveals himself to the human soul—all these are the inheritance of the very meanest among us. And they are an inheritance which consoles us for the want of every other, for it restores us to a sense of our own dignity, cast down by the buffetings and contumelies of the world. A mechanic in the crowded town plays his part as a drudge—proudly, it may be independently, as conscious of merely giving one thing in exchange for another: but still as a drudge. In communion with nature, his position changes. He is there the co-heir of his employer, and there he feels instinctively as a substantive fact that which philosophy has striven, with many words and in many tomes, to demonstrate—the natural equality of mankind. He who assists the working-classes to take possession of this inheritance—for it is not bestowed, but merely offered—is the benefactor of his species; and on this point Ebenezer Elliott is supremely worthy of our love and admiration. We have seen him teaching the mechanic that it is in his power, by the mere cultivation of *taste*, to elevate his position, and become an object of love and respect to all around him; and we shall now see developed in himself the highest of all tastes—the perception of the beautiful in the things of nature—and observe how it elevates and glorifies the being of the man to be able to discern and hold communion with the living soul of the universe.

The longer poems, in which alone this faculty is observable to any remarkable extent, are those on which his fame as a poet will depend. The finest of these, to our thinking, is the "Village Patriarch," and the "Ranter" next. The "Splendid Village" is a satire, but it has likewise its beauties; and the drama of "Bothwell and Kirhonah" has some fine pictures and some energetic feeling. But from "Spirits and Men," a piece, as a whole, of comparatively inferior merit, we extract the following, as it will exhibit our Rhymer in a new light as a poet, and at the same time recall to the reader the associations of those earlier years we have so rapidly run through:—

"Flowers, ye remind me of rock, vale, and wood,
Haunts of my early days, and still loved well:
Bloom not your sisters fair in Locksley's dell?
And where the sun, o'er purple moorlands wide,
Gilds Wharncliffe's oaks, while Don is dark below?
And where the blackbird sings on Rother's side?
And where Time spares the age of Conisbro'?
Sweet flowers, remember'd well! your hues, your breath,
Call up the dead to combat still with death:
The spirits of my buried years arise!
Again a child, where childhood roved I run;
While groups of speedwell, with their bright blue eyes,
Like happy children, cluster in the sun.

Still the wan primrose hath a golden core;
The millfoil, thousand-leaf'd, as heretofore,
Displays a little world of flowerets gray;
And tiny maids might hither come to cull
The wo-mark'd cowslip of the dewy May;
And still the fragrant thorn is beautiful.
I do not dream! Is it, indeed, a rose
That yonder in the deepening sunset glows?
Methinks the orchis of the fountain'd wold
Hath, in its well-known beauty, something new.
Do I not know thy lofty disk of gold,
Thou that still woo'st the sun with passion true?
No, splendid stranger! haply, I have seen
One not unlike thee, but with humbler mien,
Watching her lord. Oh lily, fair as aught
Beneath the sky! thy pallid petals glow
In evening's blush; but evening borrows naught
Of thee, thou rival of the stainless snow—
For thou art scentless. Lo! this finger'd flower,
That round the cottage window weaves a bower,
Is not the woodbine; but that lowlier one,
With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,
Enamour'd of the thatch it grows upon,
Might be the house-leek of rude Hallamshire,
And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,
Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottages.
Yes, and this blue-eyed child of earth, that bends
Its head on leaves with liquid diamonds set,
A heavenly fragrance in its sighing sends;
And though 'tis not our downcast violet,
Yet might it, haply, to the zephyr tell
That 'tis beloved by village maids as well."

This "burly ironmonger" had a passion for flowers—of all passions the most elegant and innocent. They glow in every page of his works, and perfume the very book. His picture of a mechanic's garden is delightful in its homely simplicity; but when the poor blind patriarch of the village comes to the spot where his early loves used to bloom, and bends fondly over them, and bids them

"Speak to a poor blind man. And thou *canst* speak
To the lone blind. Still, still thy tones can reach
His listening heart, and sooth or bid it break"—

we—that is, if we be in good moral health and true manliness of nature—are startled into tears.

This Village Patriarch is not a narrative poem; it is rather a kind of Childe Harold—with a difference. The village is not the "lone mother of dead empires," but of dead friends, lost loves, withered feelings, forgotten customs, and neglected graves. Hear how the music swells from that group of women engaged in unwomanly toil:—

"Hark! music still is here! How wildly sweet,
Like flute-notes in a storm, the psalm ascends
From yonder pile, in traffic's dirtiest street!
There hapless woman at her labour bends,
While with the rattling fly her shrill voice blends;

And ever, as she cuts the headless nail,
She sings—'I waited long, and sought the Lord,
And patiently did bear.' A deeper wail
Of sister voices joins, in sad accord—
'He set my feet upon his rock adored!'
And then, perchance—'Oh God, on man look down!'"

We are glad to break away from these melancholy voices; and lo, what is before us!—

"Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
Flung from black mountains, mingle, and are one
Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand,
And eldest forests, o'er the sylvan Don,
Bid their immortal brother journey on,
A stately pilgrim, watch'd by all the hills.
Say, shall we wander where, through warrior's graves,
The infant Yewden, mountain-cradled, trills
Her Doric notes? Or where the Locksley raves
Of broil and battle, and the rocks and caves
Dream yet of ancient days? Or where the sky
Darkens o'er Rivelin, the clear and cold,
That throws his blue length like a snake, from high!
Or where deep azure brightens into gold
O'er Sheaf, that mourns in Eden? Or where roll'd
On tawny sands, through region's passion-wild,
And groves of love, in jealous beauty dark,
Complains the Porter, Nature's thwarted child,
Bore in the waste, like headlong Wiming? Hark!
The poised hawk calls thee, Village Patriarch!
He calls thee to his mountains! Up, away!
Up, up to Stanedge! higher still ascend,
Till kindred rivers, from the summit gray,
To distant seas their course in beauty bend,
And, like the lives of human millions, blend,
Disparted waves in one immensity!"

But this fine poem, ennobling in its very sadness, does not want for a certain stern humour as well as personal interest. The rude grinder, for instance, is one of the most poetical of vagabonds; and the hasty, dashing, careless way in which the author alludes to his blackguard life, and the *certainty* of his untimely doom, if not the result of pure accident and long familiarity with the subject, is one of the finest things in literature:—

"Where toils the mill, by ancient woods embraced,
Hark how the cold steel screams in hissing fire!
But Enoch sees the grinder's wheel no more,
Couch'd beneath rocks and forests, that admire
Their beauty in the waters, ere they roar,
Dash'd in white foam, the swift circumference o'er.
There draws the grinder his laborious breath;
There, coughing, at his deadly trade he bends.
Born to die young, he fears nor man nor death;
Scorning the future, what he earns he spends;
Debauch and riot are his bosom friends.
He plays the Tory, sultan-like and well:
Wo to the traitor that dares disobey
The Dey of Straps! as ratan'd tools shall tell.
Full many a lordly freak by night, by day,
Illustrates gloriously his lawless sway.

Behold his failings! hath he virtues too?
He is no pauper, blackguard though he be.
Full well he knows what minds combined can do—
Full well maintains his birthright—he is free!
And, frown for frown, outstares monopoly!
Yet Abraham and Elliot both in vain
Bid science on his cheek prolong the bloom;
He *will* not live! he seems in haste to gain
The undisturbed asylum of the tomb,
And, old at two-and-thirty, meets his doom!"

A grinder sits on a block of wood, which he calls his grinding-horse, and his grindstone is before him, turned on an axle by steam or water. To this he applies the article to be ground, and a spray of fire rises at every touch. But the fire is not the worst. The grindstone itself wears away in foam-like surges that fill the lungs, and in a certain number of years, calculated by statistics to a nicety, kill the principle of life. A dry-grinder does not reach thirty-five, but a wet-grinder may defy death for nearly ten years more. Of the former is the grinder of table-knives—of the latter the grinder of table-forks. See what a trifle involves ten years of a man's life! We do not think, while sitting at table, that the knives and forks before us are guilty of more human blood than swords and spears! Why should we? The men themselves—and they number between two and three thousand in Sheffield—*like* their fate rather than otherwise. This is a fact proved by the Report of Government Commissioners, and alluded to in the poem; for the Abraham and Elliot named there were the inventors of a preservative which the grinders will not use, although it is nothing more than a flue introduced into the wheel to carry off the dust. The men insist on their trade retaining its fatal noxiousness, because, if this were removed, there would be a greater competition of hands, their high wages would come down, and their deep drinking be cut short. Did Ebenezer include *this* in his Bread-Tax? Did he not feel that there are deeper depravities, more sickening horrors, in the very midst of us, than can be amended by any political or fiscal reforms? Yes; the poet felt what escaped the rhymer; and he sought for the class of mechanics that moral emancipation without which no other can be of any avail.

But in the mean time the Patriarch waits. We must allow the blind old man to depart in peace; and here is an ending to his life and to the poem, to which an equal will not readily be found even among the finest masterpieces of genius:—

"And when the woodbine's cluster'd trumpet blows;
And when the pink's melodious hues shall speak,
In unison of sweetness with the rose,
Joining the song of every bird that knows
How sweet it is of wedded love to sing;
And when the fells, fresh-bathed in azure air,
Wide as the summer day's all golden wing,
Shall blush to Heaven, that nature is so fair,
And man condemn'd to labour in despair;
Then the gay gnat, that sports its little hour;
The falcon, wheeling from the ancient wood;
The redbreast, fluttering o'er its fragrant bower;
The yellow-bellied lizard of the flood;
And dewy morn, and evening—in her hood

Of crimson, fringed with lucid shadows grand—
Shall miss the Patriarch; at his cottage door
The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
Mourning the last of England's high-soul'd poor,
And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray!
And for themselves!—albeit of things that last
Unalter'd most; for they shall pass away
Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast
Bound to the eternal future, as the past;
The Patriarch died! and they shall be no more.
Yes, and the sailless worlds, which navigate
The unutterable deep, that hath no shore,
Will lose their starry splendour soon or late!
Like tapers, quench'd by Him whose will is fate!
Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
Ere long, oh Earth, will look in vain for thee!
And start and stop in his unerring flight,
And with his wings of sorrow and affright,
Veil his impassion'd brow and heavenly tears!"

The "Village Patriarch," after all, has not enough of the definite to take a firm hold of the mind. It is remembered only like broken strains of suggestive music, all seeming to tend to some articulate and intelligible whole, but fainting, as it were, in their purpose, and at last dying away in lofty but indistinct wailings, and leaving behind an impression rather than a conception, a dream more than a memory. The "Ranter" has been more popular, because it is shorter, and more easily grasped; but it is nothing more than a corn-law sermon, introduced by some exquisite touches of character and description that have nothing to do with the piece. The Ranter is a mechanic, who preaches on Sundays "beneath the autumnal tree," and the widow in whose house he lodges rises betimes on the particular day to light her fire, and spread her board

"With Sabbath coffee, toasts, and cups for three."

The third is her son, whom she climbs the narrow stair to awake, but hesitates before rousing "the poor o'er-laboured youth," on

"Whose forehead bare,
Like jewels ring'd on sleeping beauty's hands
Tired labour's gems are set in beaded bands."

But he would chide her if she failed on an occasion like this, and the lad wakes up:—

"Up, sluggards, up! the mountains one by one
Ascend in light; and slow the mists retire
From vale and plain. The cloud on Stannington
Beholds a rocket—No, 'tis Morthen spire!
The sun is risen! cries Stanedge, tipp'd with fire;
On Norwood's flowers the dew-drops shine and shake;
Up, sluggards, up! and drink the morning breeze.
The birds on cloud-left Osgathorpe awake;
And Wincobank is waving all his trees
O'er subject towns, and farms, and villages,

And gleaming streams, and wood and waterfalls.
Up! climb the oak-crown'd summit! Hoober Stand
And Keppel's Pillar gaze on Wentworth's halls,
And misty lakes, that brighten and expand,
And distant hills, that watch the western strand,
Up! trace God's foot-prints, where they paint the mould
With heavenly green, and hues that blush and glow
Like angel's wings; while skies of blue and gold
Stoop to Miles Gordon on the mountain's brow."

This is all. Miles Gordon delivers his sermon; and at the conclusion his congregation disperse in tears, seeing in his wan and wasted features the token of swift-coming death. It is strange the fascination exercised by this simple piece; but the "Ranter" follows us like the memory of a man, while the "Patriarch" only haunts our slumbrous reveries like a spirit.

But let it not be supposed, from the inability of Elliott to do more than shadow dimly forth (as in the "Patriarch") the majestic form of an epic, that there is any thing vague or misty in his genius. On the contrary, he is pre-eminently practical. He is a copyist, as he tells us himself—but a copyist from nature. His pictures, characters, incidents, feelings, all are local; and *therefore* are they true, not only in individual truth, but as poetical generalities. He is "an earnest, truth-speaking man," as the "Edinburgh Review" acknowledged, though with something of an air of condescension. "No theorizer, or sentimentalizer, but a practical man of work and endeavour, a man of sufferance and endurance." The same character is distinctly traceable in his personal history. His political misgivings never made him doubt his business. He amassed a pecuniary independence out of less than nothing, and died at last in a house of his own, on his own land. His whole life was a struggle. He conquered success in literature just as he did in trade, and, after the scornful neglect of twenty years, became a popular author.

Perhaps the genius of the Rhymer may have received its peculiar tone and determination from the character of the scenery which surrounded him. Some notion of that may be gathered from the view from the Gospel tree, described in our extract from the "Ranter." This is an ash-tree on the ridge of the hills to the east of the town. The Rivelin, so frequently alluded to, is one of five moorland streams that meet near Sheffield. With here and there steep banks and overhanging woods, brown in colour, as showing its peat origin, and impeded by masses of rock peculiar to the mountain-born, it would be in itself a striking feature in a striking landscape; but the forges starting suddenly out from the wooded nooks as you advance, with flames darting from their chimney-tops, and the blast roaring and the hammer resounding within, superadd a wild and extraordinary, but not inharmonious character. Here and there among the forges are the grinding-wheels we have alluded to: low buildings, provided with a huge external wheel turned by steam. Before the introduction of steam, these mills were met with among the hills wherever there was a stream of force enough to turn them; but now they form a principal feature only where the waxing river approaches the town, while further away, towards the moorland, their picturesque ruins are seen falling to decay.

Such was the picture that met habitually the eyes of the Rhymer. But to comprehend it fully, you must people these murky forges with the "red sons of the furnace," and these rushing mills with the desperate grinders, spurning with wild gayety the means of life, mingling the groans of pain and the cough of oppressed lungs with Bacchanalian songs, and meeting deliberately the death to which they had deliberately sold themselves. Such was the pabulum of Elliott's poetic genius; and it is no wonder that it should have been impressed with a wild and swarthy character, solemnizing his gentlest thoughts, and taming his most fervent hopes—all save the hopes which point to that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

We may be thought to have passed over his political songs too lightly; but in an estimate of his character as a poet, they are in reality of little importance, while they are absolute contradictions to his character as a man. At the same time we are by no means insensible to the influence they exercised in that great question which still stirs in the minds of men, as the sea continues to heave after the storm is laid. Elliott was the pioneer of the Corn-Law League. For seven years before the organization of that remarkable body, he saturated the people with his songs and diatribes, provoking everywhere scorn, anger, fury—but still discussion. He after all roused but a portion of the toiling classes, among whom some other objects became paramount to the exclusion of this grand question; and it was in the middle classes, who were not readers of corn-law rhymes, that the war against monopoly raised its first effective cries. The Rhymer lived to see the early dream of his life accomplished, but he did not live to see the results his poetical enthusiasm had predicted. The bread-tax repealed was not *his* bread-tax: it was only one devil cast forth out of a legion! There is no regenerating society by wholesale: nay, if all our political wrongs together were set right, it would do nothing more than prepare a clear stage for reform to begin.

This reform must come from within. Good men must and will have good institutions; but good institutions bestowed upon the mean, the ignorant, and the depraved, are of little worth. To refine and elevate this meanness, to enlighten this ignorance, and to amend this depravity, are a far higher task than that of the Corn-Law League; and Elliott's delightful poetical lessons to the mechanics will thrill through their hearts and ennoble their natures long after his political rhymes are forgotten. And these simple lessons will not be confined to their simplicity; for through this preparation his true and lofty poetry will steal into their souls—a consolation, a hope, and a joy for ever.

Elliott's publications, so far as they are known to the reading world, are as follow:—I. Corn-Law Rhymes. II. Love, a poem. III. The Village Patriarch, a poem. IV. Poetical Works. V. More Verse and Prose by the Corn-Law Rhymer, in two volumes. The last, though prepared by the poet himself, is a posthumous publication, and exhibits the prevailing merits as well as defects of the other volumes. In the "Year of Seeds," more especially, there are passages not surpassed in his best works.

We have now, in the confined space allotted to us, shown something of the consanguinity between the poet and the man—almost as it is painted by himself in the subjoined epitaph. It was for that we have thus dis-

quieted thee to bring thee up. And now, stout Elliott! brave Ebenezer! return to your rest, and may the flowers you loved in life perfume your grave!—

### A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He fear'd to scorn or hate;
And honour'd in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.
But if he loved the rich who make
The poor man's little more,
Ill could he praise the rich who take
From plunder'd labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.



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